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Yr. very affectionate & grateful friend
E. B. Pusey

THE STORY

OF

DR. PUSEY'S LIFE

Trench, M.M.F

BY THE AUTHOR OF

'CHARLES LOWDER'

'Io ne parlo
Sì come dell' agricola, che CRISTO
Elesse all' orto suo per aiutarlo.'
DANTE, *Paradiso*, c. xii.

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'When personal character is the main source of influence on others, when the unconscious labourer, pressing forward in faithful service, reflects a glory from his upturned countenance, scatters the fire of his aspiration in surrounding hearts, and, by subtle impress of spirit upon spirit, refines conscience, warms enthusiasm, and quickens effort—then it is that a life, a record, a portrait is most needed. The chief work, indeed, is done without it; many a heart moulded, many a course changed, many a soul set in motion, purified, redeemed by contact with the living man; and the influence spreads from mind to mind like circles in the water. But like such circles, the influence grows less discernible and fainter as it spreads, and it is a great thing to stamp with permanence its original sources, however inadequate and fragmentary may be the image preserved.'

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

Dedicated

TO

THE REV. THOMAS THELLUSSON CARTER

THE OLDEST SURVIVING FRIEND

AND TO

MARY AMELIA

THE ONLY SURVIVING CHILD

OF

EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY

PREFACE

THERE is an old saying, that the really important events are those which take place in the intellect; and it may seem at first sight that no apology need be made for offering to English readers anything which may throw light on the history of the Oxford Movement, or on the character of him who became its central figure. That enough and too much has been told of that movement may be said, but not by the most thoughtful, in whose judgment moral and intellectual forces are those which tell most on a nation's life. In the preface to the 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' our greatest living historian has told us that the object he set before himself was 'to disengage from the great mass of facts those which relate to the permanent forces of the nation, or which indicate some of the more enduring features of national life;' and in the

course of his story he gives his estimate of these facts at one period in remarkable words.

> Although (he writes) the career of the elder Pitt, and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won during his Ministry, form unquestionably the most dazzling episodes in the reign of George III., they must yield, I think, to that religious revolution which shortly before had been begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and of Whitefield.[1]

In that revolution, whose issues are in the future, the Oxford Movement has probably been the most important and powerful agent. Certainly, a group of men so gifted, and so distinguished by moral and spiritual eminence, as those who originated and led that movement, has rarely appeared at one time in any part of the Church.

Yet a few words of explanation, and almost of apology, are needed to preface this memoir; for it might not unreasonably be thought that its story had been so fully and nobly told in Dr. Liddon's 'Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey,' that any book on the same subject must needs be unnecessary, and deal only with trivial matters.

It has been written after many months of hesitation, at the strongly expressed wish of those whose

[1] 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' by the Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky, vol. ii. p. 521, edit. 3, 1883.

judgment could not be disregarded, and the earnest desire of Dr. Pusey's only child, and that of her sons, that a short story of her father's life should be made public. Her resolve that this should, if possible, be done was in part owing to the fact that when she entrusted to Dr. Liddon, her intimate friend from early girlhood, the great work of writing Dr. Pusey's biography, and sent to him the immense mass of papers in her possession, she made one request—that he would say as little as possible about purely family matters. She felt that they would be out of place in the history he was about to write, knowing that it must not only be that of her father's life, but of the whole Tractarian Movement.

It may be also that, in the anguish of the days immediately following her father's death, she shrank from the veil being lifted from private life in the home she was leaving for ever, or from her father's relations to his children.

She has, however, not only left a free hand in all ways to the present writer, but has expressed her wish that this memoir should be written on different lines from those of the biography, and chiefly for the many prevented, by its cost, from possessing

the latter, or without leisure sufficient to master its contents. To use her own words—

> Dr. Liddon had to write in great measure for men of letters, and with a view to clearing up University proceedings. Of these, his work is in many places more a dogmatic criticism than a general reader would be able to enter into. It will remain for ever what Dr. Liddon meant it to be, a standard book as to the intricacies of the Oxford Movement.

It was also greatly desired by her, in common with many of her father's chief friends, that his character and work should be known to a younger generation, who reap the fruits of that work, but for whom the momentous events of the last half-century of his life fall each year more and more into the shadows of the past.

That her wish could never have been carried out had not Dr. Liddon's great work been accomplished, goes without saying. Yet this memoir is not an abridgment of the biography. All material for the latter furnished to Dr. Liddon by Mrs. Brine has been sent by her to the writer, except Notes for Hebrew Lectures and the like, which could clearly be of no use for the present volume. Dr. Liddon, in his great care of papers entrusted to him, had caused letters from eminent men (when in any considerable number) to be mounted in bound volumes,

and of these there are forty, including the papers and letters, printed and written, concerning the 'condemnation' of Dr. Pusey's sermon on the Holy Eucharist and his suspension for two years from preaching in the University. Besides these bound volumes, there are piles of loose letters and other documents belonging to Mrs. Brine, which have all been carefully sorted and examined; and, most valuable of all, a large quantity of letters from Dr. Pusey to various persons. Many of these letters had not been sent to Dr. Liddon; and others—to his wife and son—could rarely be used in the 'Life,' on account of the wish expressed by his daughter.

Amongst those to whom the present writer's thanks are especially due, for letters and information kindly supplied, are Father Neville of the Oratory, Birmingham, Cardinal Newman's literary executor; the Rev. Thomas Keble, the Rev. T. T. Carter, Miss Marion Hughes, Superior of the Woodstock Road Sisterhood, Oxford, and the Superior (Hon. Georgina Napier) and Sisters of Ascot Priory. In writing the following pages, the object kept in view has been to work from all these originals, and to use material not given in the 'Life.' It has not always been possible; since

amongst the mass of Dr. Pusey's papers sent to Dr. Liddon and to the writer, there were letters which could not be entirely omitted either in the 'Life' or in this memoir.

For the brief account of Dr. Pusey's early years, it was impossible to follow the above rule. When Dr. Liddon undertook his work, he went to stay at Pusey House, where, as Mrs. Brine has informed the writer, every assistance was given to him in collecting information as to those first years, and a large quantity of family papers and letters was placed at his disposal. Dr. Pusey's youngest brother, the Rev. William Pusey, was also then alive, and must, doubtless, have given Dr. Liddon, in conversation, much material for the record of his brother's boyhood and early youth.

Now, Pusey House, where family papers and letters have been put away and locked up, has been for many years let; so that Mrs. Brine has been unable to procure any of them for present use. The first forty-four pages of Dr. Liddon's 'Life,' and the Appendix to his first volume have, therefore, chiefly furnished material for the first chapter of this memoir—a debt which the writer gratefully records. Other obligations have been

acknowledged in the course of the book. The responsibility for its publication and contents is, however, in no way shared by Dr. Liddon's literary executors, to whom was entrusted, by his will, the publication of the 'Life.'

The memoir has been written, not only on different lines, in accordance with Mrs. Brine's wish, but on a different scheme of arrangement from that of the 'Life,' where events are in many cases narrated rather with regard to the subject than to time. Thus the history of Dr. Newman's secession and of events immediately following it, which occurred during the last three months of 1845, is given in the second volume, in order, evidently, to complete the story of his gradual change of thought; while the account of the foundation of the first Anglican Sisterhood, in April, 1845, finds place in the third volume.

But it was thought well to tell this 'Story of Dr. Pusey's Life' as that life unfolded itself each month and year, keeping as closely as possible to the sequence of dates, and trying to weave into the record of public matters which occupied him that which was private and personal, such as his daughter's reminiscences.

Dr. Liddon's 'Life' must ever remain the great and abiding monument to Dr. Pusey, and the authority as to facts on all important questions in which he was concerned. The best that can be wished for this memoir is that it should be a kind of handmaid to the great biography, leading many to study in the pages of the latter Dr. Pusey's immense work for the Catholic Church, and that it may not be thought wholly uncalled for or presumptuous if, for the unlearned, a simpler story of that work has been written—if one unlearned, but who knew and loved him well, yielding to the continued and pressing wish of his child, his grandchildren, and his oldest surviving friend,

Cast at his feet one flower that fades away.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

1800–1824.

PAGE

Birth and Ancestry—Boyhood—Eton—Dr. Maltby—Meeting with Miss Raymond Barker—Oxford—First-Class in the Schools—Tour in Switzerland—Oriel Fellowship—Dr. Lloyd—Latin Prize Essay . 1

CHAPTER II.

1824–1828.

Correspondence with a Sceptic—First Visit to Germany—Change of Outlook—Second Visit to Germany—Over-work—Henry Pusey's Death—Return to England—Engagement to Miss Raymond Barker — Letters — Election of Provost of Oriel — Essay on German Theology—Death of Hon. Philip Pusey—Letters to Miss Barker—Ordination—Marriage 23

CHAPTER III.

1828–1833.

Appointment to Hebrew Professorship—Ordination to Priesthood—Arabic Catalogue—Controversy with Mr. Rose—Illness—Letters to Mrs. Pusey—Grove Church—Death of Infant Child—Pamphlet on Cathedral Institutions 59

CHAPTER IV.

1833–1835.

The Early Tractarians—Dr. Pusey's first Tract—Illness—Commemoration of 1834—Opposition to Dr. Hampden—Tracts on Baptism—A Turning-point in the Movement 74

CHAPTER V.

1835, 1836.

PAGE

Letters to Mrs. Pusey—Theological Society—Bishop of London's Fund—Dr. Hampden's Appointment—'Library of the Fathers'—The Triple Cord—Hospitality 92

CHAPTER VI.

1837.

Outcry of 'Popery'—Pressure of Work—Mrs. Pusey's failing Health—Visit to Guernsey—Tract 81 108

CHAPTER VII.

1838.

Illness of Philip Pusey and of Mrs. Pusey—Visit to Clifton and to Weymouth—Bishop Bagot's Charge—Return to Christ Church . 122

CHAPTER VIII.

1839.

Fading Hopes—Mrs. Pusey's Death—Letters to Lucy and Mary Pusey—Journey to Budleigh Salterton—Accident—Letters to Mr. Newman and Mr. Keble—Return to Oxford 138

CHAPTER IX.

1840, 1841.

Lady Lucy at Christ Church—Project for a Mission Church and Religious Communities—Tract 90—The Storm 160

CHAPTER X.

1841, 1842.

Lucy Pusey's Confirmation and First Communion—Visit to Ireland—Bishops' Charges against Tract 90—The New School—Mr. Newman's Disquiet 181

CHAPTER XI.

1843.

PAGE

Sermon on the Eucharist—Attacked and Condemned—General Indignation—Publication of the Sermon—Letter from Mr. Gladstone—Correspondence with the Vice-Chancellor 201

CHAPTER XII.

1843, 1844.

Mr. Newman's Resignation of St. Mary's—Last Sermon at Littlemore—Adapted Books—Use of the Breviary—Illness and Death of Lucy Pusey 225

CHAPTER XIII.

1844.

Summer at Ilfracombe—Correspondence with Mr. Newman—Mr. Ward's 'Ideal of a Christian Church'—Proceedings in Convocation—The Proctors' Veto 246

CHAPTER XIV.

1845.

Foundation of First Anglican Sisterhood 266

CHAPTER XV.

1845.

Correspondence with Mr. Newman—Fears and Hopes—The Severance—Letter on Mr. Newman's Position 281

CHAPTER XVI.

1845, 1846.

Building and Foundation of St. Saviour's, Leeds—Consecration—First Sermon after Two Years' Suspension—Summer at Tenby—Severe Illness—Sermon at Christmas 297

CHAPTER XVII.

1847.

PAGE

Trouble at Leeds—Mr. Ward's Resignation—Mr. Macmullen's Secession to Roman Communion 317

CHAPTER XVIII.

1847–1849.

Isolation and Insults—Position towards Rome—Summers at Hayling Island—Dr. Hampden appointed Bishop of Hereford—Trouble at St. Saviour's—Rest at Eastbourne and Asherne 328

CHAPTER XIX.

1849–1852.

The Gorham Judgment—Relations of the State to the Church—Authority—Bishop Philpotts' Protest—Attack on Dr. Pusey by Mr. Maskell, Mr. Allies, and Mr. Dodsworth—Their Secession—Second Wreck at St. Saviour's—Bishop Blomfield's Charge—Bishop Wilberforce's Inhibition 344

CHAPTER XX.

1852–1858.

Visits to Pusey—Lay Element in Synods—A Generous Revenge—Second Sermon on the Eucharist—Mary Pusey's Marriage—Death of Lady Emily Pusey and of Mr. Pusey—Their Children at Christ Church . 369

CHAPTER XXI.

1854–1858.

Trial of Archdeacon Denison—Serious Illness—Winter of 1857–8 near Paris—Work for Bishop Forbes—Lady Lucy Pusey's Death . . 386

CHAPTER XXII.

1859–1865.

Rationalism—Endowment of Greek Professorship—'Essays and Reviews'—Appeal to Dr. Pusey—The 'Eirenicon'—Lectures on Book of Daniel 396

CHAPTER XXIII.

1865.

PAGE

Meeting at Hursley Vicarage—Norwich Congress—Visit to France—Correspondence with Dr. Newman—Winter at Marseilles . . . 414

CHAPTER XXIV.

1866–1870.

Death of Mr. Keble—Work in London during the Cholera—Ritual—Correspondence with Dr. Newman—'Second Eirenicon'—Vatican Council—Opening of Keble College—Seventieth Birthday at Ascot Hermitage 428

CHAPTER XXV.

1871–1877.

Death of Dr. Jelf—Illness—Battle for the Athanasian Creed—Foreign Tour—Sermon at Christ Church—Winter at Genoa—Dangerous Illness—Return to England—Vacations at Malvern—Public Worship Act—Irish Troubles—Archbishop Trench's Visit—Collapse from Brain-work—Bishop Forbes's Death—Treatise on the 'Filioque'—Ascot Priory 466

CHAPTER XXVI.

1878–1881.

Serious Illness—Sermon on Science and Faith—Letters—Correspondence with Cardinal Newman—Death of Philip Pusey—Letters on Ritual—Last Counsels 504

CHAPTER XXVII.

1882.

Long Vacation at Ascot Hermitage—Last Illness—Death—Burial . . 545

THE STORY

OF

DR. PUSEY'S LIFE

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

1800–1824.

Bon chien chasse de race.

In a note, dated August 18, 1870, Dr. Pusey says, 'I wish to be quiet on Monday.' It was his seventieth birthday. An entry made by him opposite August 22, in a birthday book,—'Edward Bouverie Pusey, 1800,' gives, under his hand, the date of his birth. He was baptized on Sunday, September 14, marked in the Prayer-book Calendar as Holy Cross Day. His father, the Hon. Philip Bouverie, youngest son of the first Viscount Folkestone, had taken the name of Pusey, on accepting, from a distant connection, Miss Jane Allen Pusey, the succession to the Pusey estate, which became his property on her death, in 1789. In 1798 he married Lady Lucy, daughter of the fourth Earl of Harborough, and widow of Sir Thomas Cave. They had nine children, of whom three girls died in early

infancy, and a son, Henry (born in 1814), in 1827. All, except the eldest son, received the name of Bouverie as their second baptismal name.[1]

'I believe not in education, but in race,' was a saying of the late Archbishop Trench; and many of the qualities remarkable in Dr. Pusey were an inheritance from long lines of distinguished ancestors. Of these an account is given in the Appendix to the first volume of Dr. Liddon's great 'Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey,' a document full of interest for those who 'believe that when God forms a human life to do some appointed task, His preparatory action may be traced in the circumstances of hereditary descent not less clearly than in other provisions whether of nature or of grace.'[2]

In this noteworthy Appendix, which must have involved great labour and research, the early rise to distinction of the Bouveries, Dr. Pusey's paternal ancestors, in the 'borderland between France and Flanders,' is clearly traced. '"Bouverie" is literally "ox-stall" (as Vacquerie, cow-stall), and the name was the natural product of the life of primitive men devoted to herding and tending cattle; more than one head of a family would have been known by the ox-shed, the scene and symbol of his daily toil. Bouverie, generally written Bouvry, is still a common

[1] The five who grew up were—

Philip, b. 1799; d. 1855.

Edward Bouverie, b. 1800; d. 1882.

Elizabeth Bouverie, b. 1803; m., 1827, to Rev. J. H. M. Luxmoore; d. 1883.

Charlotte Bouverie, b. 1807; m., 1839, Rev. R. L. Cotton, D.D., Provost of Worcester; d. 1883.

William Bouverie, b. 1810; m., 1836, Catherine, daughter of T. Freeman, Esq., Brighton; d. 1888.

[2] Life of E. B. Pusey, vol. i. Appendix, p. 477.

name, both of places and persons, in the Walloon districts of Belgium, but especially at Liège, where the most prominent bridge over the Meuse is Bouverie Bridge (a large district of the city bearing the same name), and at Bruges, where the Rue de la Bouverie runs from the railway station to the site of the Porte de la Bouverie.'[1]

There is also an interesting sketch in the Appendix[2] of the Bouveries' 'long and hereditary connection with the municipal life' of Liège, from 1320, and especially of the career of Jean Boucher de la Bouverie, who was burgomaster during the fierce struggle between the Liègeois and Charles the Bold, in the fifteenth century, taking a leading part against Burgundy. He may have been present at the death of William de la Marck, the Wild Boar of Ardennes, and at events immortalized in 'Quentin Durward.'

In Jean de la Bouverie this branch of the race attained its greatest distinction, and on the popular side; while at Bruges the Bouveries became 'Men of the Court,' a Jean de la Bouverie being a devoted servant of Charles the Bold, and President of the Council of his daughter Mary of Burgundy. He became the trusted friend of her husband, Maximilian of Austria, who made him a Knight of the Golden Fleece. Another Bouverie — Gabriel, Bishop of Angers, who had previously been Abbot of two Monasteries, was President of the Council of Trent in 1663, and 'seems to have been a studious and self-denying man, especially bent on raising the tone of his clergy.'

[1] Life, i. Appendix, pp. 458, 459.

[2] Ibid. pp. 458–473.

Laurence Bouverie, born in 1542, ancestor of the English branch of the family, was brought up at his father's chateau near Sainghin, about six miles south-east of Lille. Being threatened by his father with the Inquisition, on account of disaffection to the Church, he ran away to Frankfort, where he obtained employment in a silk manufactory, and, probably in 1567, crossed over to England, and settled at Canterbury, a centre of Flemish refugees.[1] Between the emigrant Laurence and his descendant, Edward Bouverie Pusey, five generations intervened, during which the fortunes and social importance of the family steadily grew, amongst them being 'the cultivated young scholar and antiquarian, John Bouverie, who died in 1750.' Dr. Pusey's grandfather, great-great-grandson of Laurence Bouverie, was raised to the Peerage as Viscount Folkestone, in 1747, and married in second wedlock Elizabeth Marsham, daughter of the first Lord Romney.

Lady Folkestone's great-grandfather, John Marsham, was a man of great learning, and a friend of Laud. He 'followed King Charles to Oxford, shared the misfortunes of the Royal cause, . . . and, during the Protectorate, buried himself in his books.'[2] He was noted for the patient research which was so marked a quality in Dr. Pusey, obtained 'a recognized position among European scholars,' and at the Restoration 'prosperity and honours.'

[1] In a letter from Dr. Pusey to Dr. Hook (April 29, 1839), he expresses regret that his having 'subscribed largely' to the Bishop of London's Fund for London Churches, made him unable just then to give more, and adds, 'I am mortified not to be able to have a hand in the Bethnal Green plan, whose original inhabitants came over from France on the same occasion with my family.'

[2] Life, i. Appendix, p. 473.

His sons were literary men: his eldest grandson entered Parliament, married the daughter of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and was raised to the Peerage as Baron Romney in 1716; his daughter Elizabeth having married, in 1711, Lord Folkestone, Dr. Pusey's grandfather. The affection between her and her son Philip Bouverie (Dr. Pusey's father) was of the tenderest and most devoted character. He resolved not to marry during her lifetime, and brought her to his new home, when, in 1789, he became master of Pusey. He was forty-six when she died, in 1792, and six years elapsed before he married Lady Lucy Cave.

Lady Lucy 'came of a stock already ancient in the days of the Plantagenets; the family tradition connected it with the martyred Edward, King of the West Saxons.'[1] She was fifth in descent from William Sherard, created an Irish Peer by Charles I. as Lord Sherard and Baron Leitrim. His widow, 'remarkable for her talent, energy, and high spirit,' was 'a restorer of churches in an age when men were largely engaged in dismantling them,' and was heavily fined for her attachment to the Church and King. Her grandson, the third Lord Sherard, was created Earl of Harborough in 1719; the fourth Earl was father of Lady Lucy. Sir Thomas Cave, her first husband, used to say, 'This is too much happiness to last,' and it lasted less than two years, after which, in 1792, she returned, a widow of twenty-one, to live with her father, at Stapleford in Leicestershire. His affection for her was such that, although entirely approving of her marriage to the Hon. Philip Pusey, he could not bear to be present at the ceremony, which for a second time parted her from him.[2]

[1] Life, i. Appendix, p. 475.

[2] Ibid. i. pp. 475, 476.

From his mother's family Dr. Pusey inherited largely 'that intense natural affectionateness' which was so large an element in his influence over others; nor had he less inheritance from the Marsham family, through his grandmother, of love of learning and capacity for close application to study; while none who knew him well could fail to be struck by qualities in him derived from his paternal ancestors,—the tendency to originate enterprise, the aptness for business details, together with indomitable and sanguine perseverance in carrying them out which marked the Bouveries in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and which again and again, throughout his career, carried their distinguished son through times of discouragement and trial, with hope unquenched and unwavering steadfastness of aim.

Of his father it is known that 'if anything was said in his presence against morality or religion, he left the room, no matter who might be in the company.'[1] He was a man of highest character and principle, with perhaps rather a narrow outlook,[2] reserved, and somewhat austere, but regarded by his son with warmest affection as well as respect.

Dr. Pusey ever spoke with loving gratitude of his mother, a typical lady of the old school of self-restraint and even formal devotion to duty, which co-existed with the licence in high life prevailing in the eighteenth century. More than once he has said to the writer, 'I learnt what I believe of the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist

[1] Life, i. p. 4.

[2] He opposed for four years his eldest son's marriage to Lady Emily Herbert, on the ground that her father was a Whig.

at my mother's knee.' There he used to sit on a foot-stool while she taught and explained the Catechism to his elder brother, and he learnt it by heart from hearing Philip repeat it. The industry which marked him through life came out even in his early sports. The keeper, Warman, who taught him and his brother to shoot, used to say, 'Master Edward is a better shot than young Mr. Pusey; he do take more pains about it.' It was the same with riding, taught by the groom; 'Master Edward rode well across country, and was an excellent "whip."'

At seven years old he was sent to a noted school preparatory for Eton, at Mitcham, in Surrey, and was at once placed at the head of his class.

'Thinking my father the only man in the world,' he related in old age, 'I said to the master, "My father desires you to let me read such a book." Upon which he caned me for insolence. But I thought it was the right way to speak. I had heard my father say, "I desire you to do so and so."'

Dr. Pusey always spoke with gratitude of what he owed to the master of the school, the Rev. Richard Roberts, for laying a sound foundation of scholarship, and enforcing accuracy—a method of training which fell upon ground unusually prepared to profit by it. In a letter to his son, Dr. Pusey wrote of having been kept ten hours a day at his books when only eleven. His mother said of her sons, 'Both my boys were clever. Philip had more talent, but Ed'ard (as she always called him) was the more industrious,' and she used to tell a story of Mr. Roberts exclaiming in school, when irritated by stupidity or idleness, 'You are all of you dunces, except the Stanleys and

Puseys;' the late Lord Derby and his brother being amongst his pupils.

On January 16, 1812, the Pusey brothers went to Eton, Dr. Keate being then headmaster. 'He was in my father's house with me, he at the top, I at the bottom;' the present venerable Warden of the Clewer Sisterhood, Rev. T. T. Carter, writes (July 5, 1899), 'my father used to tell me of his long exercises.'

At Mr. Carter's they found their first cousin, Lord Harborough. It is characteristic of Dr. Pusey that, writing to his brother Philip on Lord Harborough's death, of his kindness, as an elder boy, to his little cousins, he adds, 'I prayed for him by name for years.'

There were a more than usual number of youths at Eton, fellow-pupils of Dr. Pusey, destined to take high place in future life, but he appears to have been too retired in his ways to form many close intimacies. 'Very grave and thoughtful, and I cannot remember that he ever joined in any of our sports,' Dean Law, of Gloucester, one of his chief friends, wrote: 'his appearance was that of a weakly, delicate boy; he was remarkably quiet and retiring.' 'I did not succeed in games,' he said himself long after; 'but I liked some things—I liked boating. I always wished to be a clergyman, and used to love to preach. When asked why I wished it, I used to say, "I wish it because it is the best;"' and he added, with tears in his eyes, 'It was very good of God to teach one so early what was best.'

One of his greatest friends was the Hon. Edward Herbert, Lord Carnarvon's son, and brother to Dr. Pusey's future sister-in-law, Lady Emily Herbert. The

late Lord Stuart de Decies, who was his fag, told Mrs. Brine, when he was an old man, that her father's great recreation at Eton was chess, a game to which he was devoted, and in which he excelled. He was not strong enough to enjoy out-of-door games, but was a good swimmer, and was once nearly drowned while bathing, apparently from an attack of cramp, and when rescued appeared to be dead. He was wont in later days to comfort others who feared physical pain in dying, by speaking of the sensation of becoming insensible as 'very delightful.'[1]

His Eton life 'began some time before Bonaparte's advance to Moscow;' it ended two years after Waterloo. In a striking passage, Dr. Liddon suggests that the great European events which took place during Dr. Pusey's boyhood had probably a marked influence, which may be traced on the public career of several of his Eton contemporaries, and that 'in Edward Pusey they contributed to develop that sense of the presence of God in human affairs, as attested by swift and awful judgments, which coloured so largely his religious convictions.'[2]

The opportunities for religious training in English public schools were not considered as they are now; but it is known that at Eton Edward Pusey 'led a blameless life, that he never omitted the prayers which his mother had taught him,' and that before he left Eton, 'he was regarded amongst his friends as the natural guide of the younger boys.' Writing, in 1845, to her son William, Lady Lucy Pusey says, after mentioning letters she was destroying—

[1] Life, i. p. 15. [2] Ibid. i. p. 16.

Reading over some I had preserved of Edward's, I could see in him the same character in early youth that he has now, especially in some he wrote me from Eton, upon his receiving the Sacrament, and upon the death of one of his schoolfellows in Mr. Carter's house.[1]

He left Eton in July, 1817, having been confirmed about a year previously at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by the Bishop of London, Dr. Howley, and was for a year and three months under the care of a private tutor, Dr. Maltby, a distinguished scholar, then Vicar of Buckden, later Bishop, first of Chichester, and, in 1836, of Durham. 'Pusey never referred to him' without a good word for 'Maltby's scholarship,' and would hold his tongue or change the subject when graver matters were discussed.[2] He knew too well the absolute need of good scholarship for such a lifelong battle as he was to wage not to feel abiding gratitude to those who had materially aided in sharpening his weapons for the encounter. Dr. Maltby did not pretend to be a theologian, and, in a charge to his clergy against Tractarianism, after the publication of Tract 90, said that he had had no intercourse with the 'able writers,' whom he condemned, 'excepting, indeed, one distinguished individual, of whom, as a former pupil, I have no recollections but such as are most agreeable'; and to Dr. Pusey he wrote, at the same time, 'Although we so unfortunately differ at present in our opinions, I shall always be glad to receive you as an old friend.'

During his stay at Buckden he spent a few weeks at home, in the summer of 1818. He was nearly eighteen. There he met for the first time, and at once loved, her who

[1] Life, i. p. 17, n.

[2] Ibid. i. p. 22.

was to be his future wife, Maria Catharine Raymond Barker, his 'dearest blessing,' as he was wont to call her. She was the youngest daughter of John Raymond, Esq., who had taken the name and arms of the Barkers, an old Shropshire family, on the last of that family bequeathing to him the Barker property at Fairford, in Gloucestershire. Fairford Park was only fifteen miles from Pusey, and the Barkers and Puseys appear to have been on most friendly and neighbourly terms.

Miss Raymond Barker was just seventeen at this time, when she gained Edward Pusey's devoted and unchanging love. 'I was no free agent (unless principle bade me stop) after I had seen you,' he wrote to her long after. 'Everything has been the necessary consequence of that.' There cannot be many instances of an attachment conceived by a boy of seventeen remaining unaltered, only growing in strength, and changing the whole drift of feeling and outlook on life, during nine years of separation—a remarkable token of steadfastness of aim and fidelity to affection once felt, which was one of the strongest elements in Dr. Pusey's character.

He entered Christ Church in January, 1819, many distinguished in their after career being his fellow-undergraduates —amongst them his cousin, Lord Ashley,[1] to whom England owes so deep a debt of gratitude. Unlike in many ways, the cousins had this in common, that they were never turned aside from high aims and ideals by opposition, obloquy, or what would have seemed to many hopeless difficulties. Both, in different lines, followed the same star

[1] A half sister of Hon. Elizabeth Marsham, Dr. Pusey's grandmother, had married the fourth Earl of Shaftesbury.

of duty which had risen on their youthful vision, and in all the bitter disappointments which they had to suffer, they were both upheld by the same steadfast trust in the Name which was their help.

Edward Pusey's tutor was the Rev. Thomas Vowler Short (afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph), who 'held a first place in his affection and respect to the last hour of his life' among those to whom he 'felt indebted for moral guidance, mental training,' and for 'earnest, practical teaching, and religious instruction.'[1]

His most intimate friends at Oxford were John Parker, of Sweeney Hall, near Shrewsbury, and Richard W. Jelf, who left Eton for Oxford before himself, and of whom he wrote, when giving him a letter of introduction in 1826, as 'my earliest and best friend,' adding, 'in the years of uninterrupted intercourse of friendship which I have now enjoyed with him, I cannot easily tell how much benefit, moral and intellectual, I have derived from him.'

With Jelf, who was a strong Tory, Edward Pusey, at this time a Liberal Whig, visited Wales during the Long Vacation of 1820; and in the summer of 1821 he went abroad for the first time, to meet, in Paris, his brother Philip, whose engagement to Lady Emily Herbert may have kindled hopes in Edward's mind of happiness for himself. In a letter to Miss Barker after their engagement, he wrote (February 1, 1828):—

> One word on my brother: he has in every stage been the kindest of brothers to me in this as in everything else; twice has he offered to diminish his income (once some years ago), if it

[1] See the dedication to Bishop Short in the second volume of Dr. Pusey's Parochial Sermons, 1852.—Life, i. p. 24.

could further my wishes; and in this last case it was he who cleared away all difficulties. This I learnt not from himself. It was he who first discovered to myself my attachment to you in 1818.

He had never ceased, during all his Oxford work, to dwell on thoughts of her who had taken possession of his heart. He could not love without its becoming an absorbing passion, and on returning home from Paris the shock was severe of finding his attachment disapproved of by his parents, his father regarding it as a boyish fancy, and forbidding him to see or write to Miss Barker. Mr. Pusey's action in the matter seems to have arisen entirely from the determination that no shadow of wrong should arise in his relations towards old neighbours and friends, and consequently that his son's attentions should not be paid to Miss Raymond Barker against the wishes of her family. Her parents were naturally desirous that their beautiful and well-dowered daughter should consent to a brilliant marriage which was offered to her, and discouraged the thought of an engagement to a younger son, as yet without a profession, or any income of his own. He was now of age, but it does not seem to have even occurred to him to dispute or disobey his father's order, although so miserable that his health was seriously injured, chiefly by attacks of violent headache, from which he was to suffer much in coming years. The almost despair of this time — during which he thought of leaving Oxford and giving up his career — may have become less, but appears, from his mother's letters, to have passed into permanent and deep depression, and for six years more he lived under the pressure of an ever-present sorrow and

of hope deferred. It destroyed his happiness at home, but not his dutifulness. Lady Lucy writes to him in 1823, when the separation from Miss Barker had lasted for two years :—

In parting with you I always feel that I am losing a great comfort and a child that really loves me, and wishes, both by precept and example, to do all the good he can in the family. . . . I only wish, my dear son, that I could see or make you more happy, for it grieves me, however you try to conceal it, to know that you are far otherwise. I trust, however, that that kind Providence, who for our good allows us to be tried and endues us with fortitude to resist and to bear up, will in His good time restore you to ease of mind and reward you with much happiness for your dutiful and unremitted and affectionate attentions to your parents. I was very, very sorry, when the letter came from ——,[1] as I could not desire your sister to suppress it, and I knew how you would feel it. When I learn anything, you may depend upon my telling you. In the meantime, I shall repeat that Dr. Baillie, in both his visits, assured the parents that there was not the least danger, though the recovery would be slow.

In a letter, February 17, 1823, written apparently a few days later, Lady Lucy says, alluding again to anxiety as to Miss Barker's health—

I had determined upon writing before your sister received a letter from ——, but I now wish to do it, as it mentions that, though —— suffers from her head and side, yet she had been out walking last week. Was there the most distant apprehension of consumption, this would not have been permitted. . . . Your father thought we engrossed too much of your time in our last epistle; I fear my present one will take up more of your attention, my dear Edward, than we should wish, but I must fulfil my

[1] In any allusion to Miss Barker in Lady Lucy's letters she leaves a blank for her name.

promise. May Heaven bless you, and make you as happy as you deserve to be.

My dear Edward,
Your very affectionate mother,
LUCY PUSEY.

His health was not improved, on returning to Oxford, by giving up hunting three times a week, and riding, of which he was fond, to bury himself in books. 'Pusey reads most desperately,' his friend Jelf wrote, 'and it is as much as I can do to make him take an hour's exercise.'[1] Probably he found that the concentration of mind demanded by hard study gave him respite from painful thought.

In Easter Term, 1822, he took a first-class in the schools. The Rev. G. Porter, the senior examiner, 'predicted his greatness at that time, and always regarded him as the man of the greatest ability he had ever known. He placed him far above Newman. Herein, of course, he was wrong, the two minds really being incommensurable.'[2] That Mr. Keble, who examined him *vivâ voce*, should have said 'I never knew how Pindar might be put into English until I heard Pusey construe him in his examination,' is the more remarkable because, while Mr. Keble was always sensitive and critical as to good English, Dr. Pusey was never careful as to its use, or took any trouble to cultivate style.

The Long Vacation of 1822 was spent in a tour through Switzerland with Mr. Neave, an Eton and Christ Church friend. Edward Pusey kept a lengthy journal, containing elaborate and often striking descriptions of scenery. His thoughts, forced by hard work from one subject, appear to have reverted to it the more when pressure was removed.

[1] Life, i. p. 31. [2] Ibid. i. p. 32.

It is painful, even now, to those who love him, to think of the cloud over all these years which ought to have been of the brightest to a youth blameless in life, already distinguished, beloved, and esteemed in no common degree. Dr. Liddon considered that 'the introspective tendency of his mind, partly an original element of his intellectual character, was developed and exaggerated by his disappointment in regard to his affections,' and that it 'had considerable influence on the subsequent development of his mental attitude towards theology.'[1]

Yet his depression—nourished by an extreme admiration, at this time, of Byron's poetry, which in many ways fell in with his present phase of feeling—did not hinder his being an attractive companion; for in a letter addressed to 'my dear fellow traveller,' a year later, by Mr. Neave, the latter writes warmly of those feelings of enthusiasm which the first sight of Switzerland awaken, 'and which,' he adds, 'I myself was happy enough to share with you.'

The marriage of Philip Pusey to Lady Emily Herbert, on October 4, 1822, contributed largely to his brother's happiness, and brought into the family circle an element of accomplishment and grace, which no one could enjoy and value more than Edward, if combined with feminine gentleness and sympathy for others. Amongst all the members of her husband's family, she seems to have been most closely united by many ties, not least those of religion, to her young brother-in-law, and their mutual love and friendship was unclouded to the end. Before the close of the same autumn which brought to him

[1] Life, i. p. 24.

this beloved sister, he had also met for the first time the friend who was to be to him closer than a brother, John Henry Newman, and who had been a Fellow of Oriel for more than a year.

Easter-tide of 1823 was marked for Edward Pusey by his election to a Fellowship at Oriel. He gained it in spite of much suffering from violent headaches both before and during the examination. It began on Easter Eve (March 29), when he had to write an English essay. Cardinal Newman, when an old man, told Dr. Liddon that—

> during the examination Pusey had one of his bad headaches and broke down. He tore up his essay, saying there was no good in going on with it. Jenkyns picked up the bits, put them together, and showed the essay to the Fellows. It was a capital essay.[1]

Again, on Monday he was forced to succumb to suffering, and returned to his lodgings, leaving a letter asking to be allowed to give up the examination; but the Fellows were so opposed to his doing this, that he consented to return next day, and after working from Tuesday to Thursday, was elected.

To Newman he wrote, April 7, 1823—

> A great deal of kindness was shown me upon my election. First, Jenkins (which I shall never forget) transcribed my notes for an English essay on the Saturday, which I had given in hopelessly in a very fragmentary and illegible state. . . . On the Monday . . . after two hours' discomfort, I resigned a second time, not giving one answer to any exercise that day. On Tuesday morning, however, I was asked whether I should wish to go on with the exercises, making up the lost one on one of the other days. This I of course gladly assented to. Accordingly, on

[1] Life, i. p. 57.

Tuesday we did the *vivâ voce* and logic; on Wednesday the English theme on the third subject given; . . . on Thursday *I* had a subject for a Latin theme, *vice* that of Monday, and some philosophical questions.

Of Oriel College, Mr. T. Mozley has recorded that it contained at this time—

some of the most distinguished personages, the most vigorous minds, and the most attractive characters in Oxford. From the Provost, Dr. Coplestone, to the youngest undergraduate, they had been carefully selected, for to get a son into Oriel was a great thing in those days. Keble, Whately, Tyler, and Hawkins were tutors. Arnold, though not then residing, for he did not reside beyond his probationary year, was present in spirit. Much the same might be said of the softer and milder influence of Samuel Rickards. Richard Hurrell Froude, and a younger brother, who lived but to die, Robert Wilberforce, and latterly, Samuel, Sir George Prevost, Dallas, Proby J. Ferrers, William Falconer, John Colquhoun, Edward Denison, William Heathcote, Charles Wood, and Charles Porcher, were among the undergraduates.[1]

Edward Pusey was one of the distinguished class which, in May, 1823, gathered round the chair of the Regius Professor of Divinity, Dr. Lloyd, who soon became a warm friend to his young pupil. In after years Dr. Pusey often said of him that he taught 'not so much the full meaning of the Holy Scripture, as how to use it.' The advice which Mr. Pusey himself gave at this time to a friend reading for divinity comes with the more weight from one whose study of books comprised so wide and immense a range—

One book is never to be out of our hands—the Bible, and by comparing that with itself, we shall, by God's assistance,

[1] Reminiscences chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement, by the Rev. T. Mozley, vol. i. pp. 18, 19.

understand more of it than by any single means, though, of course, even that is not sufficient of itself.

The tones of Dr. Pusey's voice, vibrating as from his heart-strings, when, occasionally, he read the Lessons in Hursley Church, can never be forgotten by those who heard them. His voice sounds again in their ears as they read words of the Bible once heard from him. He read, as some one said, 'as though he saw a vision'—as one inspired, and yet with a perfectly calm and distinct utterance. He probably never heard what would have given him great pain, the present too common mode of gabbling over words of Holy Writ in public, as something to be disposed of as fast and as unintelligibly as possible.[1] He whose life was spent in earnestly contending for the faith once delivered, cannot be supposed to have undervalued the importance of impressing doctrine on the young, but he would have esteemed the crowding out of Bible-teaching in schools and public catechising by various manuals, hymns, etc., however good in themselves, as a serious evil.[2]

After Mr. Pusey's election at Oriel, for which the joy-bells at Pusey had rung, he probably found that his health required some relaxation from severity of study, for amongst the letters of congratulation on his success which he preserved, is one dated April 8, 1823, in which the writer says—[3]

[1] A young clergyman is said to have given as a reason for this practice, that he 'feared to disturb the private meditations of the faithful.'

[2] It was Mr. Keble's daily custom to remain in church after week-day matins, to question the choir boys on the Lessons just read. In his parish school the children committed large portions of the Bible to memory, some of them knowing whole books by heart. He was very careful as to perfect accuracy in repetition of Holy Writ.

[3] From 'George E. Liebenrood.'

Taking it for granted that you are in Grosvenor Square, I shall direct this to you there, as I find your family is there, and as I have lately seen your name amongst the *beau monde*.

Mr. Pusey had, probably, more comparative leisure during this summer and autumn of 1823 than at almost any other period of his life. He was in Devonshire in the Long Vacation, and his friend Mr. Neave writes to him (Oct. 8) :—

You talk to me of your superior stag-hunting, and how the fine scenery lends so much to the interest of the chase. . . . O you hypocrite ! either your admiration for that noble sport is feigned, or you would remind me that I could never instil into you a proper notion concerning a sport which in England only is known in perfection.

The great business of his life had not yet become apparent, and it is evident, from letters at this time, that he was looking forward to and considering the duties of a country parish priest. A long letter, of August 20, 1823, from Rev. J. E. Tyler, Fellow of Oriel, discusses a scheme which they had both at heart for building a chapel on College property at Littleworth, near Faringdon.

Now, my good fellow (Mr. Tyler writes), I want to know whether you have done anything, and what? The first thing to attend to is the actual state of the village. How many in all? How many attend church? How many can read? Have been baptized? Confirmed? Have received the Sacrament? . . . These are points which by hook or by crook I must have ascertained before audit, or I shall only be told my motion is premature. . . . Keble tells me you have told him of our plan; and he will not consent unless we undertake to have a handsome building.

Mr. Pusey was also corresponding with his future brother-in-law, the Rev. J. H. Montagu Luxmoore, who had charge of a church at St. Asaph, and, apparently, of a chapel at Marchwich, not far off. He seems to have leant greatly on the advice and comfort of the young layman, to whom, in a long letter of October 6, 1823, he gives a sad picture of Church life in England at that time:—

> I ought to acknowledge how deeply I feel obliged to you in writing to me. I assure you it has its use; I have no one to have recourse to in this neighbourhood; the few of my own profession I have talked with discourage me greatly. Their language in fact amounts to this: 'We, like yourself, when first in orders, were sanguine, were active; but our ardour was daily dampt—we acknowledge that it is now nearly extinguished, and that when shining it was useless. You may try as much as you will; where persons have not been in the *habit* of coming to church you cannot bring them to attend.' . . . I trust I may never be permitted to see the truth of such a statement. . . . *Your* hints shall not be neglected.

Mr. Luxmoore adds that he hopes soon to send his friend a list of those tracts published by the S.P.C.K. which he has found 'most acceptable to those in the lower walks of life.' It is evident from the correspondence that, while hunting in Devonshire, Mr. Pusey was trying to gather hints for what he believed would be his future duties in a rural parish.

He was soon hard at work again, writing for the Latin Essay, for which he gained the prize; Milman, Professor of Poetry, being one of the examiners. 'Mr. Pusey, senior, now in his seventy-ninth year, heard his son read his essay in the Sheldonian Theatre on June 30 (1824), and

the bells of Pusey parish church greeted the family party, on their return home in the late summer evening.'[1]

The copy of Dr. Pusey's prize-essay sent by him, with an affectionate inscription outside, to Archdeacon Dodgson (father of 'Lewis Carroll'), lies before the writer. The last sentence expresses so fervently the belief and deepest feelings through life of its young author, that the following translation, kindly made by Professor Butcher, cannot be omitted :—

> Silent are the arts of Greece, shattered the empire of Rome, but the Faith of Christ, as on surest testimony we are fully certified, will in the eternal courses of the ages gather strength, and last until the day when, all that is evil or inhuman being extinguished, it shall embrace in one bond of love the uttermost parts of the earth.

[1] Life, i. p. 65.

CHAPTER II.

ORDINATION AND MARRIAGE.

1824—1828.

O, zarte Sehnsucht, süsses Hoffen,
Der ersten Liebe goldne Zeit,
Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,
Es schwelgt das Herz in Seligkeit ;
O, das sie ewig grünen bliebe,
Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe !

SCHILLER.

AMONGST letters preserved by Dr. Pusey, there are nine from a former school-fellow, who had always been sceptical, and in these letters professes himself an atheist. Of the wild theories which they contain, a general *résumé* is given in the 'Life of E. B. Pusey,'[1] but the chief interest in the correspondence (lasting from June, 1823, to October, 1824) lies in the unwearied efforts of a youth of twenty-three to do what he could, at any cost of time and labour, for a soul without belief in a God, between whom and himself there were almost no points of contact, either in character or faith, and in spite of his correspondent's assurance that to attempt to convert him was 'mere ploughing in the sand.'

[1] See vol. i. pp. 44–49.

Mr. Pusey argues, in a letter of November, 1823, from 'the marks of contrivance in external nature' that—

> for such contrivances there must have been an intelligent contriver, and that contrivers must be external and prior to the world, otherwise we must have the absurdity of self-production, *i.e.* acting before existing.

He also suggests that the many pleasures provided for us argue that their Creator 'wished us, upon the whole, well in this life.'

> The colours of flowers, I think, is a beautiful instance of this, particularly as minds the most innocent and least entangled in the intrigues of life, derive most pleasure from them; and in all these cases it has been observed there is a complex contrivance that the sense and the object should suit each other, and that the perception of the pleasure should neither be so light as not to affect it, nor so strong as to oppress it. If He has called us into being, and provided for us enjoyments beyond what is necessary for existence, nothing seems more likely to be acceptable to Him than, as to a human benefactor, to acknowledge His kindness, ask Him to continue it, and that, should we have done anything ignorantly to diminish it, He would excuse us; if there be anything He would wish us to do in return, He would inform us.

There could be no greater contrast to the tone of Mr. Pusey's letters than the scornful self-sufficiency which breathes in the replies to them; although their writer is evidently sincere in his regard for his old school-fellow, 'a man,' he says, 'of whose friendship I am unworthy.'

The back of one of these replies is covered with notes in minute writing by Mr. Pusey, references to Celsus, Tertullian, Irenæus, etc., evidently made as he

read the letter, with a view to answering the writer. At the end of the year (1823), the latter expressed his wish that the correspondence should cease, on the ground of the injury which friendship with a determined atheist might prove to Pusey, and he even wrote :—

I will herewith return thee ——'s letter, that thou mayest not have an excuse for ever calling upon me. Indeed, as I live in Kentish Town, I am clearly too far distant from Grosvenor Square to enable thee to call upon me on my return to London.

But his true friend would not consent to this, and the letters which follow are striking as an early exhibition of his sanguine perseverance in every struggle to win souls.

His continued efforts seem to have touched the sceptic's affections, although without power to work any change in his state of mind. He thanks him warmly, in May, 1824, for 'three long and admirable letters,' and adds :—

Your mildness and civility really make me blush for my rudeness and intemperance, and I am obliged to acknowledge that you surpass me as much in goodness of temper as in genius and learning. I can only thank you for your letters, and entreat you, again and again, to let the world at large have the benefit of your lucubrations.

All was unavailing.

Thou art a being of superior faculties (he wrote in one of his first letters) ; the organs of thy forehead are more largely developed. Had the Deity given me as much brain as He hath thee, I might perhaps recognize Him.

That Mr. Pusey sought him out personally, in spite of the distance of Kentish Town from Grosvenor Square,

appears from a note from the mother of his friend to her son, in which she says: 'Mr. Pusey has kindly call'd, and will tell you we are well.' The note, dated only July 23, was sent, apparently by Mr. Pusey, directed to her son at 'Hôtel de Tours,' and from this it seems likely that, having tried to see him at his home, Pusey purposed to visit him abroad, and took charge of this note from his mother. As it has remained amongst Dr. Pusey's papers, the meeting probably did not take place. He wrote three years later of his spirits having been broken by this fruitless correspondence, and by perceiving

> a heart still more alienated from the idea of God, which it no longer believed, so that I no longer saw even the wreck of the friend of boyhood. . . . And [as for] the last letter—the pain of loosing from one's hold a drowning friend . . . would be happiness compared with it.[1]

It was a foretaste of what he was to endure throughout life from the same cause. He was not one to exaggerate pain—endurance was in him a marked quality; and the above words give a glimpse of the grief, as well as labour, which his life's work entailed on him. 'I suppose I have read more infidel books than any one living,' he said in his later days. 'I have read them until I flung them on the ground, sick with horror and loathing.' The letters from his Eton friend were, he said three months before his death,

> my first real experience of the deadly breath of infidel thought upon my soul. I never forget how utterly I shrank from it. It

[1] Life, i. pp. 48, 49.

decided me to devote my life to the Old Testament; as I saw that was the point of attack in our defences which would be most easily breached.[1]

The correspondence, therefore, marks an important point in Dr. Pusey's life. He had felt during its course how much he needed deeper insight into the causes of scepticism, and thought they 'could be studied most thoroughly at Universities in which faith and a scarcely disguised unbelief had been in conflict for more than a generation.'[2]

His mind had for some time been interested in German literature, and on June 5, 1825, he left England for a visit to Göttingen. Long afterwards he told Dr. Liddon that at that time only two persons in Oxford were said to know German.

> One day Dr. Lloyd said to me, 'I wish you would learn something about those German critics.' In the obedient spirit of those times I set myself at once to learn German, and I went to Göttingen to study at once the language and the theology. My life turned on that hint of Lloyd's.[3]

He writes, after six weeks at Göttingen, of hoping soon 'to be able to understand German pretty well.' The late Rev. R. F. Wilson told the writer that, when he went as a young student to Bonn, Dr. Pusey advised him to go to the theatre, as he had found it a great help to learning the language. His time was, of course, chiefly taken up in attending the lectures of, and in intercourse with, the 'giants of learning' in the University of Göttingen, especially with Eichhorn, the Professor of Philosophy,

[1] Life, i. p. 49. [2] Ibid. i. p. 76. [3] Ibid. i. p. 72.

who had 'ranged through the Oriental languages,' and 'produced, amongst many other works, eighteen volumes on Biblical and Oriental literature,' and 'Introductions' to the Old and New Testaments, each in five volumes.

Mr. Pusey attended his lectures on the Books of Moses, and was struck by his 'total insensibility to the real religious import of the narrative,' combined with wonderful historical and critical knowledge. With Ewald Mr. Pusey became intimate, and he sat under Pott, Professor of Theology, who explained away 'all the miracles of the early part of our Lord's life,' though believing in the reality of the Resurrection.

After a time he went to Berlin, where he attended the lectures, on the Acts of the Apostles, of Schleiermacher, 'whose philosophical culture was of the highest order,' and who received him cordially. Of him Dr. Pusey spoke later as 'feeling his way back from rationalism towards positive truth.' Amongst his other friends were the historian Neander, who, sixteen years later, wrote to him of 'the Christian communion between them;' Hengstenberg, 'from the first intimate with Pusey;' and, above all, Tholuck, with whom his friendship was close and most affectionate, and with whom his 'best hopes for Protestant Germany were bound up.'[1] Tholuck's spirit must have been in sympathetic unison with Mr. Pusey's, since Dr. Liddon mentions him as being 'first of all, a believing, practical Christian, and then a theologian,' whose 'rich intellectual gifts, fervid temperament, and strenuous will, were consecrated to Christian work . . . a man for whom

[1] Life, i. pp. 72–87.

theology was the expression of truths that lay nearest to his heart.' [1]

At this time, as he said himself in old age, he thought less than fourteen hours' study a bad day's work; and, as usual with him, Nature took revenge on overstrain by severe headaches. Long letters from his mother were a refreshment; his interest in slight details about friends being remarkable (as ever in after-life); details of the villagers he cared for, and even that his dog 'went whining this morning at your door for admittance.'

Trouble not yourself (his father writes, July 26, 1825) to write long letters, or to vary your subjects and your matter. I only want to know that you are well, that you are as little troubled with headache as we can reasonably expect to hear, that you sleep well and long enough, that you are not too studious, and that your progress in the language equals your hopes and expectations.

Lady Lucy adds, in the same letter, evidently with some misgivings as to the mental result of his German studies:—

I think your new medical friend insures your health too sanguinely, he does not know what enemies your books are to your enjoying it, but I trust and hope that your present studies, my dear Edward, will never prove so to you in the more essential way; and may they in future be productive of that good you hope.

Mr. Pusey returned to England in October, 1825. A serious change in his thoughts for the future had passed over him. 'Until my visit to Germany,' he once said to the present writer, 'I had never looked forward to anything for my life's work, except the cure of a country parish.

[1] Life, i. p. 79.

But then I saw the torrent of unbelief; I knew it was advancing upon us in England, and I said to myself, "We are wholly unprepared for it." So I knew that I could not both prepare to meet it, and take a parish.' He wrote, in November, 1825, to his friend Mr. Salwey, to whom, four years later, the family living was given which would have been his—

> My visit to Germany has opened to me a new line of professional study. . . . God grant that it may turn out well. Yet I have sacrificed much immediate comfort and happiness, which acting with Newman in his large parish would have given me—perhaps improvement too. Yet it was incompatible with these pursuits, and I had some hopes that I might be thus more useful: but God only knows.[1]

To Dr. Liddon he said in 1878—

> I can remember the room in Göttingen in which I was sitting when the real condition of religious thought in Germany flashed upon me. . . . From that time I determined to devote myself more earnestly to the Old Testament, as the field in which Rationalism seemed to be most successful.[2]

He felt that he must return to Germany, seeing clearly 'that a real knowledge of Hebrew requires a background of Arabic, and the other cognate languages,' and he left England for Berlin in June, 1826, remaining abroad for a year of severe work, spending from fourteen to sixteen hours a day in the study of Arabic, Syriac, and Chaldee. Even in the excessive and exhausting heat of that summer in Berlin he spared no toil, if, as he said, 'perchance

[1] Life, i. p. 89. There had been a plan that when ordained on his college title, he should become second curate at the new Parish Church of St. Clement's, Oxford, of which Newman, ordained deacon a year before this, was curate.

[2] Ibid. i. p. 77.

something more might be known about the Sacred Language, than would otherwise have been possible.' He found refreshment, though not relaxation, in a sojourn at Schönhausen, close to the Palace, which the King of Prussia had lent for the summer to the Duke of Cumberland, and where he met his friend, Jelf, who had been appointed tutor to Prince George, the Duke's eldest son.

In September he sought, at Greifswald, the sea-breezes in which he always delighted, but made no pause in labour —working hard under a great Arabic scholar, Professor Kosegarten, in whose family he lived on terms of warmest friendship, gaining, wherever he went, the love as well as respect of all who had much intercourse with him. The drawback which he felt keenly to his present studies was, that in order to master Arabic,

> you must (as he wrote later) employ much of the time on non-Christian literature which you would have wished to bestow on the direct study of God's Holy Word. This was to me, again and again, in my course of study, matter of pain and almost hesitation and misgiving; but, this sacrifice made, everything else appeared to be in the line of duty.[1]

He felt this so strongly, that, in November, 1826, he refused to undertake a tutorship at Oriel, in spite of its being urged upon him, not only by the Provost, but by his friend Newman; offering to resign his Fellowship rather than give up his Oriental studies. In writing on the subject to the latter, his estimate of his fitness for the post, and of his own attainments, appears :—

> The labours for Oriel,[2] the subsequent ill-health and weakness, the time expended on the Essay, the unfortunate circumstances

[1] Life, i. p. 97.

[2] *I.e.* for his Fellowship.

of my friend, and the subsequent examination of Dupuisianism,[1] the immediately ensuing study of German, the subsequent application to Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic, have made my studies miserably desultory, and kept me at a distance from the core of Theology. . . . In England we have no idea of the time which is usually employed, and which ought to be employed, on these languages. . . . Unless I bestow still a considerable portion of time upon them, I shall infallibly lose them; and with them should lose the power of executing what I have most at heart, and only have at heart, because I hope it will be useful.

In the same letter Mr. Pusey expresses his sense of 'miserable deficiency in expressing' himself. He also says—

You will be glad to learn that I am satisfied on some points, on which I have mentioned to you that I did not see my way clearly—such as the genuineness of the whole of Daniel, and the application to our Saviour of some of the Psalms—to which I before saw difficulties. My having felt these difficulties will not probably be an objection to my being entrusted with the office I propose,[2] as, had they not been removed, God forbid that I should ever have unsettled the opinion of another upon them.

The refusal of his offer to undertake a theological lectureship was a great disappointment; he wrote from Bonn (January 9, 1827) to Newman that he had hoped it might be a partial relief to him in his tutorial work, adding:—

I felt hopes that it would be of considerable advantage to myself. I looked with the greatest interest to the employment, and with

[1] See pp. 22–26. He had undertaken this, and set before himself the immense task of writing a refutation of Dupuis' theories, because his sceptical friend had appealed to them.

[2] To undertake a theological lectureship, which he had offered to do, though declining the tutorship.

comfort to the prospect of at last commencing an active life. . . . Enough of this; the lectures are in better hands, though I again sink into practical inactivity, without at present a prospect of altering it. The cure of souls I dare not undertake.

In December, 1826, Mr. Pusey had gone to Bonn, spending a fortnight at Berlin, on his way from Greifswald, in order to study under Freytag, the greatest of European Arabists. Ewald was at this time a distinguished pupil of Freytag, and became an intimate associate of Edward Pusey.[1] One of his difficulties at this time, related by Dr. Liddon, is amusing, that of avoiding duels, through forgetting when out walking, and absorbed in thought, to take the right side of the road, which was seized upon by Bonn students as an intended affront. He received more than one challenge, but his courteous explanations set all to rights, while to one fellow-student, at least, his friendship proved a lasting blessing, and who afterwards wrote to him—

I should be most ungrateful to the heavenly Ruler of my paths if I did not first of all say loudly, nay, rejoicingly, that you have in me saved an erring soul, and have led it to the One Good Shepherd.[2]

It was a constant marvel to Dr. Pusey's friends how he could find time, in advanced age, for pastoral care of individuals, amidst public and literary work needing

[1] When Ewald last visited Max Müller at Oxford, he hesitated to call at Christ Church, not knowing whether Pusey would like to see him, 'after all that they had written about each other.' Pusey was at the moment away from Oxford, but when Professor Max Müller told him on his return about Ewald's scruples, he laughed heartily, and said he should have been delighted to see him again.—Life, i. pp. 105, 106.

[2] Ibid. i. p. 108.

long and laborious research; always appearing to be at leisure for any one he could help, and never hurried. Now, at twenty-seven, the severe study which he chose, in order to prepare him for what he hoped 'might be useful,' did not hinder him from visiting the sick and poor. Twenty-seven years later his niece was in Germany, and wrote:—

When at Bonn in 1855, I gave my name at a shoemaker's shop, and the woman asked if I was related to the great Professor. Rather surprised, I said Yes, and asked why she inquired. She brightened up, and said that while he was there as a student, her mother was very ill, and that he used to come and read, and pray with her.

Letters, written by Mr. Pusey a few months later, show that notwithstanding his own sense of unfitness for the cure of souls, others were drawn, while he was still a young and inexperienced layman, to confide in him spiritually.

Though I would here, least of all, incur the fearful responsibility of diminishing in the mind of any human being their sense of the necessity of a continual progress in holiness, and of continual improvement in the regulation of their own heart, I do feel here convinced that there is no occasion for distressing anxiety and sorrow. Sorrow, indeed, must accompany us until we are finally freed from its parent, sin; yet the 'godly sorrow' which a Christian must daily feel, if he think daily upon himself, need be no harassing feeling; he does not see, indeed, that progress in himself which he wishes; the more carefully he sifts his actions and motives, the more he sees which causes self-dissatisfaction; yet, if he compare himself with what he formerly was, he sees that some progress has been made; his sorrow quickens his diligence, his anxiety, and petitions for assistance, but does not make him despond. He knows that 'they who are with him are more than they who are against him;' he knows that though of himself he

should sink amid these waves of his passions, and his evil inclinations, yet that there is an arm ready to support him whenever he shall ask for its aid; he knows that his great enemy, when he cannot lull him into security, will attempt to scare him into despondency; and though, therefore, he does not omit to view the perils and difficulties of the way before him, yet he keeps his eye mainly fixed upon his Saviour. Were he to view only his Saviour's form amid the tempest, he might, like Peter, be over-confident; were he to view the tempest alone, he might, like the same Peter, be ready to sink; but the sight of the one makes him cease to trust in his own strength; the contemplation of the other gives him the strength he needs.

Nor do I believe that any *sincere* prayer for spiritual good—be the condition of the offerer what it may, be it only the momentary interval of remorse of the self-hardening sinner—was ever unanswered, though subsequent wilfulness may subsequently prevent its effect. If we pray for humility we, for the time, become more humble; if against irritability, less irritable; but if in the course of the day we forget what we prayed for, and God, to Whom we prayed, and give ourselves up to the impulses of pride or irritability, can we think this a non-fulfilment of God's promises?

One cannot undo the past, though the past must be to every Christian a source of sorrow; yet one knows that on repentance the past is forgiven us, that our sins are blotted out in the blood of Christ, that in the sight of God they are pardoned, as though they had never been: our sorrow must remain, for the more one is forgiven, the more one must sorrow for having so offended so kind a Father; but the sting of the sorrow is removed: its fruits are not, or need not be, 'uneasiness'; but 'greater love to Him who has forgiven so much,' greater care not again to offend Him, greater watchfulness, greater humility. One expression of yours I own I should think, or should wish to be, inaccurate, that the 'discomfort of the past arises from a wounded pride, which is angry with itself for being no better than it is.'

From all I know of you, I do not think it; a similar feeling is a Christian feeling, and I think the Christian feeling is yours: all who think how much has been done for us, how many means of becoming better have been daily offered us, how many we have altogether neglected, how few we have fully used (or rather none), must be 'angry with themselves that they are no better,' must wish they were better, and all would fain, if they dared, wish themselves better. The discovery when first made is mortifying, and every increase of self-knowledge will bring additional mortification, since, the greater our Christian progress, the more we shall see our defects, things which in an early stage appear trifles, assume a different character when our standard is raised, our mental vision quickened and cleared by increased Christian experience and self-knowledge. Yet though probably most Christians, who set out with a good opinion of themselves (I say most, for there can be here no general rule; different minds must think differently, according as they dwell *principally* on their own demerits, or upon the love of God, which has pardoned them), will lower that opinion, will become more dissatisfied with themselves, the more they know of themselves, and *the more they improve*; though they will feel the more, *probably*, as I said, the 'burden of this flesh,' which hinders their becoming what they would be, and so be occasionally depressed. Still, this self-dissatisfaction need not be a harassing feeling; it seems designed that our increased knowledge of our own sinfulness, and of God's great love towards us, while we were yet wholly sinners ('in that, while we were sinners Christ died for us'), and of His increasing love for us, when we are returning to Him, even though 'very far off,' should go hand in hand; that at the moment we are ready to exclaim, 'Wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' we should be able to add, 'Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ.'

As time for all charitable ministrations, for sleep, meals, and exercise came out of what was left of the twenty-four hours after from fourteen to sixteen had been

taken up for study, the natural result ensued, and he, who never relaxed labour, save under sharp necessity, wrote to Dr. Lloyd in February, 1827, 'I have done my utmost, and must now, at least for a time, diminish my exertions,' adding, that on no account must even this much reach his family, since he felt it absolutely necessary to continue his studies until June. Dr. Lloyd was seriously alarmed, feeling, as he wrote to his young friend, 'the fearful degree of responsibility' belonging to him in the matter. 'What will your family think of *me*,' he adds, 'if you should kill yourself with studying with your German Professors?'

To the strain of over-reading was added that of deep grief for the death, at Eton, of his promising young brother Henry, which for some days made him incapable even of work—the more so that, after a manner which remained with him in later life, he turned inwards to reproach himself that during the last two years he had 'contributed next to nothing to his improvement.' It never seemed to occur to him, almost until old age, that man cannot do everything, and that for the last two years, at least, his powers had been strained to the utmost. To Newman he wrote—

> The struggle to submit to God's will brought me very low. They are not separated who are not visibly with us. Dare one pray for them? Will you answer me when I see you? Nothing, I am sure, can be found in Scripture against praying for the dead.

Even Professor Freytag thought it needful to write to his pupil, begging him 'not to work too immoderately,' and reminding him that 'we ourselves, and science, through us, suffer' when 'zeal for science . . . tempts us to

over-exertion.' 'And, my dear friend,' he adds, 'while devoting yourself to science, do not forget the great world of men.'

Mr. Pusey mentions in a letter of April, 1827, amongst precautions against illness which he at last found it needful to take, that of studying in the open air (a habit which was his to the last whenever it was possible), and of leaving his books as soon as fatigued. For the rest he writes of 'varying Arabic studies, though but in a small proportion, with Hebrew and Syriac,' as one means of relaxation.

He returned to England in July, 1827; and, before long, that which he had almost ceased to think of, save as 'opening a painful vision of bliss which might have been,' was granted to him. The clouds broke which, before he was eighteen, had darkened his opening years of manhood, since to him to love once was to love unchangeably, and with an intensity which involved keen suffering during the long years of almost hopeless separation from her who had won his boyish, but profound, affection.

His engagement to Miss Barker took place at Cheltenham at the end of September, 1827; but a speedy marriage was not contemplated, as Mr. Pusey had, as yet, no income except an allowance from his father, and his Fellowship, which he would lose by marriage. Besides, the relief from over-work and from an ever-present sorrow came too late to avert a serious break-down; he was obliged to leave Oriel, to which he had returned after his engagement, and to seek relief from violent headaches at Brighton, where he remained for four months under medical care.

From Brighton he wrote to Miss Barker (October 27, 1827)—

I have so often found what I most desired unhealthful to me, what I dreaded, useful, that I never pray unconditionally, or even with the proviso that 'not my will, but Thine be done;' but that in this or that thing, which I contemplate, He would give me what He saw would be most useful to my own soul, or enable me to be most useful in promoting His glory.

In an undated letter he wrote—

Sir Matthew Tierney promises 'that in the end I shall enjoy better health than I have for some years; that, however, the restoration will probably be slow, but that in six months I shall certainly have health and strength long unknown to me,' and nothing but patience is now necessary to make me a human being, instead of what I have for some years been, a reading automaton.

The long letters, written often three or four times a week, to his betrothed, give a touching and vivid picture of his exceeding happiness, and passionate, yet chastened love. But the improvement in health did not continue, and a relapse towards the end of the year seems to have alarmed his family, and made them feel that he could not stand the strain of two years' delay before his marriage, which his father had contemplated. It was arranged, chiefly through his brother's kind offices, that he should be married as soon as his health allowed him to leave Brighton, and he wrote to Miss Barker, January 3, 1828—

Trying as protracted indisposition is said to be, I feel that this has been the means of removing so many difficulties—that indisposition is at all times so useful, and most so when sent to mitigate,

perhaps, too great exuberance of happiness—that it has been no trial to me; and though I was distressed at the last relapse, because I had just then begun to hope that things were mending, God has given me such a pledge of His goodness in your kind affection, that I should be the most ungrateful as well as the most impatient of His creatures, were I otherwise than wholly patient. . . . I fear, therefore, that I must remain here—a very different mode of spending this month from what I had anticipated, and a sadly long separation; but in all these cases one must think it best, because it is so allotted. I always loved J. K. for his connection with Fairford; but all he has said and done and written in this affair makes me esteem him more; there is a moral elevation in his character which I know in no other, his extreme and growing self-mistrust alone makes it to an unattentive eye less perceptible. The hymns were published solely at his father's wish to see them before his death;[1] there is so much of his own character impressed upon them that he published them very unwillingly, in filial compliance; and considers, I believe, much in them as an otherwise unjustifiable disclosure of what should remain known only to his God.

The affair alluded to in this letter was the election of a Provost of Oriel. Dr. Lloyd had, to Mr. Pusey's extreme pleasure, been consecrated Bishop of Oxford, on March 4, 1827, and before the end of the year Dr. Copleston, the Provost of Oriel, had been appointed Bishop of Llandaff. It was certain that either the fifth Fellow, the Rev. John Keble, or the seventh, the Rev. Edward Hawkins, would be chosen to succeed him as Provost, and Mr. Pusey and Mr. Newman both determined to vote for Mr. Hawkins, in spite of their great love for Mr. Keble. The history of this momentous election has been told in Mr. Keble's Life, Dr. Pusey's Life, and Cardinal Newman's

[1] The Christian Year had just been published.

'Letters,' yet it is needful to refer to it briefly, since the part he took in the matter was a source of lifelong sorrow and self-reproach to Dr. Pusey, who came to believe that 'the whole of the later history of our Church might have been changed,' had he and Newman 'been wiser,' as he expressed it. Mr. Keble would have accepted the Provostship if, as he wrote to Sir John Coleridge, 'there had been anything like an unanimous call of the Fellows.' As things were, he determined to refuse to be a candidate, and wrote (December 27, 1827) to Hurrell Froude, who was most anxious for his election, to say that he must 'with all possible love and thanks' to him and others, decline it altogether; begging him to 'let good old Hawkins walk over the course.'[1] There can be no doubt that had his two great friends agreed with Froude, his decision would have been different; but Mr. Pusey thought that 'the very beauty of Keble's mind' would impede his dealing successfully with undergraduates, 'viewing their minds in the almost speckless mirror of his own.' He also feared there would be 'too little of system' in his government. With these views Mr. Newman entirely agreed, and wrote to Mr. Keble, telling him honestly that he thought Mr. Hawkins agreed more with his own notions of what would be most to the advantage of the College than Mr. Keble did, 'for instance, as to the mode of governing a college, the desirableness of certain reforms in the University at large, their practicability,' etc. He ends his letter with the words: 'The deep feelings I bear towards you, these I shall keep to myself.'

[1] See Memoir of Rev. John Keble, second edition, 1869, vol. i. pp. 179, 181.

Mr. Newman had probably gone to Brighton to cheer his friend in his exile; for the above letter is dated Marine Square, Brighton, December 19, 1827, and on the same sheet of paper is written—

My dear Keble,—N. having spared me a small space in his letter, which was written in consequence of seeing your kind answer to mine, I am very glad to be able to express my sincere gratitude for that kindness. I knew that whatever was done honestly would meet with your approbation; but it is a satisfaction to have that expressed in such a manner. I suppressed much in my last letter that I would willingly have said, but dreaded its, at the moment, appearing insincere; but I now find that it would probably give you less pain not to be the object of the choice of the Fellows than it will, I expect, be to me to vote otherwise than for you.

Affectionately yours,
E. B. Pusey.

And is there, indeed, no bright spot in the future at which to look (he writes to his betrothed, January 8, 1828) because a cloud (not that of my indisposition, but of separation) has gathered round the dawning of my happiness? Though not generally over-sanguine, I see in futurity many, not mere chequered spots of light, but of those bright, pure, sunny, Grecian skies (to you so dull and monotonous), when every cloud is dissipated and absorbed by the noontide sun of happiness.

After a short stay near her in London, he wrote, February 1, 1828—

My visit to London has been to me . . . one long, or rather short, day: you were the centre, around which every part of it (as indeed of so much of my existence) turned. . . . Now . . . there is, as usual, ground for self-dissatisfaction and reproach, for not

having employed better much of the happy time spent with you, for allowing myself to be borne thoughtlessly along the tide of happiness without on many occasions seeking to be useful to you; but it has left behind much of blessing also; it has made known to me, more even than your very kind letters, your exceeding kindness towards me, exceeding, I mean, all I deserved or dared to hope for.

All his letters to his betrothed are instinct rather with the spirit of ancient chivalry, humble and tender, which breathes in 'Amadis of Gaul,' or in Fouqué's romances, than with modern feeling; and never did an Amadis approach his Oriana with more perfect chivalry, esteeming himself unmeet for the least favour bestowed on him. His own unworthiness was his sincerest feeling, and her worthiness, as he beheld her glorified by his love—love in whose light (after all, the only true light) spots and specks vanish, and it is permitted to us to behold the essential beauty of souls, still 'trailing clouds of glory,' from Him in Whose image they were made.

It has always been partly gratifying (he writes to her, February, 1828), partly shaming, but always inexplicable, when I found people take interest in me. . . . Shaming, because I always thought they rated me too highly; inexplicable, because I knew not on what the interest was founded. But to find this depth of interest taken in me, by the being to secure the very least portion of whose interest in me I would have given everything except usefulness (. . . the last thing you would wish me to sacrifice) is sometimes affecting, sometimes overwhelming.

One always appears, when one has been with one whom one loves, to have said less than one wished to have said, or rather to have said nothing at all; . . . but words are not the only or, indeed, the most effectual way of conveying the expression of feeling; . . . and silence, as it is 'the perfectest herald of joy,'

so it is often of every other feeling. I will not dwell longer upon this, but do pray to God, that He will make me worthy of kindness which I dare to feel to be boundless, because it is bestowed upon affection which, now that I may think of it, knows no bounds.

April 7, in answer to a letter from her:—

A thousand thanks for its affecting kindness. I fear not you merely, but even I, cannot appreciate how great that kindness is; it is only when I am with you, or have your letters before me, that I can attempt it; at other times I dwell on the blessedness of living with, of never being separated from, the Being whom I love, who deserves (I will not, cannot say, more affection), but the affection of one better than myself; but your kindness seems almost to occupy the background, partly, perhaps, because for nine years I never thought it possible that I could have anything approaching to it; partly because I can see nothing in myself to merit it. It remains to me a mystery, which would be entirely insoluble, but that I know that affection has the reward attached to it of producing reciprocal kindness.

Neither illness nor love, however, could make him lay aside work; and on his return from Germany he had actually determined, 'alone and unaided' to revise the authorized version of the whole of the Old Testament. He had done a considerable amount of work for this object by the beginning of 1828. But the duties of the Hebrew Professorship, to which he was called within a few months, obliged him, not unwillingly, to give up the task. Even under the date November, 1839, he wrote in a small Bible, containing corrections, 'The alterations in this book were made in 1827, and I should not now adhere, perhaps, to most of them.'

Another subject engaged him:—

I have begun, a few days ago (he wrote, February 12, 1828), a little essay on the causes of unbelief in Germany, which (though I do not intend it as a bridal present, nor can it be interesting to you) I wish to finish and print in the next few weeks; it will not indeed be many pages, but I must read several books for it. It is, however, principally historical, and easy employment. The Psalms are for the time laid aside.[1]

This essay, the first book written by Dr. Pusey, was, 'An Historical Enquiry into the Probable Causes of the Rationalist Character lately predominant in the Theology of Germany.' It was published in May, 1828, just before he received Deacon's Orders. The eighth chapter in the first volume of Dr. Pusey's 'Life' is entirely taken up with an interesting account of this work, and of the controversy to which it gave rise with the Rev. Hugh James Rose, who had published, in 1825, four 'Discourses on the State of the Protestant Religion in Germany,' delivered at Cambridge, in which he brought forward, for English readers, the state of unbelief into which Germany has fallen, until her so-called Protestant 'Church' had become 'the mere shadow of a name'—leading German theologians teaching that our Lord's doctrine was 'only a product of Jewish philosophy,' that 'He Himself had erred, and that "His Apostles spread and added to His errors."'[2]

It seems strange that any controversy should have

[1] He sent the essay, however, to her, probably in proof, and thanks her for several criticisms on his want of clearness in expressing thought.

[2] In Spener's day, a man might study theology for six years at a German University without hearing a single exposition of any book of the Bible.—Life, i. p. 155.

arisen on the subject between Mr. Rose and Mr. Pusey, since as to the main facts of the case they were agreed. They were also inspired by the same thought—the former in his 'Discourses,' and the latter in the change of outlook as to his life's work, caused by his lengthened abode and labours in Germany; and that thought was the danger to religion in England from the same wave of scepticism which had well-nigh submerged Christianity in Germany. The difference between them lay in their estimate of the probable causes of this unbelief, Mr. Rose believing the evils in Germany to arise from the absence of episcopal control, of forms of public worship, and of subscription to Articles of faith, while Mr. Pusey, believing that all these would not, in the English Church, be a sufficient breakwater against the advancing tide of Rationalism, dwelt rather on what Neander called 'dead orthodoxy,' the 'stiff and sterile' Lutheran theology of the seventeenth century, as the cause of the decay of living faith in Germany, of—

> The appalling picture (he wrote in 1854) which met me on my first acquaintance with German theology, at the age of twenty-five, and which determined my whole subsequent life. . . . Neither the strict traditional school of Luther, nor the Pietists, who in their first origin had so remarkably resembled our 'Evangelicals,' had been able to stand against unbelief.[1]

The truth was, that the dangers he foresaw to the Church and country which he ardently loved, were ever present to his mind, and he seized the opportunity given him by Mr. Rose's book to say 'What we possess which is lacking in Germany, will not of itself and alone

[1] Life, i. p. 175.

preserve us.' He perceived a striking analogy between, on the one side, the traditional Lutheran 'orthodoxism' (an awkward word which he coined) and the 'High and Dry' school in England; and, on the other side, between our 'Evangelicals' and German 'Pietists.' He believed that neither the high and dry school nor the Evangelicals were more fitted for the coming struggle than the strict Lutherans and Pietists had been; in fact, as he wrote in the letter quoted above:—

> I saw weak points in our Apologetic writers, and it was alarming to see, as a fact, that they had been arrayed against the infidel writers, and had failed. Being only twenty-seven (and as yet a layman), I did not venture to speak more plainly. I hoped that the picture might speak for itself to the hearts and minds of those whom I wished to see awakened to threatened danger.

These last words, combined with the painful obscurity of his style, explain much of the misunderstandings to which his essay gave rise, especially as, *more suo*, he was more sanguine than the event justified, as to a revival of faith in Germany, through the efforts of such men as his friends Tholuck and Schleiermacher.[1]

In Dr. Liddon's opinion, the 'Discourses' of Mr. Rose, a divine of ripe years and of solid learning, 'read like a superficial treatment of a great subject when they are placed side by side with Pusey's "Theology of Germany,"' in which he had brought together 'an amount of research, extending over a period of two centuries and a half, at which his German critics and translators themselves were fairly astonished. Nowhere else in our language is

[1] 'I have heard only one voice in favour of Mr. Rose's book, Schleiermacher,' Dr. Pusey wrote from Bonn, in 1827. See Life, i. p. 150.

there so full an account of the active life of the German Protestant Church in the seventeenth century, of its various studies, and of its religious condition.'[1]

Dr. Newman wrote of 'Pusey's book,' on its publication, as 'sadly deformed with Germanisms,' and 'wantonly obscure and foreign':—

> It is (he adds) a very valuable sketch, and will do good, but will be sadly misunderstood, both from his difficulty of expressing himself, the largeness, profundity, and novelty of his views, and the independence of his radicalism.[2]

The long exile at Brighton was at length over, and after a visit to Oriel he joined his family in London on April 11, his marriage having been arranged for the 17th. His eldest sister, Elizabeth, had been, to her brother's great satisfaction, married in the previous October, to his friend, the Rev. J. Montagu Luxmoore. On Low Sunday, April 13, there was a family dinner in Grosvenor Square. All Mr. Pusey's children were present, excepting Mrs. Luxmoore. Contrary to his usual habit, which was undemonstrative and taciturn, Mr. Pusey made a little speech in view of the approaching wedding. He had been ill in the winter, but his health was now, as it seemed, completely restored.

> Things (he said) had lately gone very well with him; and he had much to be thankful for. Philip was very happily married; Edward was happily engaged; and he himself could wish for nothing more in this world.

[1] Life, i. pp. 153, 172.

[2] Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman, i. p. 186.

During the night that followed he died very unexpectedly from a sudden failure of the heart's action. Lady Lucy was with him; and there was just time to call her son Edward, but no other member of the family was present.[1]

Few can have more deeply mourned a father's death than Edward Pusey. He sent notes every day that week to Miss Barker. On Monday he wrote:—

Deepest thanks, dearest, and very kindest, for your note, so like yourself. Do not think it selfish if I do not share this first sorrow even with you; in a few days, I trust, I shall be able to think of my loved father principally, in a few more perhaps solely, as he now is, a pure and holy and happy spirit, in the presence of his God and his Redeemer, admitted to a portion of that happiness which commenced in his holy life even here. . . . The last evening of his days seemed to be a reward for his holy life: he had seen in the last few months two children made happy; me he had seen blessed after years of sorrow; on the last evening we were all around him, except one.

Tuesday, April 15.

I would have made any exertion, my very dearest and kindest, would it have contributed at all to your satisfaction: but the change is still so recent, and so sudden and so deeply painful a contrast to my overflowing happiness and my exultation in my father's apparent recovery, and my delight in your interest in him, that to see you now might only shake us both. . . . Early on Sunday morning my brother will return from Pusey. I shall stay with my mother. . . . God bless you. As soon as I could think of anything but what I had yesterday morning seen, I mourned that I should have been an occasion of throwing a gloom over any days of yours.

On Thursday, the 17th, which was to have been his wedding-day, he wrote:—

Differently as to-day has dawned, very dearest and very

[1] Life, i. p. 140.

kindest being, from what I had so long anticipated, I cannot but send you a few lines, even at the risk of bringing the to me so painful suddenness of the contrast more vividly to your mind. Yet as I felt in my harassing illness, so can I *feel* now also (not merely persuade myself to *think*), that since it has been thus ordered, it is thus best for me. . . . Our final union, though it must have an even greater, a to me very awful, solemnity than it would have had to-day, will not, I trust, be one of diminished happiness to you, as far as I can contribute to the happiness of such a being.

Friday, 18th.

No thanks . . . can express my thankfulness for your very kind and dear notes . . . that of yesterday, which was the fullest, made me feel more deeply than any one other thing could, how blessed I am in your kindness, in the privilege of being attached to you. Even in this suffering it is an alleviation. . . . I am better because I feel my father nearer to me now the last earthly remains are gone to their resting-place, than when they were here. Now, whenever one thinks (and in these days at least one must very often think) of his and our God and Father and Saviour, one seems again united with him; all the dreary past seems a dream. . . . I feel that though his 'mansion' must be higher than mine can ever be, one shall continue to be more and more through life united to him, and more yet hereafter. The mercy of our God and Redeemer can make even this separation a closer union.

Saturday evening.

It seems almost unnatural not to have been yet with you, yet it were perhaps more so, before the memorial of our loss is yet removed altogether from sight, to revisit the house where I had been blessed with so much happiness, and from which more was to be conferred upon me. . . . You will be assured that it is only because I love you more than any other human being, that it is so inexpressibly difficult to me to see you now.

Sunday, 20th.

It was not irresolution which has prevented my seeing you; my first motive was the dread of creating discomfort to you,

by the inability of controlling earthly agony in myself; my second, that, much as my dear father loved you, and though I cannot think that he could have disapproved of my seeing you, even thus soon, there did arise an uncontrollable feeling, that it were almost profanation to leave this house of mourning to visit one where I could not, perhaps, but for a time be happy. . . . I went this morning to the chapel, where we were together last Sunday. My father had had great pleasure in thinking that we two were going to say our prayers together. . . . Though you have just lost a father, I trust that you will find a mother in mine. . . . God bless and strengthen you, love; that He may do so will be my fervent prayer, difficult as it is to persuade myself that you need prayer of mine.

The funeral was at Pusey, on Sunday, April 20. Edward remained with his mother in London.

Early in May he returned to Oxford, to read for his Ordination. 'Poor Pusey came here last Monday,' Newman wrote to his sister, May 10. 'He is much thrown back, and his spirits very low. He proposes being ordained on Trinity Sunday. I suppose his marriage will take place shortly after.'[1]

To his betrothed, he wrote from Oxford of the pain of meeting those who 'evidently wished to show sympathy,' but who feel 'that one's sorrow is too sacred to be dwelt upon even with them.' In reply to her writing, in depression, of everything being gloomy, and sad, and heavy, he says:—

It should not be so even were we parted, or were there a prospect of our being parted, not to meet again in this world; were one of us departing where my father is, and much less now. I

[1] Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman, i. p. 182.

trust that as long as we are continued to each other, we may be of use to each other; yet whenever God shall call one of us away, the other must trust in Him to supply the place of what was on earth only lent for a time. I cannot picture to myself what would be my condition without you; it seems as if it would be a long, long time before I could then so sanctify memory as to dwell solely, as I do generally, in the present case,—I will not go on. . . . God bless you, love, and give you His peace. . . . How happy should I have been could I have prolonged my stay; it would have been a VERY, VERY happy week, but it would not be fulfilling my father's wish. . . . Most grateful and most happy am I to be *your* EDW.

Her birthday, May 20, he spent with her at Hambledon, near Henley-upon-Thames, where she was staying, and wrote to her on the previous day:—

I purpose to set off at half-past two to-morrow morning, if I can wake; and how should I not wake early on the day on which the star which has ruled my destinies ever since it rose on my horizon, and which now sheds such a pure, bright, lovely light around me, first rose? One day only can be more hallowed to me than to-morrow, that when I shall be permitted to call you by a name, also within 'four little letters bound,' dearer to me than even that of 'love,' because it comprises that, and oh, how much union, or rather unity of heart and mind besides, which even *love* does not *all* express. *Love* does convey all the union which there can be now . . . that other word promises (or rather it is promised by Him Who made and hallowed this union) that we shall be then not only 'as one,' but 'one.'

The gratitude expressed in these letters—almost all ending 'your *grateful* and most attached,' etc.—the constant dwelling on the 'kindness' of his betrothed is rather

perplexing, since 'kindness'—a word which always seems to imply somewhat of effort—can hardly co-exist with real love, being lost in it. But the following letter explains it. Writing (May 13, 1828) of 'deriving comfort from [her] kindness,' he continues:—

from (I may dare to say, though I have always avoided the word, as it seemed too much for me) your *love*. This time things are quite different . . . and though my heart is full, almost to choking, of a thousand different feelings, I still can rest upon the thought of that love, as a bright, cheerful spot among all sorrow; as one which, if God should hereafter send sorrow, must temper, cheer, sanctify all. I never indeed mistrusted—I had full, very full, proof in the dear notes which were written to me during the week of absence in town, in the kind tenderness of the loved countenance which had become pale for my sorrows, that 'a ministering angel' was given me, to soothe every anguish which was sent me. Yet I had for years thought it so impossible that any one, much more such an one as she I loved, could do more than give me her esteem, I had thought it so little possible that I should have any opportunity of obtaining even that, and what has been given me is so exceeding great a blessing that I have been throughout inclined to understand every kind expression in the lowest sense which it could convey. I have not dared to attach to them their full meaning, or to believe to how great a degree I had a right to be happy. Very happy I was, and knew that I must be; but how happy, I dared not then, I can now probably but inadequately, conceive. The attentive kindness, which would not let me be grave, or which shared my gravity when it was overpowering, which watched each line of my countenance, and wore a smile which none but myself could probably have seen was but worn (because none but myself would have watched so narrowly), the dear affection which allowed me to show my treasure how much I loved her . . . make even me venture to call that kindness, *love*. . . . The privilege of loving you was so very much greater than all I could wish—that of

endlessly returning love for love, is a thousand-fold greater, and makes the love itself a thousand times more *love*. For even the dear words kindness, affection, etc., and all that much-loved train of words 'kindest, dearest,' whose half-uttered sound was sweeter to me than even the long-remembered notes of your harp of old, are to me very different from that one magic word, 'love.'

To a letter from her expressing fear that he did not perceive some fault of which she was conscious, he replied—

May 28, 1828.

Few would probably dare to confess to themselves, fewer to tell the being whom they loved, that they were aware that she had defects; yet it is but a timid half-love which will not venture to see the whole truth: it implies a suspicion of its own strength and firmness; and though I trust that we shall love each other better when the defects inherent in each shall be, through God's assistance, diminished, and most then, when, altogether purified and made fit for the presence of God, there shall no longer be 'speck or spot' in either of us, yet I trust, also, that no discovery which either may make shall weaken that love; nay, our very knowledge of them may increase it, since nothing so much increases it as the endeavour to improve one another, and as mutual prayer to our Father to improve us.

May 30, 1828.

The examination was over on Wednesday, and turned out to be one which I could have answered as well eight years ago. Had I known this, I might have had many more happy days at Henley.

On Trinity Sunday, June 1, 1828, Edward Bouverie Pusey was ordained deacon by Bishop Lloyd, at Christ Church.

To Miss Barker he wrote—

OXFORD, June 3, 1828.

Sunday was a very solemn day; it would have been everywhere; but the ordination taking place in the part of the cathedral which I used to frequent for four years, and in which I had not now been for five, brought a tide of recollections of former life; a strong comparison of myself with my former self. Yet it had been in itself one of the most solemn days of life; however one had before *purposed* to devote one's best powers to the glory of God and the good of 'the Church, which Christ purchased with His own blood,' one had not by any open act pledged oneself to it; one seemed more a free agent, a volunteer, who had still liberty (though there was no possibility of the wish) to employ himself in any other way; it is now otherwise: if I do not now dedicate all my strength to it, if I do not now exert every power to purify my heart, and improve my mind, as may most tend to advance His kingdom, I shall have broken my faith solemnly pledged, be a deserter, a renegade, a worse than 'slothful servant.' I cannot now in anything offend, without producing a proportionate offence in others; if the ministers of the Church, which still ought to be the salt of the earth, lack saltness, there is no external means by which they can recover it, they are fit only to be cast out. Yet these thoughts, though solemn, are not depressing; with every fresh responsibility, fresh strength is given. There must be more earnest watchfulness, more earnest prayer, that 'the ministry, through my fault or negligence, be not blamed,' but the very sense of having this 'high calling' is a hallowing thought.

In the midst of such thoughts as these, you will not be much shocked, I hope, that I was selfish enough not to be able to think of anything connected with June 1, except those which swelled upon me in connection with that great service, whose objects terminate not with this our narrow career, nor are bounded by any temporary interests, however exalted, but, commencing in weakness are continued in power, date only in time, but last through eternity. In fact, however, whenever I was not engaged,

(for the service lasted three hours, and I began my duties by reading in a parish church),[1] I was tired, or was thinking; everything which I had to do wore a new aspect; all the little every-day duties of life seemed on that day, as the first when I was a minister of the gospel, to assume a new character.

Long years afterwards, he said that, though feeling he could not combine his special work with parochial cares, he had always wished for direct work for souls, and added, with a bright smile, that God had granted his wish by permitting him to minister to individuals. 'There is this comfort,' he said playfully, 'in my large parish, as I call it, that every one in it wishes, at least, to be good.'[2]

To Miss Barker.

Sunday morning [June 8, 1828].

Brightly has the last week of separation, and the first of uninterrupted, entire union dawned, and with the first rays of light I thanked God that that last week was, I trusted, come. It is at times almost an overwhelming thought, that that happiness, which, even in the more buoyant parts of the nine first years was seldom an object of hope . . . is now come. . . . I am, in a few hours, to assist for the first time in administering the Communion. . . . The person whom I am going to assist is a very valued and dear friend, with whom I should most have wished to be joined in this holy office.

[1] Mr. Newman noted, June 1, Pusey ordained. He read prayers for me in the evening at St. Mary's, and reminded me years afterwards that I said to him, 'If you read from your chest in that way, it will kill you.' And in fact, about 1832, he had read himself dumb.—Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman, i. p. 186.

[2] Dr. Liddon considers that at this time he looked upon his ordination 'mainly as furnishing a consecration of learning, by keeping before him the one sacred object which secures for learning its true dignity,' and desiring to 'work for souls, but indirectly, by removing, through literary labour, difficulties in the way of faith.'—Life, i. p. 142.

On Sunday, June 8th, after Mr. Pusey's ordination, he assisted Mr. Newman at the altar by administering the chalice; and on the Thursday in that week, June 12, the earthly crown of joy for which he had so long and patiently waited, was granted to him. He was married at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, to Maria Catharine Barker, by 'his best and earliest friend,' R. W. Jelf.

They visited the English Lakes, Western Highlands, and 'some of the Hebrides' during their three months' wedding tour. Amongst those whom they visited were Mrs. Southey, Mrs. Coleridge, and Sir Walter Scott, with whom they spent two days at Abbotsford.

Mrs. Pusey notes in her diary, 'August 13—Walked with Sir Walter Scott, etc., through the Rhymer's Glen. 14—Saw the ruins of Newark Castle and the town of Selkirk. 15—Left Abbotsford, revisited and sketched Melrose. 16—To Rokeby Park. 17—Edward read the service to all the household, it being too wet a morning to go to the church. . . . A large party to dinner.'

On September 4th they went to Badger Hall, in Shropshire—'Aunt Browne's,' Mrs. Pusey wrote in the diary; and, 7th, Sunday—'John read prayers, and dear Edward preached.' It was his first sermon; his text was Heb. xii. 14: 'Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.' Miss Boddington, a cousin of Mrs. Pusey, living at Badger Hall, wrote of it at the time as a 'most truly excellent and beautiful discourse—a bright spot in a barren waste.' Still more interesting is her notice of 'Edward Pusey' at this time, as 'entirely engrossed with the subject of Divinity, and, unless upon that point, a silent man;' yet 'his amiability and kindness

to every one very pleasing, but not more than might well be expected from one so deeply imbued with the spirit of Christ's religion. He went about with us into all the cottages,' she adds, 'having a word of advice or comfort for every one.'[1]

[1] See Life, i. p. 144.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHRIST CHURCH HOME.

1828–1833.

To some few men, and these are generally the best, God gives that exaltation of heart, that wonderful addition to what is commonly known to be love, which makes it all one to them as if they were shown the ideal wife as first she was given.—JEAN INGELOW.

'REJOICE in the Lord alway, and again I say, Rejoice,' was the text of Dr. Pusey's first sermon after receiving Priest's Orders; and when, eleven years later, his earthly happiness was shattered, he still, and as long as he lived, dwelt on the duty of religious joy. Now, for a time, the sunshine of life and love was granted to him, and the voice of joy and health was in his dwelling. None ever welcomed happiness more eagerly and thankfully, touched by it, even as by pain, to the depths of his great loving heart, expressing it even in the signature to his first note to his wife after their marriage. They arrived in Oxford on September 12, 1828, living for two months in Bishop Lloyd's lodgings, which he had lent them, in 'Tom Quad,' Christ Church.

Mr. Pusey had as yet no professional income or settled occupation; but, two months after his arrival at Oxford, a

letter from the Duke of Wellington informed him of his appointment, by the King, to the Regius Professorship of Hebrew in Oxford, vacant by the early death of Dr. Nicoll.

His visit to Bishop Lloyd had just come to an end. Mrs. Pusey's diary records:—'November 12—Left Oxford, and arrived at Pusey. 13—Began reading the Epistles with Edward. 14—William Pusey rode over with the Duke's letter; Edward went to Oxford. 15—Edward returned home.'

He had intended to return to Pusey on the 14th, but sent a messenger later in the day, with a note to his wife:—

Oriel, 5 o'clock.

When I arrived here I found that it was very fortunate that I had come —— it was very necessary. . . . The messenger will bring back any letters, and you might pack up my little cat.[1] . . . I fear, dearest, that it is almost doubtful whether I can return to-night. I will, if possible; but if I do not by half-past ten, do not expect me. I shall be at the Provost's, and will ride over early to-morrow. Ever, dearest blessing, your attached, grateful, and *so* happy husband,

Edw.

No appointment could have brought him greater pleasure. It gave to him, while still a deacon, a chair of authority, with ample opportunity of using learning as the handmaid of theology. The desire to equip himself for this task had upheld him during the excessive labour of years, and now his heart's desire was granted, mainly through the efforts of his devoted friend, Bishop Lloyd,

[1] His seal, engraved with his crest.

whose influence with the Government and the Primate (Dr. Howley) was strongly used in his favour. His ordination as Priest followed quickly, as 'the Hebrew Chair was attached to a Canonry of Christ Church,' and he could not take his place in the Cathedral, except as Priest.

The nine days between his appointment and ordination he spent at Pusey; his wife notes on Sunday, 16th, 'Edward read prayers, and christened an infant.' On the following Saturday they both went to stay with Bishop Lloyd at the Palace, Cuddesdon; and on November 23, being the twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity, Edward Bouverie Pusey was ordained Priest by his friend in the little parish church close to the Palace, no one else being ordained. The good Bishop, and the three or four friends who were present besides the village congregation, must have felt that the holy office was bestowed on no ordinary man, but none could then have anticipated the issues of that Ordination. His first celebration of Holy Communion was on Christmas Day, in the village church of Pusey, where he and his wife had returned, to spend Christmas with his mother. 'Left Pusey,' Mrs. Pusey wrote, January 12, 1829, 'and took up our abode in our own house'—the house which was to be her husband's for nearly fifty-three years.

To the young Professor it was a natural and great gratification to offer a home and position to his bride, which could not but satisfy her mother's anxiety for her ease and comfort, and which he must have felt he had won for her by his own patient toil, since the appointment was a recognition of his immense learning, rare in so young a man. The large and airy apartments of his 'lodgings' in 'the House,' the ample space and beautiful rooms, were

a real help and refreshment to Dr. Pusey during the whole of his studious life, besides providing sufficient wall-room for his books, which already formed almost a library. He once showed the writer how he had arranged his book-shelves, so as to take, he said, as little space as possible from the area of the room.

Brief entries in Mrs. Pusey's journal give the every-day details of that happy life; the visitors received, amongst whom Mr. Newman was one of the most frequent; dinings out, guests at home, household duties. 'I have been told,' her only surviving child writes, 'that when my mother went to evening parties at this time, wearing black velvet and pearls,[1] it would have been difficult to find a more beautiful woman.'

'Edward's first lecture' is the entry in her diary, February 3, 1829. 'I am much more perplexed than is at all pleasant just before the commencement of my lectures,' he had written to Newman, January 11, in a letter consulting him as to points in their construction.[2] From this time to the end of his life, nothing save absolutely disabling illness was allowed to interfere with his duties as Hebrew lecturer. When he died, at eighty-two years of age, during the Long Vacation of 1882, he was, as usual, reading for his lectures for the next Term.

[1] She must have been still in mourning for her husband's father.

[2] In this letter, after thanking Mr. Newman for his opinion on the lectures which had been submitted to him, he adds, 'It was always my own theory that as little grammar as possible should be taught at first, *i.e.* until the student is sufficiently familiar with the language to take interest in the instances, etc., and the general structure of a language, so different from our own.' 'Don't get a grammar,' was Archbishop Trench's advice to one about to learn Spanish; get a Spanish Testament, and learn the grammar *back* from that.'

Before the world he came forward mostly as the strenuous exponent of forgotten truths; but the heavy burdens gradually laid upon him never caused him to forget that he was 'Her Majesty's Professor of Hebrew,' and that his primary duty was to fulfil that office.

His professional duties would alone, probably, have been easy to him, but neither home happiness nor social engagements caused relaxation in the hard work which he felt to be a duty. Mrs. Pusey notes, November 24, 1828 (the day after her husband's ordination at Cuddeston), 'Returned to Pusey, having spent the greater part of the day in Oxford.' He had used the time to search out all his predecessor's, Dr. Nicoll's, papers, concerning a great work on which the latter was engaged, a catalogue of the Arabic manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, and Dr. Liddon records that he set to work on them the very next morning.[1] The task, undertaken at Bishop Lloyd's advice, was one of immense magnitude, the need for fresh research revealing itself as it went on. Seven years of toil were spent on this work. It is remarkable that hard labour of the driest literary kind should, immediately after his ordination, have fallen on him who had regretted that Oriental languages should absorb so much time which he would fain have given to directly spiritual studies. 'When engaged on the Arabic Catalogue at the Bodleian, I have, as I rose to the drudgery, envied the very bricklayers whom I saw at work in the streets,' he wrote, eight years after the work was finished.[2] But his labours threw open to students a 'mass of literary wealth,' existing in a form which rendered it practically inaccessible to them; a wealth which Dr.

[1] Life, i. p. 191.

[2] Ibid. i. p. 206.

Pusey thought of greatest importance for those to acquire who undertook the defence of Holy Writ. To himself the lengthened drudgery must have been a severe training for the life of patient perseverance under every difficulty and disappointment which lay before him.

Mr. Rose's attack, in 1829, on his book concerning German theology brought additional labour. It is not surprising that Mr. Rose should have misunderstood the book, or, as its writer complained, 'misstated every view which he attacked as mine,' in a 'Letter to the Bishop of London, in reply to Mr. Pusey's work,' etc. Mr. Rose thought that his low estimate of the power of 'dead orthodoxy' against unbelief was a slight on the importance of a right system of belief, and also entirely misapprehended his words as to the inspiration of Holy Scripture. Dr. Pusey's first book thus brought against him the charge of favouring Rationalism, although what he saw of it in Germany had determined him to devote his life to combat its advance. He replied to Mr. Rose by Part II. of his 'Theology in Germany,' published in 1830, for which he received valuable suggestions from Bishop Blomfield, and in which he explained and altered some things liable to misapprehension. In the end, Mr. Rose and he came to see that their aim was the same, and that, had they known each other personally, the long discussion between them would never have taken place. In a beautiful letter to Mr. Rose (March, 1838), given at length in the 'Life,' Dr. Pusey wrote :—

> We ought to have been fighting side by side, instead of with each other. . . . I felt altogether with you, as to Rationalism itself. I thought we differed about the causes and extent of it,

not, for a moment, as to its perniciousness and shallowness; and I feared people in England were verging towards it, in a way which I thought you did not see. I feared lest cold, dry views on the one hand, and especially a decayed Pietism on the other, might find their parallel among us, and bring in Rationalism here also.[1]

The death, in May, 1829, of Bishop Lloyd, his fatherly friend, who had done so much to shape his life, was a great sorrow to Dr. Pusey. They had just acted on the same side in the contest as to Roman Catholic Emancipation in Ireland; Dr. Pusey by voting for Sir Robert Peel, who brought in the Bill, in the contested election for the University, and the Bishop by voting and speaking in the House of Lords. In Dr. Liddon's opinion, Dr. Pusey 'had never a moment's hesitation in supporting Sir R. Peel;' his 'political liberalism, as a young man,' having 'led him to take a warm interest in the Emancipation question.'[2]

'Second happy year begun,' Mrs. Pusey wrote, June 12, 1829, the anniversary of her wedding; 'July 8—Mr. Newman and John Keble called;' and, on 17th, 'Dear baby (Lucy Maria Bouverie) born.' On August 14, she noted, 'Churched in the Cathedral by dearest Edward.' He also baptized their infant in Pusey Church.

'Third happy year begun,' June 12, 1830; on the 14th, 'My darling boy (Philip Edward) born;' and, July 25, 'Philip christened by his papa in the afternoon.'

All through these years the entries show the almost continual hospitality exercised by Dr. Pusey, as always, even after his home was left desolate, and which no amount

[1] Life, i. pp. 167-9. [2] Ibid. i. p. 199.

of occupation was allowed to hinder. Mrs. Pusey went freely, at this time, into society; 'Mr. Newman to dinner,' and 'went to the ball,' are noted on the same day, August 4, 1830.

A fresh source of happiness was added to her Christ Church life by the engagement of Mr. Jelf (her husband's 'earliest and best friend') to 'Emmy, Countess Schlippenbach,' lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Cumberland, whose charm seems to have quickly gained the Puseys' hearts.

Her face (one who knew her well writes) was bright, intellectual, full of love and sweetness, and, above all, of heavenly expression. Hers was a heart ever ready for prayer; a countenance radiant, not only with kindness and affection for her children, her friends, and her poor people, but also with a reverent awe for the Divine Presence.

Mr. Jelf's appointment to a Canonry of Christ Church was a great joy to Dr. Pusey; the intimate friendship between the two families, which continued to the end, adding to the brightness of those early golden days.

The Puseys spent the latter part of the Long Vacation of 1830 mostly at Tenby, returning home on September 30, when the diary entries show the increasing and almost daily intercourse with Mr. Newman. 'October 1—Mr. Newman called. 3rd—Mr. Newman and Mr. Froude to dinner. 4th—Walked with Edward and Mr. Newman,' etc.

But although he had now 'love's supporting force' to 'cheat the toil and cheer the way,' the two years of hard, unrelieved work at the Arabic Catalogue was more than Dr. Pusey could bear, and a serious break-down of health

ensued. 'Edward poorly; with him all day,' is the first notice of his illness in his wife's diary on November 19. They went to Hastings on December 15, and took up their abode at 18, Pelham Crescent.

Even he, who had ever lived in communion with his God, and with a single eye to His service, felt this time of enforced leisure as a warning against the danger of engrossing occupation in a good cause marring the proportions between outer work and the preparation of the inner life—

> Wouldst thou go forth to bless, be sure of thine own ground;
> Fix well thy centre first, then draw thy circles round.

His self-accusing sense of this duty is expressed at some length in a letter to Newman, very touching in one whose centre had been firmly fixed from childhood.[1]

Probably his leisure would have been hard work to most. 'Transcribing for Edward,' is noted in his wife's journal. 'Oh for the conclusion of the Catalogue, and the time when my hands will be free,' he wrote to Newman (March 17, 1831); 'but all in God's good time.' They moved to St. Leonard's on March 4, and returned home on April 14, 1831, after spending a week with Lady Lucy in Grosvenor Square, where the diary records much intercourse with friends, amongst others with 'Emmy Jelf.'

The Long Vacation was spent between Pusey and Christ Church. Mrs. Pusey's diary notes (September 5), 'Mr. Gladstone to dinner.' There is no entry of special interest until 'January 8, 1832, Darling baby (Catherine Emmy)

[1] On this letter is written by Cardinal Newman, 'Pusey was well enough to leave Oxford, December 11, 1830; he was taken ill November 19, 1830.'

born. January 22—Received the Sacrament at home from dear Edward. February 1—Dearest Edward went to Pusey. Miss Newman came.' He had been obliged to leave her in order to help Lady Lucy through some difficult business, and writes to her the next day from Pusey, where their children were staying.

February 2, 1832.

Yesterday must, I fear, have been a sad, heavy day, to judge of your frame of mind, by what mine was whenever a pause in my employment of cheering our dear mother left me to my own thoughts. Yet I trusted it had pleased God to bless you, and that you had some share of the reward for your sacrifice for His sake, although we must not expect it *very fully* at first, otherwise there would be no such thing as sacrifice at all. . . . This place is beautifully warm; I am playing no pranks, but with Puss,[1] and without a great coat I walked round the garden before breakfast this morning, and the beautiful pure snowdrops are in blow all round it. It is quite summer.

February 3, 1832.

It seems so strange that within twelve and a half little miles I do not yet know, by sympathy or any other means, how oneself passed either of the last two nights, . . . yet this I do know, that she is under our Father's care, and His keeping is better than ours, love. Me He has kept blessedly; and I think I shall be all the better for this change, though nothing but the hope of being useful to our dear mother would have induced me to try it. . . . For myself, having some business with Cotton[2] about churches, I mounted Redmond, and thought how blissfully days were changed since I used to urge him up Faringdon Hill, for the happiest moment in the twenty-four hours, even though I was not to see you the livelong day.[3] . . . Then I

[1] Lucy.

[2] Vicar of Denchurch, his future brother-in-law.

[3] Fairford, Mrs. Pusey's old home, could be seen from Faringdon Hill.

returned to dear mama: at three we took a walk together, dined at five, talked and played with little ones from six to seven. . . . I have read the Psalms for both days in my own little Hebrew Bible, and thought of you all the time and what you would make of them, or what you would be puzzled with; and then, this not being very profitable for myself, read them over again for myself. . . . This letter has been interrupted in diverse ways, by reading, teaching Loo to play at nine-pins, and walking with dear mama to the temple to *cool!*[1] The white crocuses all but in blow, the yellow showing for blow, the pyrus full of red buds, and one flower, a ranunculus, in blow, as there was also at Cotton's; heart's-ease which have escaped the winter, etc., etc., etc.; in short, were you here, a Paradise.

I know not, dearest wife, how to thank you for all your heart's love and kindness, or how to be grateful for having you confided to me. God bless you in all your plans for the future, and make me instrumental in forwarding [them].

Mrs. Pusey's diary records: 'February 12—To St. Mary's; churched by Mr. Newman. Mr. Newman to dinner. February 24—Baby christened at St. Mary's by Mr. Newman—Catherine Emmy. The Newmans to lunch.'

April was spent at Brighton, where various rides are recorded, Mrs. Pusey being a good horse-woman. On May 2 she writes: 'Said farewell to the chain pier with Edward,' and in his hand are added the words, 'Felt myself very blessed.' 'Grove Church consecrated by the Bishop of Sarum. E. preached "an eloquent and impressive discourse,"' she notes, August 14, 1832. 'It extracted £71, and was "ordered to be printed,"' Dr. Pusey wrote

[1] A Greek temple on the south-west side of the house . . . in which Edward Bouverie Pusey and his brother, when little boys, used to play on wet days.

to Dr. Newman of this first of his published sermons.[1] Grove was 'a poor hamlet of Wantage,' and he appears to have heartily aided the efforts of his future brother-in-law, Mr. Cotton, Vicar of Denchurch, a neighbouring parish, to provide for it spiritually; for the Rev. John Davison, of Worcester, writes, many months later, to Dr. Pusey :—

> It is quite delightful to know the history of the proceedings of Grove, and see the success of those efforts which have built your village church there, and made that village become something like a capital to your little Decapolis. . . .
>
> That I may refer to your improved system of education for the ministerial office :—it has always struck me as one of the most ill-advised measures of the University to have given up that most valuable period of the life of our young members which immediately follows the first degree; so many noble purposes both of direction and improvement might have been served by it under the auspices of a wise academical discipline fitted to that age.

The latter part of the above letter alludes to a very important pamphlet which occupied Dr. Pusey during the autumn of 1832—'Remarks on the Prospective and Past Benefits of Cathedral Institutions.' It was written in reply to one by Lord Henley, proposing various reforms in Cathedral institutions, with a view to their being carried out by the first Reformed Parliament in 1833; and he took occasion, while vindicating the claim of these institu-

[1] In a letter to Newman, July 13, 1832, Dr. Pusey begs him to send him certain books from the Oriel Library to help him in preparing for this sermon, and 'any other book which might contain any illustrations of the early interest of Christians about churches, etc.' You are the more bound to assist me (he wrote) because Cotton was about to apply to you, and only seized upon me because I was present, and so could less elude his grasp, and should like you to tell me what you think a consecration sermon ought to be, which is also to be a collecting sermon.

tions to have been 'nurseries of most of our chief divines, who were the glory of our English name,' to suggest how valuable they might become if connected with theological teaching of candidates for Orders.

He must have been gratified at its reception. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley) wrote to him, May 5, 1833:—

> I lose no time in thanking you for your publication on Cathedrals. I have read it with much satisfaction, and even if I saw less to approve in it than I do, I should be pleased with the attempt to draw the attention of the public to a subject on which many persons are ready to come to a decision without thought or inquiry.

The Bishop of Durham (Dr. Maltby) also wrote, thanking him warmly for his 'valuable pamphlet' on Cathedral Institutions, adding—

> That they might, nevertheless, be rendered more ostensibly and, perhaps, more really beneficial to the public, by rendering them, to a certain extent, auxiliary to clerical education, I have often been inclined to think.[1]

The first sorrow in the happy home at Christ Church was the death of the infant, Catherine, born in January of the previous year.

'Edward preached his first University sermon,' the diary notes, October 14. 'November 6—Dearest baby ill (Catherine), and at one o'clock on 7th, taken away to God and happiness. 9th—Catherine's earthly remains laid to rest in the Cathedral'—the first to be laid in that grave

[1] If of late years Theological Colleges have been attached to Cathedrals, and if the study of theology has been promoted at such centres and elsewhere by a division of labour, these results are originally due to Pusey's pamphlet.—Life, i. p. 235.

where her father now rests with her mother and sister. He took the bereavement deeply to heart, turning inwardly, after his wont, to accuse himself of needing chastisement. Writing to his wife, then in the Isle of Wight, on the anniversary of their loss three years later, he says: 'I pray God, and you will also pray, dearest, that this day, and all memory of our dear little sainted one, may produce its fruits of humiliation and humble-walking in me. I trust, dearest, that this expression of feeling will not unduly distress you; God has been abundantly merciful in what He has done for our others; and, therefore, we may feel that in this also He took her not away in displeasure to us, but as a merciful correction, although still as a correction.'

Mrs. Pusey's diary chronicles their spending Christmas at Holton; and a tour in their own carriage through Hampshire in the spring of 1833, leaving Oxford on March 25, and driving, by Newbury to Burghclere, where they stayed for two nights, and, she writes, 'drove through Highclere Park. Left Burghclere; through Whitchurch to Kingsworthy, where we baited our horses; through Winchester to Southampton—took up our abode at Weeks' Hotel.' The next day, March 28, she notes: 'Began "Butler's Analogy" with Edward; went in a sailing boat to see the ruins of Netley Abbey.' Many drives in the New Forest are chronicled: Dr. Pusey was very fond of driving his own horses; and this time was evidently one of rest from work. They spent Easter at Southampton, returning to Oxford on April 12.[1] April 20—'Went over to Holton Park'—the manor house, near Wheatley, which Lady Lucy

[1] The diary notes: 'April 5—Good Friday, received the Sacrament.'

Pusey had taken. She had lived, since her widowhood in 1828, until this time, at Pusey, when not at her house in Grosvenor Square.

On May 3 is recorded the birth of Pusey's youngest child; and, June 4, 'Baby christened (Mary Amelia) in the Cathedral by her dear papa.'

The families at Pusey, Christ Church, and Holton Park, seem to have lived in frequent intercourse: 'Lady Lucy came over,' 'Went to Holton Park,' 'Mr. Pusey to dinner,' etc., etc., being constantly recorded.

On August 3, the Edward Puseys moved to Holton for the rest of the Long Vacation, returning home on October 28.[1]

There he found the 'Tracts for the Times' begun, and, before Christmas, gave to them his first contribution. At this time there is a striking change in the entries in Mrs. Pusey's diary; 'Visiting the poor' occurring very frequently, and notes of social engagements much seldomer. There are also traces of her beginning to help her husband in literary-religious work; 'Extracts of letters from Ignatius, writing from Jeremy Taylor,' being noted for December 29, 1833. It may be that this year, so pregnant with the first beginnings of events which her husband was largely to direct, and mould for the rest of his life, could not pass without her feeling the influence of the solemn thoughts and aspirations which were in the air, and amidst which she lived.

[1] Every morning in the week he rode into Oxford, reaching the Bodleian Library at nine o'clock, and working there until it closed, when he rode out again to Holton. Late in life he would often refer to these early morning rides, in which the fresh air of 'Shotover made it so easy to praise Almighty God,' as one of the happy memories of his earlier years.—Life, i. 276.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EARLY TRACTARIANS.

1833—1835.

> Spirits are not finely touched
> But to fine issues.
>
> *Measure for Measure.*

THE history of the Tractarians and of their work has been recorded by the late Dean Church, by Cardinal Newman, up to a certain point, in his 'Apologia,' and by Dr. Liddon, the greater part of his 'Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey' being the history of the Oxford Movement. So many contributions have also been made to it, and side-lights cast upon it by other books, such as the 'Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman,' the 'Autobiography of Isaac Williams,' and Mr. Ward's 'Life,' that another sketch of that great revival of religious faith is as needless as it would be unfitting for the present writer to attempt. To the calm and passionless narrative of Dr. Liddon, related with a delicate sense of proportions and mastery of details to which few could have attained, students will ever turn to obtain clear, and often documentary, information concerning the history of the Church in England during her half-century of struggles, perils, changes, and blessings from 1833 to 1883. Dr. Liddon has touched rapidly, but with

vivid colours, on the various elements which combined to make men feel, early in this century, the absolute need of 'a clear, strong, positive religious creed, if civilization was to be saved from ruin,' and on the tokens and expression of this feeling in such men as Chateaubriand, Sir Walter Scott, Coleridge, and the Wesleys, strong to turn the hearts of the children to their fathers—leaders in lines of thought which the 'Tracts for the Times' developed and popularized.

There had, however, always been a small body of men in the English Church, fervent in that personal religion which the early Evangelicals did so much to kindle, and who, in their teaching concerning the needs and salvation of the believer, never lost sight of the importance of holding fast to the whole revelation of the Saviour of the world.

Of these Dr. Liddon commemorates the names of a few, as having always held definite Catholic doctrine, such as Mr. Keble of Fairford (father of the author of the 'Christian Year'); Joshua Watson, a layman; the Rev. H. Norris, Rector of Hackney, and Mr. Alexander Knox, an Irish layman, enthusiastic for the Prayer-book as the exponent of Catholic theology.[1]

But there was one, Dr. T. Sikes, who had graduated at Oxford in 1788, the pastor of a little parish in Northamptonshire, whose estimate of the then state of religious belief in England, and forecast of what was coming, is so remarkable, that the following extract must be given from

[1] 'His language about the Eucharist, if here and there slightly inaccurate, is, as a whole, very remarkable,' considering the age in which he lived.' —Life, i. p. 261.

Dr. Pusey's 'Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury,' published in 1842. Dr. Pusey quotes in this letter Dr. Sikes' words to one who had known and conversed with him, and who reported them to Dr. Pusey:—

I well remember the very countenance, gesture, attitude, and tone of good Mr. Sikes, and give you, as near as may be, what he said.

'I seem to think I can tell you something which you who are young may probably live to see, but which I, who shall soon be called away off the stage, shall not. Wherever I go all about the country I see amongst the clergy a number of very amiable and estimable men, many of them much in earnest, and wishing to do good. But I have observed one universal want in their teaching, the uniform suppression of one great truth. There is no account given anywhere, so far as I see, of the one Holy Catholic Church. I think that the causes of this suppression have been mainly two. The Church has been kept out of sight, partly in consequence of the civil establishment of the branch of it which is in this country, and partly out of false charity to Dissent. Now, this great truth is an article of the Creed, and, if so, to teach the rest of the Creed to its exclusion must be to destroy "the analogy or proportion of the faith," *τὴν ἀναλογίαν τῆς πίστεως*. This cannot be done without the most serious consequences. The doctrine is of the last importance and the principles it involves of immense power, and some day, not far distant, it will judicially have its reprisals. And whereas the other articles of the Creed seem now to have thrown it into the shade, it will seem, when it is brought forward, to swallow up the rest. We now hear not a breath about the Church; by-and-by, those who live to see it will hear of nothing else, and just in proportion perhaps to its present suppression will be its future development. Our confusion nowadays is chiefly owing to the want of it, and there will be yet more confusion attending its revival. The effects of it I even dread to contemplate, especially if it come suddenly. And woe betide those, whoever they are, who shall, in the course of Providence, have to bring it forward. It ought, especially of all others, to be matter of

catechetical teaching and training. The doctrine of the Church Catholic and the privileges of Church Membership cannot be explained from pulpits; and those who will have to explain it will hardly know where they are, or which way they are to turn themselves. They will be endlessly misunderstood and misinterpreted. There will be one great outcry of Popery from one end of the country to the other. It will be thrust upon minds unprepared and on an uncatechized Church. Some will take it up and admire it as a beautiful picture; others will be frightened, and run away and reject it; and all will want a guidance which one hardly knows where they shall find. How the doctrine may be first thrown forward we know not, but the powers of the world may any day turn their backs upon us, and this will probably lead to those effects I have described.'

Dr. Pusey was not at first a leader amongst the Tractarians. His wife's journal, in 1832, shows how greatly their intimacy with the Newman family had increased; but Mr. Newman was abroad for six months during the winter and spring of 1832–3, and did not return to England until July 9, 1833, the Tuesday before Mr. Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University pulpit at Oxford, on that Sunday, July 14th, which Dr. Newman says he ever considered and kept as the start of the religious movement of 1833.

When I got home from abroad (he continues) I found that already a movement had commenced in opposition to the specific danger which at that time was threatening the religion of the nation and its Church. Several zealous and able men had united their councils, and were in correspondence with each other. The principal of these were Mr. Keble, Hurrell Froude, who had reached home long before me; Mr. William Palmer, of Dublin and Worcester College; Mr. Arthur Perceval, and Mr. Hugh Rose.[1]

[1] Apologia pro Vita Sua (ed. 1873), pp. 36, 37.

Dr. Pusey was not invited to the historic meeting at Hadleigh Vicarage, in Suffolk, where Mr. Hugh Rose had asked a few, whose hearts were stirred, to spend some days for conference as to the possibility of spreading principles which seemed forgotten. The determination to write and disseminate 'Tracts for the Times' arose from this conference.

On August 14, 1833, Hurrell Froude wrote to the Rev. Hon. Arthur Perceval:—

> The impression left on my mind after my visit to Rose was on the whole a gloomy one, *i.e.* that in the present state of the country we have very poor materials to work upon among the clergy and laity; and that the only thing to be done is to direct all our efforts to the dissemination of better principles. . . . Does any plan strike you on which we could organize arrangements for the wide publication of tracts on such subjects?
>
> Could we not, by means of our friends and our friends' friends, contrive railroads and canals for the diffusion of apostolical knowledge?
>
> We mean to have the Epistle of St. Ignatius printed very cheap; perhaps on handbills, with woodcuts of his martyrdom on the top, and the parts about Bishops printed in capitals, perhaps in red letters. But this will be of little use if we cannot circulate them widely. As to the clergy, perhaps the *British Magazine* is the best way of getting at them.
>
> But we may do much by writing on the subjects aforesaid to all our friends, insisting much on their importance, and getting them to do the same.

Cardinal Newman's words in his 'Apologia' are well known, as to the value of Dr. Pusey's co-operation with him, and yet it is impossible wholly to omit them:—

> I had known him well, . . . and felt for him an enthusiastic admiration. I used to call him ὁ μέγας.

His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholarlike mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion, overcame me; and great of course was my joy when, in the last days of 1833, he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. . . . 'He at once gave to us a position and a name. . . .' Dr. Pusey was a Professor and Canon of Christ Church; he had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his Professorship, his family connections, and his easy relations with University authorities. . . .

Dr. Pusey was, to use the common expression, a host in himself; he was able to give a name, a form, and a personality to what was without him a sort of mob. He was a man of large designs; he had a hopeful, sanguine mind; he had no fear of others; he was haunted by no intellectual perplexities.[1]

'As far as I know,' Cardinal Newman has told us, 'he who turned the tide, and brought the talent of the University round to the side of the old theology . . . was Mr. Keble.'[2] But Mr. Keble was not at Oxford, and on more than one occasion he and Dr. Pusey had taken opposite sides. It was Newman who drew in his friend to work for the Tractarians, a work of which the weight on him increased till it more than once brought him near to death. Of the ninety Tracts, however, he wrote only seven, and seventeen had been published before he was persuaded to contribute to the series.

Pusey's presence (the Rev. Isaac Williams says in his autobiography) always checked Newman's lighter and unrestrained mood; and I was myself silenced by so awful a person. Yet I always found in him something most congenial to myself; a nameless something which was wanting even in Newman, and I might, perhaps, add, even in Keble himself. But Pusey was at

[1] Apologia pro Vita Sua (ed. 1873), pp. 61, 62.
[2] Ibid. p. 289.

this time not one of us, and I have some recollection of a conversation which was the occasion of his joining us. He said, smiling to Newman, wrapping his gown round him as he used to do, 'I think you are too hard on the Peculiars,[1] as you call them. You should conciliate them; I am thinking of writing a letter myself with that purpose.' 'Well!' said Newman, 'suppose you let us have it for one of the Tracts!' 'Oh, no,' said Pusey, 'I will not be one of you!' This was said in a playful manner; and before we parted Newman said, 'Suppose you let us have that letter of yours which you intend writing, and attach your name or signature to it. You would then not be mixed up with us, nor in any way responsible for the Tracts!' 'Well,' Pusey said at last, 'if you will let me do that, I will.' It was this circumstance of Pusey attaching his initials to that tract which furnished the *Record* and the Low Church party with his name, which they at once attached to us all.[2]

Dr. Pusey himself relates, in a letter written to Newman in 1864, his attitude of mind as regarded the Tracts.

I have read the four first parts of your answer to Kingsley. . . . I know that you would speak of me with only too much love. If my own memory does not fail me, I think that you did not know why I was not sooner joined in the movement. I think that it was on account of my unhappy relations with Rose, that I only heard very distantly of the meetings, nor do I think that I knew distinctly what you were doing, till you had begun. . . . I remember, as I write, that there was a time when I doubted whether I could not best aid the plan by separate action with the same end. . . . You will have seen, perhaps, how the Rationalists are fond of hinting that I at one time held, in principle, what they do; and I thought that perhaps your account of my joining you rather later, after all the rest were associated, might be construed as supporting this. But though certainly I did not join the preparations, because I was not asked, yet, when the Tracts were begun, and the party took an organized shape, I do recollect

[1] The so-called 'Evangelicals.'

[2] Autobiography of Isaac Williams, pp. 70–72.

thinking how I should do most good—identified with it, or alongside of it.

On December 21, 1833, a little more than three months after the first issue of the Tracts, No. 18, on Fasting, appeared.[1]

The Catalogue of Arabic manuscripts was not nearly completed when Dr. Pusey joined the Tractarians, and his health again gave way under the double strain; especially as his 'Tracts,' instead of according with Newman's first notion, that 'a tract would be long enough if it filled four octavo pages,' were long and learned pamphlets. Unfortunately Mrs. Pusey's journal for 1834–5, and part of 1836, is missing, and we have not her record of the severe illness which, in January, 1834, forced him to give up his lectures (which his wife notes that he had begun on October 24, 1833), and to obey his doctor's orders to leave Oxford. He wrote, shortly before leaving home, to Newman that—

From one very valuable person of the old school I have already heard that it is a great defect in my Tract, that I have said so much about the Fathers, and so little about the Scripture, and 'no one counts anything of the Fathers; they were but mere men.' Much of this, I suppose, one shall hear; and also, which I was not prepared for, people questioning, even in the abstract, the duty of fasting: whereas I thought serious-minded persons at least supposed they practised fasting in some way or other. I assumed the duty to be acknowledged, and thought it only undervalued. You will be glad to hear that I am already much better.

[1] Of a sermon preached for the Salisbury Infirmary shortly before the publication of Tract 18, in which Dr. Pusey had spoken of fasting as a means of spiritual improvement, Mr. Hussey, one of the best laymen in Salisbury, used to say that he never heard anything like it; 'all later sermons on the subject seemed, by comparison, shallow and pointless.'—Life, i. p. 276.

Ch. Ch., Feb. 4, 1834.

I should have been truly glad to have seen you, but hope that perfect quiet may, by God's blessing, be the best means of subduing my cough. It is, however, thanks be to Him, of very little discomfort, except that it interferes with lecturing; but, as He wills.

February 24, 1834.

I wish much to talk with you about many things; specially about the Sacrament of Baptism. Men used to be taught that it is a Sacrament, and that a Sacrament is not merely an outward badge of a Christian man's profession; and all union must, I think, be hollow which does not involve agreement in principles, at least as to the Sacraments. Great good, also, would be done by showing the true doctrine of baptism in its warmth and life, whereas the Low Church think it essentially cold. Could not this be done, avoiding technical terms? I know nothing or little as to the reception such a tract would meet with, but you have to decide whether holding back is Christian prudence or compromise.

They went to Ventnor on February 25. He wrote in April of having there spent 'time in most delightful seclusion, and at Niton, in the south of the Isle of Wight; scarcely hearing an echo, every now and then, of what is going on in the world,' but he did not gain much in health until April began, and writes of illness and weakness making him—

think that God does not intend me to do anything actively on a large scale . . . for His Church; and that since I have been overfond of activity, *i.e.* intellectual activity, while I thought that His glory was more my object than it was, so now my chastisement will be that I shall be allowed to do nothing. . . . If I am to do nothing which appears lasting, it is because, as things are, it must be better for the Church that I should not.

This forecast, so different from what the future was to unfold, seemed only too much justified by his great bodily fragility at this time; more than two years previously Mrs. Pusey had noted (June 24, 1831), 'Edward weighed, 9 stone 2 lb.,' and now his mother observed that he 'continued to lose in weight; and he could not afford to do this, being only 8 stone 9 lb. as it was.'[1]

He returned, however, to Oxford in the middle of April, and was soon in the full tide of work, remaining at Christ Church till August, when he was sent to Ramsgate, and completing, to his great relief, the Catalogue of Arabic manuscripts in the Bodleian. To his wife, who had left him for a few days' visit to Lady Lucy in London, he wrote (April 29)—

I have been very well employed, although very idle, and in the midst of my employment thought on you and pitied you for your long journey, in which you had so much more time to dwell upon our separation. . . . It seems as if I could never write often enough, God bless you; but it is thought far oftener than it could be written.

SS. Philip and James? [May 1] 1834.

At eight, Saints' day, prayers; at 12, committee meeting; two o'clock, public meeting, so that to-morrow is pretty well occupied, and if the evening brings me my Mia, how happily will it close; but we must prefer others to self; and we are, God be blessed, but one self.

I am afraid of saying anything; afraid to say how much I love to have you here, lest you should hurry when you had better stay. . . . If I am to write all my thoughts of you, I should make no end; but I must write letters and correct Scripture History.

During the Commemoration week, June, 1834, when the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor

[1] Life, i. p. 296.

of the University took place, Mrs. Pusey, not being well, went to stay with Lady Lucy at Holton Park.

Monday, June 10.

Joy, joy! The Duke held a levée this morning, to which I went, and so I believe there is no occasion for my setting foot in this place on Thursday. The two levées were somewhat fatiguing, but I am now in good plight again. . . . Great regrets expressed that you are so unwell. I am not going to have the Duke of C[umberland]; I fear that it may look like ingratitude, but am, on the whole, glad.

Your dear note has just been brought me (12 o'clock). God bless you for it and all your dear love. . . . I have scarcely seen Henry alone,[1] having Ashley and Sir T. Acland at breakfast. Now I am quite alone, and so feel, in a manner, restored to you; only, since I have nothing to do here, it seems so much the more pitiable that I sit in my solitary study united to you in mind only. However, the atmosphere seems to breathe of you, and in my solitude I can bless you, as I do from the ground of my heart. Kiss and bless the dear children for me, whom I thought of, although I could not see them.

Ch. Ch., June 11.

(Six years all but twenty hours, God be thanked.)[2]

I can write only a few lines, having been talking all the morning, until now, when my note must go. I am not sure that I may not be called back to Oxford upon one day, in case the Primate of Ireland receives those who wish to show their interest in the poor Irish Church; but I have declined an invitation at All Souls (not having you here to make me accept it) for Friday, so that I am now free. A few hours more and I trust to be with you.

In his old age he spoke of this Installation of the

[1] The Rev. Henry Barker (later Canon of Gloucester), Mrs. Pusey's nephew, but about her own age, and her most devoted and brotherly friend.

[2] June 12 was his wedding-day.

Duke of Wellington, and mentioned how much he was struck by the appearance and bearing of the Primate Archbishop of Armagh. He said that amongst all the crowd of nobles and great men present, 'Archbishop Beresford recalled the description of Saul, higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward.'[1] Dr. Pusey's great admiration for personal beauty must often have been observed by his intimate friends; and he could never be attracted by it without coveting that gift for some special service to his Lord. The writer once heard him say to a young girl: 'You must remember that a beautiful mind in a beautiful body is a great instrument of His grace;' and thought on hearing it that surely no more graceful compliment had ever been united with a weightier lesson.

From November, 1834, until May, 1835, Dr. Pusey was anxiously occupied in resisting (successfully for the time) the proposal to alter the terms of subscription required from undergraduates at Oxford, a question raised chiefly through the influence of Dr. Hampden.[2] Amongst letters preserved are sixty-four from absent members of the University, to whom he had written urging them to come up to vote against the proposed change in Convocation, on May 20, 1835, and enclosing a leaflet of 'Questions' written by himself on the subject. With one or two

[1] No such assembly of distingushed men had been welcomed by the University within its walls since the visit of the 'Allied Sovereigns' in 1815. At the head of a long line of noblemen, and of eleven bishops, was the King's brother, the Duke of Cumberland. His Royal Highness was the guest of Dr. Jelf, who had been for so long his son's tutor, and who was now Canon of Christ Church. It had been at first proposed that the Duke should stay with Pusey.—Life, i. p. 295.

[2] There is a detailed account of this affair in the Life, i. chap. xiii.

exceptions, all replied in warm terms of admiration for the leaflet, and promising to come, if possible. A bundle of papers and notes also remains, dated after May 26, 1835, from friends at thirteen Colleges (and St. Alban's Hall) in answer to Dr. Pusey's inquiries as to the number of *placets* and *non-placets* from each, given in Convocation. One note from 'W. K. Hamilton,' afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, to the Rev. B. Harrison, records his having voted against him.

Denison and I were the only two resident Fellows who voted for the Declaration.[1] . . . You will find that many did not attend the Convocation who are anxious, as Gladstone is, for the removal of all tests at matriculation.

The Rev. G. Moberly, who succeeded Bishop Hamilton at Salisbury, replied that there were no neutrals, nor *placets*, at Balliol, and gave eighteen names, his own amongst them, of those who had voted against the Declaration. Thus the two future Bishops of Salisbury were opposed on this important question, concerning which Dr. Pusey appears to have fought with a strength of purpose and expression which recalls Dr. Newman's words long after, 'Excuse me, you discharge it (the "olive branch" of the Eirenicon) from a catapult.' Dr. Hawkins, the Provost of Oriel, who did not agree with him, writes to him, half-playfully, May 15, 1835:—

So you venture to make the writer of the 'Answers' to be the author of the letter to Lord R. and to make me the author of both! Moreover, you venture to run the risk of an action for damages by stopping the sale of a valuable work! However, I hope the writer will neither prosecute you nor answer you. . . .

[1] *I.e.* in favour of a change; a 'Declaration' being proposed for subscription, instead of the Thirty-nine Articles.

In short, I cannot see, my dear P., that you are yet going into the subject fairly and dispassionately.

Another younger man, to whom he must have written strongly on some points of difference, replied :—

. . . I have just read over your note again. I will try to profit by it; but pray do, my dear Dr. Pusey, before you reprove any friend again, endeavour to express yourself in more conciliatory language. I can assure you, you have written what in most cases flesh and blood could not bear. To irritate and mortify is not always to mend. If you were to reconsider your note a week hence I am sure you would be satisfied that it was not likely to effect its object.

Perhaps there was not in him at this time as much of the benignity which in later years tempered reproof; but, to the end, it was his nature to feel and to write strongly.

The Arabic Catalogue work having been finally completed by its Latin preface in April, 1835, he was free, after seven years of drudgery, to spend time and labour in the cause which more and more occupied him, as he became increasingly convinced that the very existence of the Church and of religion in England was in grave peril, and that it was necessary that the standard of the well-nigh forgotten faith of ancient Christendom should be again set up amongst us. His letter to Mr. Newman of February 24[1] shows that his thoughts were occupied with the first foundation which must be laid, and his three great Tracts on Baptism (Nos. 67, 68, and 69 of 'Tracts for the Times') appeared between August and October, 1835.

The first is noticed by Newman in a letter to Hurrell Froude (August 9). 'The Tracts are defunct, or *in extremis*.

[1] See p. 82.

Rivington has written to say they do not answer. Pusey has written one on Baptism, very good, of ninety pages, which is to be printed at his risk.'[1]

E. B. P. to Rev. J. H. Newman.

Brighton, October 21, 1835.

In patience possess ye your souls; I had hoped that we might have had one term of peace, but it seems that we are not to see it in our days, and the refreshment of a long vacation is a great blessing. . . .

Rivington will have the rest of the tract, he says, printed shortly: and I have sent up what additional notes I could. . . . However, since some of the notes are actually sent up, they may well be dated 'St. Simon and St. Jude.' Anderson told me that he was induced to read the first part of my Tract on Baptism by seeing it dated 'St. Bartholomew.' 'Well, at least these men act upon what they say,' was the shape in which the date influenced him. With regard to the Tracts, what is to be their subject? The popish controversy, or miscellaneous, as now? Are they to be long or short? Elaborate or, again, some of all kinds? What are our 'centres' to do—to circulate the Tracts themselves or to be responsible for any loss to the booksellers? In a word, is it money, or pains and influence which are needed? . . .

My Tract is swelling in dimensions: you will not think that I compare all that I can write to one fragment of J. K.'s; but it struck me that, if the second volume of the 'Tracts' should exceed the due dimensions, it might perhaps be a good plan to bind up my Tract, partly as Part II. or Volume II. of 'Tracts,' and again with a separate title-page, with my name as 'Pusey on Baptism,' with a short preface, saying, in a few words, why I wrote it, and why also as a 'Tract for the Times.' I say this on account of the subject, not of myself. My Tract and notes will probably come to 250 pages. Best of all I should like to see our triple cord restored, 'Keble, Newman, Pusey on Baptism.'

[1] Letters of J. H. Newman, ii. p. 124.

Dr. Pusey gave a fresh start to 'Tracts for the Times.' 'It was through him that the character of the Tracts was changed,' Dr. Newman says in his 'Apologia'[1] . . . 'his elaborate treatise on Baptism was followed by other Tracts from different authors, if not of equal learning, yet of equal power and appositeness.'[2]

I am almost persuaded to continue the Tracts (Newman wrote to him, January 6, 1836). Rivington writes me word this morning that the first volume is steadily selling, and the second expected, and that he wants some more reprints. Again, I hear the *Record*, in summing up the events of the last year, laments the growth of High Church principles among those of whom they had hoped better things.

Dr. Pusey brought at once to the front the question of Sacramental power. He threw himself into that fort on the battlefield against Rationalism, which he saw must be held, like Hougoumont at Waterloo, at all costs, as the key of the Catholic position, and around which the contest has ever since raged most fiercely. Mr. F. D. Maurice, while entirely opposed to the teaching of the Tract, perceived at once that it marked a turning-point in the coming struggle.[3]

It would be out of place, in this memoir, to attempt

[1] Pages 62, 63, ed. 1873.

[2] Dr. Pusey's Tract on Baptism was unquestionably the work in virtue of which he took his place among the leaders of the Oxford Movement.—Life, i. p. 343.

[3] The Sacraments are with us now; each time that they are administered they challenge a verdict as to their precise worth and power. . . . It was clear to Pusey that if the solvents which were applied by Zwingli to those great texts of Scripture which teach sacramental grace were also applied to those other texts which teach the Divinity and Atonement of our Lord, the result would be Socinianism.—Life, i. pp. 344–8.

any *résumé* of this great treatise, which, in the edition of 1839, had been enlarged by Dr. Pusey from its original 49 pages to 400. A masterly outline of its chief argument is given in the first volume of the 'Life,'[1] where the Tract itself is said to be 'even after fifty intervening years of controversy well worth reading.' It came as a trumpet-blast, not lightly blown, but from one conscious of the reserved forces at his command.

> He knew (to use Dean Church's words) the meaning of real learning. In controversy it was his sledge-hammer and battle-mace, and he had the strong and sinewy hand to use it with effect. He observed that when attention had been roused to the ancient doctrines of the Church by the startling and peremptory tone of the earlier Tracts, fairness and justice demanded that these doctrines should be fully and carefully explained and defended against misrepresentation and mistake. Forgetfulness and ignorance had thrown these doctrines so completely into the shade that, identified as they were with the best English divinity, they now wore the air of amazing novelties.[2]

The Tract roused strong denunciation, as well as admiration. 'The *Edinburgh* is preparing an attack,' Dr. Newman writes in January, 1836, and the Rev. W. J. Jones, rector of Newington, wrote to Dr. Pusey, 'I am solemnly assured by a member of our University that you maintained in a sermon preached at St. Mary's, that 'the atonement and mediation of Christ were not of avail for sin after Baptism.' He asked for authority to contradict what he felt, after reading 'the valuable Tracts on Baptism,' must be strange misapprehension. Other letters preserved by Dr. Pusey, and which he answered, denounce him and his teaching in no measured terms.

[1] Chap. xv.

[2] The Oxford Movement, p. 118.

One, from his early friend, the Rev. John Parker, expresses what Dr. Pusey himself felt, later, must be its effect on some minds.

Your Tract is indeed an elaborate and instructive specimen of deep theology: . . . yet I lament that expressions occur here and there which throw a darker shade over the acknowledged sins of men than other divines . . . would admit. The reading of it lowered my spirits, both as to myself and others, for several months, and produced a general feeling of despondency, which no part of Scripture has ever done.

A letter, undated, but written some years later, shows that Dr. Pusey felt that the Tract, taken alone, would not sufficiently teach hope and comfort in repentance.

To the Rev. James Skinner.

Since our gracious Lord has lodged the earnest of forgiveness in His Church, it may be a bright, hopeful, loving penitence, as Bishop Andrewes quotes from the ancient Church, 'da semper dolere, et de dolore gaudere.' I think that, in opposition to the easy systems of the day, we have to insist on penitence, as a sorrowful, humbler task, never to be laid aside; that the penitent should never forget what he has been, but continually bewail it before God, out of love to Him, because he has offended Him and His glory. But then love always has comfort. He returns to a loving Father, not an offended God only; to One Who has loved him so exceedingly, and loves him still, and has shown His love by recalling him. We must take care that we break not the bruised reed. . . . You were going to qualify what you had written. At its first sight it seems to allow too little place for 'much forgiven because loving much;' to make penitence too dreary a work, unrelieved by hope and love, and not to take account of the restoration through the absolution, the Holy Eucharist, and other appointed means (as I myself first did, although I have since endeavoured to supply what I omitted), but one sermon cannot contain all.

CHAPTER V.

LIBRARY OF THE FATHERS.

1835, 1836.

> Who, though thus endued as with a sense
> And faculty for storm and turbulence,
> Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
> To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
> Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
> Are at his heart.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

THE first notice amongst Dr. Pusey's papers of the cloud which had arisen, and which increased during the next few years until his whole earthly sky was darkened, is in a note (directed to Brighton, October, 1835) from his old tutor, the Rev. T. Vowler Short, at this time rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury—

> I am very sorry to hear this account of your good lady. I hope Brighton will have done her good. May we hope to see you on your return? . . . Come and spend a Sunday here and give my parishioners a sermon.

Dr. Pusey returned to Oxford in October, but without his wife, who was sent to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, where she seems to have been much with her brother-in-law, William Pusey, and the family of his betrothed wife.

In a letter to Mrs. Pusey (November 1, 1835), on his return home, her husband alludes to his wish to give a

large sum to the Bishop of London's Fund for building churches :—

The dear children I heard by a squeak of joy before I saw them. Their salutation was very affectionate. I drank tea with them, and little M. climbed up a neighbouring chair and, amid other fondling, kissed my hand. . . . They were all most anxious to anticipate my wants, M. bringing me her two hands full of papers, and she waited very amiably until I was ready or could finish them. . . .

. . . I saw you, dearest! long after you ceased to see me (which was a privilege of my long sight), and I prayed God, and hope we shall continue to pray to Him, to make this separation which He has ordered answer all the ends which He intended, and that, when united again in bodily presence, we may help each other onwards more unremittingly and more straight-onwardly, that so our 'Niemals letztes Wiedersehn' may be the more joyous. I trust we shall continue to pray to be more completely like-minded; and 'if in anything we be otherwise minded, God may reveal even this unto us.' I do not mean in this to allude to any special thing: only I should wish that we should be like-minded in all, not as if you were to come over to me in all things, but that *we* may be like-minded; and lest I should seem to be referring to the one subject of the diminution of our fortune —which I was not—I would say that in this it seems to me best that we should pray to God to direct us to wish that which should be most to His glory; and then, if it should prove that we were not both of the mind of which I was, then I shall think that, though the thing were in itself undoubtedly good and very desirable, yet that for some reason God saw it not to be so that I should do it, and should lie still: and this I am quite prepared to find; indeed, it seems to me more likely that when He wills anything to be done for poor London, He will raise some more energetic instrument.

'Our "society" has some difficulties to set out with, but too long to detail,' he writes, a day or two later. He had founded a 'Theological Society' for the purpose of

promoting 'the study of Christian antiquity with that of Holy Scripture,' and to 'afford to students facilities of hearing subjects discussed, or difficult texts of Scripture explained fully and in detail.' The two Professors of Divinity, the Regius Professor of Hebrew, the Archdeacon of Oxford, etc., were on the committee, and the society met weekly in Dr. Pusey's house, where papers were read by clergy of experience and learning. Eight were read before the society by Mr. Keble.[1]

He ends his letter with a report of his children, who 'have been very good to-day,' he writes; 'Lucy and Mary looking better. M. very affectionate and very nicely attentive and serious countenance at her prayers this morning.'

OXFORD, Nov. 7, 1835.

I received your two dear letters this morning, and bless God for the state of mind which they describe, as well as for the vigilance and good counsels which, as God inspired, so we are assured He is ready to bring to good effect. I read at breakfast to your little ones what you said about 'God's peace,' which elicited a little sound of joy from dear Lucy. Philip, I think, decidedly improved during my absence: I was much struck by his greater interest, when I was speaking about the Blessed Saints yesterday, and his combination of what he had read. He stayed with me while I was explaining the Collect, and then seemed to like to stay while we prayed it, which formerly he declined. . . .

Of sermons which seem to have perplexed Mrs. Pusey, he writes:—

At C. [Cheltenham] I think I meant that the real *test* of repentance was change of life—to cease to do evil, and learn to

[1] It stimulated theological thought and work more than any other agency in Oxford at the time (Life, i. p. 334). For a full account of the Society, see Ibid. pp. 332-8.

do well—not matter of feeling: that it was not the acuteness or bitterness of the grief which was the proof that our sorrow was a godly sorrow, but whether it brought forth the fruits meet for repentance: that we must look to our lives, not to our emotions. I think that I said also, that it could not be that persons who trusted that they were pardoned could have the same *poignancy* of grief and distress of mind as one who doubted about his salvation. This was meant against a certain style of preaching and a mode of describing repentance in the Low Church which I think would make people cherish grief as an end, and use it as a measure of sincerity; whereas it will increase in depth and reality as we increase in holiness and love of God. Our first grief must be very imperfect; it is a mixture of alarm, shame, perhaps vexation, at the consequences of our sin, wounded self-love, and, withal, a very imperfect knowledge of its offensiveness: . . . for we have wounded our own conscience, and it no longer sees clearly, even although God has awakened us to a general consciousness that we have sinned: but when God has in some measure restored us . . . the sting is extracted; but a holy sorrow increases.

This is what, I hope, I meant to say, although I may have dwelt too much on the negative side (that repentance was not emotion), thinking that you were needlessly harassed by Mr. C.'s [1] sermons, and also I may not myself have had sufficient notions of the depth of repentance; as also I believed that you had very little to repent of. . . .

. . . I pray God to make up to you, dearest, anything which my own deficiency in religious attainment may have caused of evil to you, or wherein I was a blind guide, and you will pray that I be forgiven it, and enabled to see more.

November 8, 1835.

I read to the children what I could out of your letter; more out of Mrs. W.'s, and I said that we ought to be thankful that you were so much stronger. . . . Anything which I can read to them I like: it gives them an additional interest in the arrival of your letters.

[1] Mr. Close.

November 11.

Our little, or large theological society, is to meet on alternate Fridays (as you wished) at 8 (after to-morrow). There will only be two more meetings this Term—Friday week and three weeks. It promises well; but I almost fear I see elements of disunion, in that John will scare people; but of this nothing now. It is for the present held in this house: so I shall be Moderator, and all your chairs confiscated. . . . In all your arrangements, I wish you only to consider yourself; *i.e.* your own health. I have nothing to tire me this Term, and am taking things very easily; and we can hope for a holiday at Easter, nothing preventing. . . .

On justification by faith a good deal of perplexity and confusion seems to me to arise from persons applying to themselves all which St. Paul says of those who are converted from heathenism, and again from their applying that to the end of life which St. Paul speaks of the beginning. . . . Justification is always spoken of in Scripture as a past act; not, of course, as one ceasing when completed, but still one not again to be renewed; we are placed, once for all, in a state of justification; we are made children of God, members of Christ; and so we are 'found in Christ,' as being 'Christ's,' and, with His whole Church, a portion of His mystical Body. We have been justified freely; this first justification we had nothing to do with but to receive (*vide* my Brighton sermon and a sermon of N.'s) what has been done for us and in us. In this justification there are no works, they are the result of it; this justification is given in baptism; and all good works are the fruits of it, and the Sonship and adoption and union with Christ then given: this justification, of course, ceases not, unless a man falls from grace; he has been, and continues justified: if he fall from it, he is to be restored to it by repentance. What, then, is the meaning of coming to Christ empty-handed? We were brought to Him empty-handed once, and He filled us, and we ought to remain filled with Him, and bringing forth fruits. . . . The confusion is (1) that men look to justification as a thing which they are to obtain, not one which has been given them. (2) They have some confused notion of a building which they are to raise up, and then they are afraid of *their* own works as if they

were their works; and so Christ's free grace were disparaged, if anything were attached to them; whereas, would they but look upon themselves as the wild olive grafted into Christ, they would see that there is no boastfulness, when all the richness and fatness is derived from Christ, and all the works of God's best saints are wrought in Him.

November 13, 1835.

I am sorry to hear of your discomforts. . . . However, it was planned well; and as we meant it to be a sacrifice to go to Ryde, God has made it a real one to you, and so taken you at your word; and that is often a great blessing, and is, I think, a sign of His favour and good-will.

I am going on very well; last night (our first theological society night, the next on Friday week) I read a paper, which N. says must have lasted an hour and twenty minutes, and my chest was not at all tired. There were thirty persons present in the dining-room, so I had to read from one end to the other. I do not know how it went off. I was a little nervous about it, which I was not in the University pulpit: one ought not to have thought of self more here than there. . . .

I tell you this [he continues, after mentioning a slight ailment] that you may be assured that I would tell you more. Partly on the same ground I tell you, dearest, that I have twice tried a little degree of fasting; once on the morning when I administered the Lord's Supper to Mrs. W.'s father (you know that I always liked your old plan of receiving the Lord's Supper fasting), and once to-day, . . . and this I should like to continue on Fridays, and I think it would do anybody rather good; I will deal honestly about it. My first motive for telling you this is to avoid the appearance of concealment; my second, that you may be the more reconciled to my going on with it.

November 15, 1835.

I have not allowed myself to have the slightest choice about your coming home, except what would be best for you; but now, dearest, it will be a great blessing; . . . 'old friends will lovelier be as more of heaven in each we see;' how much more,

then, one's own self? I do trust that God has blessed this parting, and that He will make our reunion holier. . . .

This morning I began explaining the Sacraments (to Lucy), but only the first question, for I thought I had said enough for her dear little head to carry.[1] I told her that I was not sure whether I should explain to her about the other Sacrament yet, spoke of it as a great blessing to her by-and-by, but that the time depended on herself. I forget whether any limit is fixed for Confirmation; I should have no hesitation in offering our dear little L. at twelve, if she lives, and grows in grace as she now is doing. How strange it seems that in six years, perhaps, she might be with us at the Supper of Our Lord.

CHRIST CHURCH, November 17, 1835.

I will delay the dinner of the two elder children that they may dine with dear Mother, as was promised. Only forty-four and a half hours and five minutes until we meet. I can hardly understand it yet, but I suppose it will come to me, in time; *i.e.* that I shall be able to realize that my own dear wife is to be with me always, if God will, all day long, in the same house, etc., etc., etc. . . . However, Thursday, by God's helping, will do so. I shall teach the dear children to pray God to bring you safe home.

Thursday brought a letter from Mrs. Pusey putting off her return for a day, on account of a slight accident, and her husband sent a letter to meet her at Southampton.

November 19.

All disappointment is necessarily so good for us, as practically teaching us to submit our wills and to have none but God's, that one ought to be thankful for it; but I am very sorry for the cause, dearest. To-morrow, unfortunately, is our second theological meeting, so, if you come, all the time from half-past seven till ten will be taken up; at present it promises better than it did. I have a sermon of N. (MS.) which I am keeping for you; it is on the intermediate state.

[1] She was six years old at this time.

The Tracts on Baptism might have seemed sufficient work for the year, considering Dr. Pusey's frail health, and that the Preface to his Arabic Catalogue was only finished in April; but he threw himself ardently into work for supplying the appalling want of religious ministrations in London, 'the largest heathen city in the world, except in China,' as he wrote years later.[1]

Many letters amongst his papers show how much time he must have given to writing privately to friends urging them to subscribe to the Bishop of London's Fund. He proposed to them to promise a sum, which they might be unable to give at once, to be paid by four instalments in four years.

Canon Jelf wrote, June 24, 1836:—

My dearest Friend,—It was only yesterday that I received the *British Mag.* for June, which contains an account of the proposed subscription for the London churches, and as the paper was drawn up by you, I ascertained for the first time that the plan named by you in a former letter was identical with that of the Bishop of London, which I received a short time ago.

He adds the promise of a considerable subscription, by availing himself 'of the admirable and simple contrivance of the four yearly instalments.'

Dr. Pusey's own contribution was an anonymous gift of £5000, in two instalments, which obliged him and Mrs. Pusey to give up their carriage and horses, and to retrench in many ways.

The appointment of Dr. Hampden, on the death

[1] To the movement which culminated in the noble effort of Bishop Blomfield, Pusey gave the original impulse by a paper which appeared in the *British Magazine* of November, 1835.—Life, i. p. 327.

(January, 1836) of Dr. Burton, to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, forced Dr. Pusey unwillingly to the forefront in the combat which for him henceforth was to be lifelong. The chief features of the whole case, and its bearing on the Oxford Movement, are recorded in the 'Life' with even more than Dr. Liddon's usual felicity in grasping salient points.[1]

It was on New Year's Day, 1836, before there was any likelihood of Dr. Burton's death, that the first note of the coming struggle, whose issues were to be so considerable, was sounded in a letter from Mr. H. J. Rose to Mr. Newman, protesting against the 'injurious policy, the policy of silence, of trusting that the books would not be much read, and that the poison would not work,' pursued with regard to Dr. Hampden's 'Course of Lectures' (as Professor of Moral Philosophy) published in the previous October.[2] To Mr. Rose, perhaps the most 'moderate' of the early workers in the cause of Catholic truth, the book appeared 'anti-Christian,' and a sore 'aggravation of the offence' of his former writings. That he should be appointed, six weeks later, Regius Professor of Divinity, was a stunning blow, not least to Dr. Pusey, who had seen in Germany the result of such teaching. He drew attention to the fact that his and his friends' opposition to it was 'not so much concerned with an individual or a book . . . as with a *Principle*, which, after corrupting all *soundness of Christianity* in other countries, has at length appeared

[1] Life, i. chap. xvi.

[2] If Dr. Hampden was right in the teaching of his Bampton Lectures in 1832, it would seem that much of the Prayer-book ought to be re-written, unless, indeed, it is permissible to address to Almighty God language which it is wrong to employ when speaking about Him.—Life, i. p. 362.

among us, and for the first time been invested with authority in the University of Oxford.'[1]

The advancing wave which he had foreseen had broken on the University. He was at this moment perhaps resting on his oars, if that could ever be said of him, and shrank for the moment from leading the first charge. But he must needs follow his destiny.

Everything everywhere seems dark (he wrote to Newman); my great comfort is that I can do nothing and have nothing to do. . . . Rose wants you to 'bell the cat.' I am weary of reading in order to censure; it is a hurtful office, and my study of Zwingli in the summer was more than enough for some time.

The Archbishop of Canterbury had given Lord Melbourne a list of those whom he thought most fit for the Regius Professorship of Divinity. It comprised eight names, Dr. Pusey's being first on the list, Mr. Newman's fourth, and Mr. Keble's fifth. Lord Melbourne sent the list to Dr. Whately of Dublin, where he was now archbishop, and, upon his advice and Bishop Coplestone's, passed over all the men recommended by Archbishop Howley, and appointed Dr. Hampden to the vacant chair.[2] Of all this, except the result, Dr. Pusey of course, at the time, knew nothing.[3] In a note to his correspondence, written in 1862, Cardinal Newman says :—

[1] Report of the Committee appointed to draft it and a public declaration.

[2] See Lord Melbourne's Papers (Longmans, 1889), p. 497.

[3] I delivered your message to Pusey (the Rev. T. Mozley wrote to Newman, January 27, 1836). He laments that this Divinity Chair is the only appointment against which there is not even any regular way of protesting, as the Professor comes down with his Royal Mandate, and there is the end of it. However, he says that if, as he hears, *he* [Hampden] is to be appointed, he will write a letter to Lord Melbourne protesting against it.—Letters, etc., of J. H. Newman, ii. p. 158.

Pusey did write one of his most earnest, weightiest, crushing letters to Lord Melbourne, who answered him cleverly and sharply, and did not conceal the great antipathy he felt in consequence towards Pusey.

Every effort was made by him and Dr. Newman, while yet the appointment was uncertain, to prevent its fulfilment; but in spite of protest and declaration and petition to the King, signed by High and Low alike in Oxford, Dr. Hampden was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity, and the University could only testify to its sense of his unfitness for the office by applying a statute to his case which gave Convocation power, should the Regius Professor forfeit by his teaching the confidence of the University, to deprive him of the right of sitting at the Board of Inquiry into Heretical Doctrines, or at that which nominated select preachers. This was done in Convocation after Easter (May, 1836), by the votes of 474 against 94, Mr. Keble making a Latin speech on the occasion in favour of the measure. There is a depressed tone in Dr. Pusey's letters at this time, as though fearing to face what was before him.

To-morrow is my wife's first birthday (he wrote to Newman, May 19, 1836). You will spare a few thoughts for us. The third birthday is more solemn, but the burthen and heat of the day is then over, and 'their works do follow them.'[1]

The summer's work was chiefly twofold: first the defence of cathedrals and of their constitution against a Bill brought in by Lord John Russell to suppress cathedral and collegiate preferments. Dr. Liddon considers

[1] He always accounted the day of baptism as the second birthday; the day of entrance into another life the third.

that the withdrawal of this Bill, on July 25, 'was in part the work of the religious resistance to which Pusey had powerfully contributed;' although he had many and extensive cathedral reforms at heart, especially that parishes in which cathedrals held tithes should be well endowed, and ample provision made for the spiritual needs of their inhabitants. To this desire his correspondence concerning special places bears witness, and to his anxiety that the responsibilities of Christ Church towards certain parishes should be fulfilled.

The great work was also begun during this vacation, to which he put the finishing touch only three months before his death—the 'Library of the Fathers.' It appeared to him to be of highest importance at this time, when the Tractarians appealed to the great body of teaching set forth by the Fathers of an undivided Christendom, to set that teaching before Englishmen in their own language, and to impress upon them, in the words of his Prospectus of the proposed Library, that 'the Anglican branch of the Church Catholic is founded upon Holy Scripture and the agreement of the universal Church,' and that her appeal is not to the opinions of individual bishops, who might and did differ, but to the teaching held by all, in all times and in all Churches.

Mrs. Pusey notes, in her diary, July 26, 1836: 'Went to Holton,' where the rest of the Long Vacation was spent. 'When are you coming here?' her husband wrote, August 20, to Newman. . . . 'Consult your own time and employment, and come when you have a headache and like a little rest.' Across this note his wife wrote: 'Monday is dearest Edward's birthday—you will not forget to

remember him, especially in your prayers.' On August 24, she notes, 'Mr. Newman came.' It was probably at this 'meeting of the two friends,' one of the most fruitful in the history of the movement, that the notion of a Library of the Fathers took definite shape; certainly from this time Dr. Pusey's letters to Newman are full of the scheme, and bear witness to the endless capacity for taking trouble, and invincible perseverance which enabled him to achieve it. No detail of its management was too small to engage his attention—a striking characteristic to the end of his life in anything which he thought of sufficient importance to care for at all. He consults his friend as to whether the volumes should be printed 'as Bagster does his Bible, interleaved, so that either translation or original might be sold separately, or both together,' and writes of the great care needful as to accuracy of translation, so as—

> not to give people room to say we have put in anything; and even a degree of roughness may well be admitted, if one can obtain energy. A fault of the day is sleekness. The names 'Augustine,' etc., look sadly shorn without their 'St.,' and I have some misgiving that they are outworks to the 'St.' of the Holy Apostles, which also ultra-Protestants drop. . . . It does not do to take up as your position what you really want to defend; for even if you succeed it is very rudely battered about, whereas if you keep the outwork, you get rudely assailed, but the citadel is at peace. The Low Church already talk of Peter and Paul.

'Went to the consecration of Littlemore Church. The Bishop of London, etc., etc., dined and slept here,' is the entry of September 22, at Holton, in Mrs. Pusey's journal. The same evening Dr. Pusey wrote to Newman to tell him

of the Bishop of Oxford's approval of the proposed Library, and in an undated letter wrote, 'The Bishop of London approves of the plan, and says he shall buy it and read as much as he can.' Probably the two bishops met at Holton. He wrote the same day to Mr. Keble, earnestly entreating that his name should be joined to his own and to Newman's as responsible for the publications.

> I have actually sent your name as joint editor, waiting only for your formal sanction of it. I hope that you will not think it very bold: but, you know, 'a triple cord,' etc.: and last year you and Newman left me to write my 'Tract on Holy Baptism' by myself, and to bear all the brunt of the *Record;* so this year I have intertwined yours and Newman's names so fast that I hope they will not easily slip away.

The task of finding translators, editing, and writing prefaces to translations, was no light one. An immense number of letters on the subject, both to and from Dr. Pusey, are amongst his papers; but he was cheered by the increasing sale of the volumes as years went on. Rivingtons had insisted on a subscription list for the Library, before undertaking its publication, and the number of names rose from less than 800 in the first list, to over 3700 in that for 1853. The first volume, 'St. Augustine's Confessions,' edited, and with a preface by Dr. Pusey, appeared in 1838; the last in 1885—three years after Dr. Pusey's death. In all there were forty-eight volumes, their publication extending over forty-seven years. Their value was felt and acknowledged by many who were far from being High Churchmen: in a note (dated Walton Rectory, Herts, November 18, 1836),

endorsed by Dr. Pusey,[1] 'Mr. Bickersteth,' the writer says:—

> I cannot but write a few lines to express the sincere pleasure with which I view your design, in connection with Mr. Keble and Mr. Newman, of publishing a select Library of Fathers. Few things could be more seasonable or more beneficial to the Church of England, to which, I feel more and more, it is a real privilege in these days of disunion and division to be united; it is my hearty prayer that the great Head of the Church may very greatly prosper the design for extended good.

To the last the 'Library of the Fathers' continued a matter of deep interest to Dr. Pusey. He was wont to send those who consulted him as to religious reading to its pages—however unlearned they might be—if he thought them sufficiently intelligent to profit by reading them; and said, in especially recommending 'St. Augustine on the Psalms,' 'Then, when you say them, you will think of his comments.'

It was not until three months before his death that he wrote:—

> My work for the 'Library of the Fathers' is done. . . . I have myself no longer any time to revise anything. At nearly eighty-two one cannot increase work. . . . Perhaps the 'Library of the Fathers' may come into some hands who would fill up the gaps. But I, you see, cannot do anything.

Another plan to help students of theology he made in the spring of 1836; namely, to receive three or four into his own house (at no expense to them), and to assist them in their reading. Hardly any one but himself would have thought, with a delicate wife and young children, of such

[1] Dr. Pusey very rarely endorsed a letter.

a scheme, or carried it out. The first whom he received in this way was Mr. James B. Mozley, who was then twenty-two, and whose brother John had just married Mr. Newman's sister, Jemima. Mr. Mozley wrote to his mother, April 10, 1836:—

> Newman has a scheme for me; . . . Pusey, the Canon, finding his house too large for him, and thinking also that his house and income were never intended by the original benefactors of the Church to be used only for private convenience, is going to take in three or four men, to give each of them apartments, and also the free use of his library. In return for this they are to read—Divinity, I suppose, or subjects connected with it. . . . This is a liberal plan. Pusey, in short, only claims to give men an excuse and object for staying up after their degree; he wishes above everything to encourage the study of theology, as one great way of pouring in some light on this ignorant age; ignorant, that is, as to all sacred learning and primitive views.[1]

To the end of his life Dr. Pusey seems to have thought of his house as a home, whenever needed, for others. The bedroom accommodation was large, as may be imagined from his being able to give apartments permanently to three or four men; and many would have rather lessened it, so as to decrease the number of guests. But, at seventy-four, he wrote to his son, apparently in reply to some question as to receiving a guest:—

> It might be well to have a bed to put in the schoolroom. I had forgotten it. Hospitality is one of the duties of the clergy.

[1] In a note to Newman (spring of 1836), sending him some manuscript to 'criticize unsparingly,' he begs him 'first to think over the main evils of the want of education of the clergy, both generally, and in especial reference to these times.'

CHAPTER VI.

VISIT TO GUERNSEY.

1837.

Il ben nostro in questo ben s'affina,
Che quel che vuole Dio e noi volemo.

DANTE, *Paradiso*, c. xx.

THE Edward Puseys appear to have spent the Christmas holidays of 1836 with Lady Lucy, at Holton, for she writes to her favourite son on January 1, 1837:—

I am sorry that I had not more command of my feelings yesterday, but yours and Mrs. Pusey's kindness overset me in the morning, and if it should please God that you should live to nearly my age, and your children are preserved to you, and are amiable, you will know the comfort of having them with you, and as you grow older that will increase as you advance.

The sun shines bright this morning. May the sun shine brightly upon you and yours this and every following year. May every blessing attend you all, and believe me, ever, your affectionate mother,

LUCY PUSEY.

Pray kiss the little ones for me, and say something very kind at the same time.

Dr. Pusey was called upon about this time to deal with the attack upon his position as being in itself Romanist,

which was henceforth to form so large a portion of the troubles of coming years. The teaching of those doctrines of the undivided Church which had never been questioned in the Latin Communion, but which in England, in spite of the witness of the Prayer-book, had been well-nigh forgotten, could not be revived without the cry of Romanizing being raised against the teachers; and naturally so, since in the popular mind, doctrines, especially sacramental, held by the whole Church, had become identified with 'Popery.' On Easter Day this year he wrote that 'the walls of Oxford have been placarded for the last week with "Popery of Oxford," and its citizens have been edified with the exhibition of Newman's and my name as papists.' All this brought more work upon him than he was fit for, and Newman grudged his time and strength being taken up in answering shallow and impertinent letters.

Take care you are not knocked up (he wrote, September 8, 1836). I am so afraid these various letters, etc., will overset you. You must not mind a letter like Mr. ——'s. Depend upon it, whatever you said in explanation, a certain number of persons will misunderstand you. I do not see why you should not answer Mr. ——'s immodest letter, as far as the thing itself goes, but I see many reasons, as far as your health goes. Really, if things go much further, I shall make a formal complaint to Mrs. Pusey. You will suffer for it afterwards.

The amount of preaching undertaken by Dr. Pusey at this time was a serious addition to his work. He evidently felt it to be a powerful engine in his hands for the revival of Catholic teaching, and he believed also in the great usefulness of published sermons. He writes to Mr. Keble, March 20, 1837, urging him to prepare a volume.

We all want them. People will read sermons who will read nothing else. You must expect to hear the word S E R M O N S in every letter which you receive from Oxford, till you consent; and when you come here you shall be entertained with it, so that it shall be your meat, drink, and sleep, until you satisfy us.

'Newman's and my continual wish is,' he says in the same letter, '"would one had a hundred heads and a hundred hands," so much to be done and so few to do it.' He turned for help in preparing 'St. Augustine's Confessions' for the Library of the Fathers, to his wife, the entries in whose journal show that she had become more and more engrossed by her husband's interests, and that her mind was increasingly in unison with his. A few entries in 1837 bring to our minds a faint shadow of those early days, and of the atmosphere in which she lived.

January 16—Began with Lucy going to the daily service. 23—Mr. Keble came; Mr. Newman to dinner. 27—Theological party. 28—Mr. Keble left. February 8—Began 'St. Chrysostom on Baptism.' 21 and 25—In the Bodleian.

This entry recurs continually after this date, and on April 8, 10, 12, and 13, 'Collating St. Augustine.' April 15—'Helping Edward with St. Augustine.'[1]

In April Dr. Pusey went to London to forward the Church building plan, which lay so near his heart, and to discuss the details of the scheme with Bishop Blomfield, whose relations with him were of the most cordial.

[1] Her natural abilities must have been much above the average. Her cousin, Miss Boddington, wrote, after her death, to Dr. Greenhill (August 24, 1839): 'The short essay written by the late Mrs. Edward Pusey, dated April 27, is to be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1821 . . . on the Education of the Poor. It is a striking production for a young woman of seventeen living a very retired life.'

GROSVENOR SQUARE, April 8, 1837.

I was very much vexed to recollect on my way to the coach that I had forgotten the children and my promise: however, I blessed them as I did you with that choice of all blessings, 'the peace of God,' as I saw the cross on the cathedral presiding over and hallowing our dear home. Tell the dear children that I blessed them and thought of them much when I woke this morning. . . . I trust that your increased feeling of fatigue is a sign that the fever is abating, at least it is pleasant to hope so, though I fear you will be sadly weak, dearest. . . .

I called on your mama early this morning; . . . then to Mr. Dodsworth, with whom I had a nice talk; Bishop of London, ditto, ditto, and new Church-Clerical-aid coming out on a splendid scale of subscription; two archbishops and Bishop of L. and the King £200 per annum each, . . . regulations just such as I like. Then had a nice talk with Rose, an hour and a half. . . .

Of this society he wrote about this time to Rev. Hon. Arthur Perceval:—

I am myself very sanguine that . . . it may tend to show people that the spoliation is not necessary . . . that small endowments may be provided, without robbery, and, when they see something being done, we may have less of the cry, What is to be done for our great towns? At least, the answer will be ready, 'Subscribe.' I am very anxious about it on this ground, and for our great towns also, and for our clergy and Church also, who are exciting and being excited, because there is such terrific quantity to be done and so few external means. . . . The Bishop of London's plan for church building has already done a great deal of good in this way.

I hope it may raise the scale of subscriptions: the proportion between what people apparently and notoriously keep to themselves and what they give to God is frightful and debasing. And even those who mourn over it are more or less infected by the general selfishness and self-indulgence. But I do hope

people will subscribe their £10 10*s.* per annum where they used to subscribe one. It is much easier managed than people think.

To his Wife.

April 10, 1837.

I have just returned, having been out since half-past ten at Lambeth (where I am going to dine), and London House and the Committee. The business has all been, on the whole, satisfactory; as much so as I could expect. . . . None of my resolutions were exactly carried, but two were which will do good. . . . I preached for an hour in the morning at Mr. Dodsworth's chapel; then we administered the Communion to above a hundred people, and then, not feeling myself tired, I preached for an hour in the evening, and my chest did not feel it in the least. . . . Tell dearest Lucy and Mary that I am very much pleased that they strove so much the more to be good to please me; but that they must recollect that they have another Father Whom they will one day see although they have not seen; and what joy that will be, if they are good, Whom they will see with their own eyes.

I am very sorry to hear of your cough; for a good deal of weariness I suppose you must prepare. Dr. Spry asked me whether the *young man* had done anything about the MSS.; I said the person who was to had not been well, but will, I have no doubt, soon.

Mrs. Pusey's notices of work are frequently interspersed with others which tell of failing health and increasing weakness—'poorly all day,' 'unable to go out,' and, on May 22, 1837—'Left Oxford for Southampton with Susan and the children and Henry.[1] 23—Left for Guernsey per steam packet, wrote to Edward, heard from Edward. 24—Took lodgings in Pierreport.'

There follow short records of almost daily rides and

[1] Rev. H. Raymond Barker.

expeditions; and, constantly, of 'copying' for her husband, when he joined her in June.

He writes to her on May 22, immediately after their parting:—

This has been, of course, a heavy day; I went back to my room and prayed. . . . Went to see John[1] at two, who was coming to me. Walked with him; . . . desired Coles to call, about selling the carriage. Went to the Cathedral. . . .

May 23.

You will not think of me as immersing myself in business; there seems to be more reason to think I shall not do anything at all than too much. Yesterday was, of course, very heavy; but one could not but think of God's mercy in having preserved us these nine years amid all that threatened us, and pray that we may so use His mercies that He might not ever see it necessary to part us for very long seasons, but allow us, as far as may be, to live and die together.

May 23.

Do not think of economizing; the object of your journey is to get well, if God will; and so, whatever is necessary, you must take as part of your prescription, although you had rather that the Churches in London had it. . . . I have had very tender enquiries from John and Williams and kind ones from others. It was strange to overlook our eldest daughter and not wish her 'God be with you;' I will not say 'out of sight, out of mind' . . . for I have missed her step in at prayers—— It is a sort of memento that all one's family is gone. . . . Give dear little Mary an especial kiss for her good lesson, but kiss and bless them all for me. What you say about Mrs. —— is sad, dearest, but we must recollect that God never makes a void which He does not fill up; never a wound which He will not cure; and, as we have often said, that void He fills up with Himself. As I walked heavily about the house on Monday and Tuesday, I thought 'If

[1] J. H. Newman.

thou hadst more faith thou wouldst not be thus heavy, for thy God would be more present with thee;' and then I was not so heavy.

May 25.

My sermon [1] was, I am told, one and a half hour; people were very attentive and the dear little children very quiet and good. I know not what the collection was, but some people seem to have been impressed with it. . . . The dear little children with their white pinafores and straw bonnets looked such emblems of purity, and I thought of our own dear Catherine and how pure and bright she is.

God bless you, dearest; a large opening seems made in the first week of parting, and the rest will, if it please Him, pass rapidly by; and when we meet again we must try to live yet more like pilgrims heavenwards. I am much perplexed by my own sermon, for I know not how I can act up to it, with our Heads-of-Houses dinners; and it has come across me had one not better give them up altogether? But this is very crude.

May 26.

You would not wish it to be otherwise than lonely here, although one sees plenty of people, and will have too much dining out; however, two invitations . . . happily clashed with two others. I have not got on with anything.

May 31.

I am just come in from a walk with John, which I suppose makes me (*i.e.* the warm weather and the beautiful flowers and the fresh green) write excitedly and, besides, this day fortnight I am to be (nothing intervening) at Guernsey.

June 4 1837.

I was much grieved to hear yesterday that Rogers' [2] sister is dying of a decline, and that he thinks that it is in part owing to her having acted too rigidly on my Tracts, I suppose on fasting.

[1] For Diocesan Society for Education of the Poor.

[2] The late Lord Blachford.

So it is in this miserable state of the Church, when the clergy so differ as to what the Church means, or whether it signifies whether she means anything, that people have no individual advisers, and one has resort to this quackery of printing, which sends out a medicine into the world without being able to say how, or in what proportions, or by what individuals it is to be used. You, for my sake, dearest, will remember her in your prayers for the sick. . . .

[A valuation of Mrs. Pusey's ornaments by a jeweller follows: she was about to sell them for the Bishop of London's Fund.]

The first report[1] is to come out soon; the whole sum collected is scarcely more than £117,000.

John wishes you to go on with the Commentary when you are well; he says it is just the right length; he likes it; he did not compliment; but he, as well as your husband, wishes you to go on, when you can, but first you must recruit.[2]

I know not whether you meditate seeing the Guernsey Races for the sake of seeing the people; but would you think whether you had better not? They produce a great deal of sin; is it not then part of Christian charity not to go near them, or to countenance them?

The Curate's Fund has £3600 per annum. . . . When one sees £100 annual to some people's names, one is the more thankful to Him for having put it into one's mind to subscribe that sum oneself. It is gaining good interest, or, as dear John said to me once, 'Thy pound has gained ten pounds.' Would that anything like that could be said of one's whole stewardship and that one had not been much more like the slothful servant.

June 7, 1837.

I cannot tell you how much pleasure and cheerfulness your letters give me; it is somewhat dreary to return out of the crowds (I was in the Theatre to-day) to where wife and children have been: but it ought not to be, since God is everywhere.

[1] Of Bishop of London's Fund for building churches.

[2] There are, amongst Dr. Pusey's papers, some fragments of a Commentary for Children on the beginning of St. Matthew's Gospel, in Mrs. Pusey's handwriting.

What must it be to those who have lost them? God be blessed for preserving you. It makes one's head giddy, when one thinks of the risk you ran. I read over your letter with thankfulness, but still rather looking to the preservation than the danger, and fancied your little boat bounding along with its full sails, and then on a second reading my eyes fell on the words 'Watery Grave,' and it all looked very different. You must be very careful about those seas. . . . I sat out the Commemoration to-day (as Doctor), a very nice Latin speech from Keble, to which the Undergraduates were very attentive, on the 'Benefits of the College System,' and a very beautiful poem on the Gypsies from young Stanley, full of beautiful, pious thoughts, as well as of much poetic beauty. His father, the new Bishop of Norwich, was there, and quite overcome by the enthusiastic applause given to his son. He seems to be extremely loved;—some such thoughts came over one:—one wished not that one's son should be so loved, but one wished he might have been, or will be, in the way to become so good, so amiable, and so worthy of love. . . . Will you say the prayers at half-past eight if you can, on Monday?[1] God be blest for nine blessed years and make us more worthy of His mercies.

About the middle of June Dr. Pusey joined his family in Guernsey, and on July 12 they went to Sark, where Dr. Wootton paid them a two days' visit, probably to see how Mrs. Pusey progressed. He and his family had been amongst their closest and kindest friends at Oxford. Dr. Pusey always placed unreserved confidence in those whom he chose as medical advisers; 'The voice of a wise physician,' he often said, 'is the voice of God.'[2]

[1] Anniversary of their marriage.

[2] 'I knew Dr. and Mrs. Wootton very well as a child, and my eldest sister, Philip, and I used to stay at their house in Broad Street, when our parents were away. Dr. Acland succeeded to Dr. Wootton's practice, and has lived in the same house that Dr. W. occupied all his Oxford life. After Dr. Wootton's death, his wife joined the Church of Rome, and lived out at Iffley. She has been dead many years.'—*Note by Mrs. Brine.*

The memory of those that are gone[1] (Dr. Wootton wrote to Dr. Pusey at this time) . . . must be associated with recollections of your unwearied kindness to them and the great comforts and benefits which they received from you; and Mrs. Wootton will always consider your friendship at that time as one of the greatest blessings.

Dr. Pusey wrote from Guernsey to Newman of his wife's health as 'mending,' 'although,' he adds, 'she is still very weak, so much so that she cannot walk (except a little in a room) by herself.' It is characteristic of his hopefulness that he mentions so slight a rally as 'an earnest of a fuller restoration of health in His good time, although the cough is not gone, or, rather, increased. I am very sorry to hear of the alarming illness of Manning's and H. Wilberforce's wives.' Mrs. Pusey notes, on July 27, 'Edward and I dined out.' It may be of this dinner that he says (July, 1837), in the same letter, after giving a sorrowful account of the state of religious belief in the island :—

The most interesting phenomenon here, however, to me is the Governor, a Lieut.-Colonel Sir James Douglas, . . . who does simply and downrightly whatever he sees to be his duty, and who, without any help from without, has come to the Catholic views. I was sitting opposite Cornish, a little below him, at dinner, when, Ireland being spoken of, he burst out with such a strong natural eloquence, regretting that the Irish clergy had departed from our first Reformation, that of our Prayer-book, spoke of them warmly as excellent, pious, self-devoted men, but that all their exertions were 'crippled:' they were wearing themselves out doing nothing, neither gaining from the Romanists nor helping their own people; that it was lamentable that because the North was wrong people should think they must go due South; then spoke simply and well

[1] Two children, whom Dr. Pusey had constantly visited during their last illness, in 1835 (see a letter describing Alice Wootton in the Life, i. p. 316).

on the value of Ordinances: in short, it was the *via media* coming from the lips of a layman and a veteran officer. Cornish's eyes glistened with joy; I hailed the omen and told him that that was just what we were struggling for at Oxford, of which he knew nothing.

I heard some more of his history in a conversation of two hours, and it did not appear that he had any outward help except his Prayer-book as a comment on the Ordinances (the Communion he had received weekly for four years where he was last quartered), only he mentioned a sermon of Mr. Sibthorp's, which he said would in Ireland be condemned because it would not tell against the Papist. The only question there is, What will tell against Popery? (I imagine Mr. S.'s sermon was on the Eucharist.) 'And yet,' he said, 'it was only what is in the Prayer-book.' It was very encouraging—a sort of earnest that there are Corneliuses of whom we know nothing. I have been happier ever since. I cannot give you any idea of the simple, vivid straightforwardness and upright warmth with which he spoke. I have not, long, been so struck with any one.[1]

'Reached home by the Southampton coach; the Woottons and Mr. Newman came in the evening,' Mrs. Pusey noted on August 16; and for a fortnight many rides and walks are recorded. Then, on the 31st, 'Taken ill in the evening.' After this, for nearly three weeks, her brief entries indicate serious illness. 'September 10—Prayed for (by Mr. Hussey) in St. Aldate's Church. 11—Had on a blister. 15—Ill all day with fever and headache.' Her reading for the next few months, marked most days, seems to have been of the gravest, in spite of weakness and suffering. 'St. Augustine,' 'Lives of the

[1] Dr. Pusey did not forget the good Cornelius; there is a letter of thanks from the latter for sermons which he had sent to him. 'I am happy to say,' Sir J. Douglas adds, 'that notwithstanding the suspicion with which everything from Oxford is now received by the evangelical party, the sermons were admired and approved of.'

Fathers,' 'Newman's Sermons,' 'Vie de Ste. Thérèse,' 'Pascal,' 'Aristotle,' 'Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise,' 'Bishop Butler's Analogy,' 'Euclid,' 'Greek.' In spite of increasing illness she spent the winter at Oxford. 'Edward dined out,' is a frequent entry; but never again, '*We* dined out.' 'Greek, Klopstock, Aristotle, Beveridge, Edward's Sermon,' is her note of reading on October 30.

The *Christian Observer* had attacked Dr. Pusey, saying that he ought to lecture at Maynooth or at the Vatican; and so many letters (often anonymous) of complaint were sent to the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Bagot), that he wrote asking for an explanation from Dr. Pusey, who, in a long letter of reply (September 26, 1837), appealed to 'the Ornaments Rubric' in answer to one complaint of 'a peculiar kind of cross' on a surplice.

It was (he wrote) worn by one individual only; but . . . this was no device of his own, but according to one interpretation of the rubric prefixed to the Morning Service, about the 'ornaments of the church and the minister,' being 'the same as in the second year of Edward VI.' The scarf there directed to be worn had crosses on it. I saw the scarf in question: it was a very narrow one . . . with two very unpretending crosses at the two ends, and was meant to be exactly the same as that prescribed in Edward VI.'s time, and, as some think, enjoined still. . . . As Bishop Cosin and others maintain the opinion that this rubric is binding, I did not think it worth while to advise the young clergyman who wore the one in question against it, further than giving him the general advice not to let his attention be distracted by these things from others of more moment. . . . With regard to the remaining charge [that a credence table was used], I need not say anything to your Lordship. The innovation clearly is with those who allow the bread and wine to be placed upon the altar by

clerks or sextons. . . . It is, in fact, only a side-blow at sound principles, because it is easier to talk about 'dresses' and 'innovations' than to meet arguments.

The later part of 1837 was partly taken up by bringing out Tract 81, on the Holy Eucharist.[1] A long letter from Dr. Pusey to Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds, who was teaching the principles of the Tracts in his parish, was written about this time, evidently with an ardent desire to draw him into more declared co-operation with Newman and with himself.

Nothing could be further, probably, from the thoughts of those who started the Tracts than that they would ever attain anything like the report, good or evil, which they have. They were cast out at first, like bread upon the waters, which they who cast it knew not when they should find. . . . They were little beginnings, to become whatever God might will. Now, . . . people . . . want to know what is thought of them, or what to think of them; they have not access to much of the old divinity with which they accord, and they will be for a time one of the chief channels through which people will receive the old views. (He goes on to express his hope that nothing may occur) to weaken us by making people think we are not so united as we really are. One great source of the impression which we make is, humanly speaking, our union; the *Record* tries as much as it can to make out that we are but three, that the Tracts are not Oxford Tracts, but Tracts

[1] He was thus led on to that careful exposition of the doctrine of the Eucharist which formed so large a part of the work of his life. . . . The writers of the Tracts had appealed to primitive antiquity, and they were confronted with the fact that antiquity is full of the doctrine of a sacrifice in the Eucharist. On the other hand, in much of the current teaching of the English Church this doctrine [of the presentation or offering of the Sacrifice made by Christ upon the cross to the Eternal Father] had fallen to a very great extent into the background; and this circumstance made an immediate restatement of the doctrine a natural feature of the general enterprise represented by the Tracts.—Life, ii. p. 31.

of K., N., P. . . . I have written all this because there is a number of persons who think that they shall act best independently. I thought so once, but I found myself swept into the stream, . . . and so I was the more comfortable; my place was given me.

Your doctrine, I am told (he wrote to Mr. Keble, Nov. 15, 1837), which I preached on Nov. 5, takes with people whom one would not have thought, so valuable is the *religio loci*. It seems as if true doctrine here still environed us, even when unseen; that people held it, even though half unconsciously, and that they needed but to be awakened to what they indeed held. And this is very cheering in all ways.

CHAPTER VII.

DARK DAYS.

1838.

When grief came upon grief, I never was tempted to ask, 'How have I deserved this of God?' as sufferers sometimes do. I always felt that there must be cause enough—corruption enough needing purification, weakness enough needing strengthening—*nothing* of the chastisement could come to me without cause and need.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FROM the time he became a father Dr. Pusey's one thought for his children, which is apparent in every letter concerning them, was so to order them that they might pass their lives according to the beginning made in baptism, and to prepare them for some special service and dedication to God during their earthly course. They all adored him; yet his discipline was strict, and might be called severe. 'Our system, if it is worth anything, must be contrary to the world's system, and so must cost us something. . . . This is written amid our little girls' prattle and play, which has made my head ache,' he wrote to his wife in 1836, after mentioning a conversation with his elder brother, in which the latter had urged less strictness. The shortness of earthly life, the greatness of having brought a creature into existence for eternity were realized by him so vividly, that the ordinary anxieties of parents as to their

children's earthly future seem hardly to have found place in his mind. His joy in their birth—'our latest treasure,' he calls one of his little girls shortly after she was born—was the joy—

> That one was born
> Into a world forgiven,
> 'His' Father's mansion to adorn
> And dwell with 'him' in heaven.

Yet he ever thought much of the gift of life, as involving great issues, and one, at least, who knew him well, has often been even surprised at his keen distress in the prospect of valued friends passing from this earth, and his ardent and sanguine hopes for their recovery when others had ceased to hope.[1]

Now, in the early spring of 1838, in the midst of deep anxiety for his wife, his only son, not yet seven years old, became alarmingly ill, the beginning of his manifold and lifelong bodily affliction. 'There is nothing immediate,' his father reported to Newman; 'the disease may be stopped; though, beginning so early, there seems little hope that he will grow up to fulfil the wish of preaching in your pulpit.'

To his wife, who went by his desire to Lady Lucy, in London, to see a physician, he wrote:—

April 3, 1838.

Though we often do not seem to see much of each other in the day, yet the house is very dreary without Mysie. I dread, too, your making yourself ill, by over-exerting yourself in

[1] Although it is a great mercy of God (he wrote to his wife in 1835, on the third anniversary of their infant's death) that she is safe, and is one of Christ's lambs, . . . still it is a privilege for those who serve God with the duties of a whole life. Hers, although a happy, blessed lot, does not seem, according to Scripture, the best lot. . . . I do not think that length of days would have been so much and so often spoken of as a blessing, and the blessing bestowed by 'Wisdom' on the 'Fear of God,' unless it had been in some real way a blessing beyond the term of earthly existence.

London. . . . Newman expressed very beautiful satisfaction at your increased strength.

April 4, 1838.

Poor Philip enjoyed being out yesterday, but was very tired afterwards. . . . He is not worse, nor are there any immediate apprehensions; but I fear, dearest, I, at least, have been over sanguine as to his amendment. I do not think Dr. Wootton thinks him better than when he first discovered his complaint; and the length of time which it has now lasted is unfavourable. I am sorry to *write* these bad tidings, but I have always told you all; and so now. . . . God's Will be done! and may He help and strengthen you, dearest, and turn your present affliction into future joy. 'Heaviness lodgeth (with us) for the night, and in the MORNING IS JOY.'

I have told you all I know; I have been looking forward to years in which Philip might mature for Eternity. I do not *know* anything to the contrary now; but when Dr. Wootton left him last night he said, in answer to my question, 'He is not worse, but he is not better,' and that is *bad* (with emphasis).

And now, dearest wife, this is a sorrowful letter; and it is one trouble which you have from having cast in your lot with me, that our children's lives are precarious at best; yet many a mother might, if she knew the real state of things, gladly have our sickly, and, if it please, and when it pleases God, our dying or dead son, before their living one. However, though you 'must have trouble in the flesh,' it will, I trust, all turn to increased dependence upon His Fatherly Hand, and so increase of Glory. And when one thinks of this for you, one forgets all the sorrow, as you one day will.

God bless you, dearest. I thought of David, and so did not like to go to the Chapter Dinner to-day, though I have not been able to spend my time as David did.

My most affectionate and grateful duty and love to our mother.

Ever your very affectionate,
Attached, and grateful husband,
EDW.

April 5, 1838.

It is strange how soon one becomes sanguine again. . . . I fear you must have had a heavy day, to-day, dearest: it seems so heavy a thing that you should have to bear it; and so much weight seemed discharged off my mind when you knew it. However, it was not for this, but because we have made it a sort of rule, that you should know all. . . . I am not going to play any tricks, but was obliged to be up till one last night. Schlaffen Sie wohl, and Holy Angels guard thee!

He writes to her at this time of hearing his children say their evening prayers, and seems to have thought almost too gravely of any little childish fault, or wandering of attention at prayers. Perhaps there was a want in him of being able to enter into a child's mind, and their lack of the power of concentration. He records of his little five years old girl that she 'seemed penitent' for having been naughty in the morning:—

I went to console her as soon as I returned home yesterday, but she was looking very composed and demure. Afterwards she brought her knitting to my study, and . . . seeing her very contented, I made a bad, or, rather, no playfellow. I do not find it in me.

There is not much notice of failing health in Mrs. Pusey's diary until, on Easter Monday, 1838 (April 16), 'Went to Fairford,' and on 18th 'Came to Clifton.' Two days later she notes as her reading, 'Jeremy Taylor's *Disce Mori*.' Little more than a year remained to her in which to learn that lesson; she did not return home until, for the last time, September 14th. Her husband took her and the children to Clifton, but, until the Long Vacation, could only be with her for a few days at a time, and the

condition of their boy made it the harder for him to leave his wife.

I could not leave you in ignorance of what seems to hang over us (he wrote to Newman from Clifton), or let you hear it from a chance hand. A letter which Dr. Wootton sent open by us to the physician here conveyed to us far more definite knowledge of the ground of apprehension, and of the hopelessness of the restoration of our dear boy, than we had derived from what he said to us. . . . Alas! how many parents, if they knew all, would thankfully exchange their strong children for our dying one. . . . Maria got through her journey very well.

In another note from Clifton he consulted his friend as to whether, in the case of two sick sisters in their house, neither of whom could be moved, without danger, into the other's room, and yet not within hearing, 'he should think it in accordance with the principles of our Church, administering the Sacrament in one room, to carry the elements to the other, during the service;' adding, 'it seems unnatural to separate them.'

It was not the least of the sorrows gathering round Dr. Pusey at this time that he did not think it right to absent himself much from Oxford before the Long Vacation, returning to his lonely home on April 30th. He wrote to his wife on his journey, from Whitchurch:—

Indeed, dearest, it is a sad thing to have to *choose* to go away, and makes the balance heavier on my side; your dear tears grieved me, in that it seemed as if I might have saved them, though I thought I ought not.

CHRIST CHURCH, May 9, 1838.

It is grievous to us both that we should think differently about my duty; but in these days, in which a handle is made of

everything against the University and the Church, I should be sorry to give a handle by being non-resident. We have no reason to think that there might not be just the same claim, or rather a stronger one, after the Long Vacation, or even after Christmas, as there is now. Dr. Wootton has just been here. . . . [his] visit brought back to me former times, when we used to ask him to stay to tea—times 'when the lamp of God shined on our head,' when our children were about us (Job xxix.) and it seemed likely we should have these olive-branches in abundance; now we seem to be likely to be empty; however, when the lamp goes out He can lighten our darkness, as He must once, when our own lamp goes out, so blessed be His Name: but one must not look back; 'lead Thou us on.'

He returned to Clifton on May 12, in order to move his family to Weymouth, and reported to Newman—

I found my invalids better. . . . Maria stronger, though her increased cough makes her doubtful about herself. I look sanguinely forward, different physicians having said since the winter that nothing was the matter with her chest. Everybody speaks of the great healthiness of this place, so I look forward to passing the summer and early autumn here. . . .

I am sorry that we are to lose Marriott, though for a time; people say that fish who keep out of the way of your deep net sometimes venture over near to Marriott, and are caught unawares.

On the 16th Mrs. Pusey noted, 'Edward taken ill. Up all night.' Mr. Newman wrote to him, May 20, in great distress at the tidings:—

Do stop at Weymouth. . . . It will be quite necessary for Mrs. Pusey. Really I am so very much distressed for her too, for of course yours increases her illness. . . . Faussett to-day has fired off a sermon against us as leading to Popery.

Dr. Pusey, however, was well enough to move to Weymouth on May 22, and having settled his family there,

returned to Oxford on the 28th. He wrote to his wife on June 2, of the possible publication of Dr. Faussett's sermon :—

It will be a trouble to John, if it is, and add to the confusion, and check the spread of right principles, but only like a healthful frost. . . . St. Cyprian's collations are to go on in right earnest. We had one superior person who volunteered, and Fred found four others who are going to work *gratis;* it is very nice to see people so ready to give their time for such objects. It need not be sad that you part with St. Cyprian, dearest; they can do it with far less toil, and, if it pleases God that you should have your strength again, the Commentary will be just the work for you, and one which you will succeed in, if you do not despond.

He shared with her the plans which occupied him much this year for furthering missionary efforts, abroad and at home—in the latter by colleges of celibate clergy.

I have been talking to some people about reviving that plan of Dr. Burton's for exhibitions here for the education of missionaries to go to India, and I have a little pet plan of our having a missionary of our own, or rather that we might give up one of the two upper rooms to a person . . . who might be educated here for a missionary. The want of men for missionaries is greater than that of funds.

The more I think of Froude's plan[1] (he wrote to Newman), the more it seems to me the only one, if anything is to be done for our large towns. . . . I had come to the same conclusion for missionaries, that they ought not to be married men. As he says, the exhibition of the domestic graces is not enough to make an impression upon persons in such a state.

How rapidly such foundations spread (he says in another letter); our country had once more of them than any other, so I

[1] Hurrell Froude had written of it in 1833 as the best way 'of providing effectively for the spiritual wants of a large population.'

hope the root remains in the ground. . . . I cannot help thinking we should in time have splendid contributions. . . . It might at all events ameliorate the heathenish state of our great towns, and correct the stupidity with which people look on at such skeletons of the true fabrics. One clergyman where there ought to be a Bishopric. . . . One College of Clergy founded for a large town is a great speaking fact.

CHRIST CHURCH, June 5, 1838.

I went over to William's in the morning; he had left his pony carriage for me, without consulting me, and gone back with his wife in a fly. I did not see much of him, for the pony was an hour and a half in going over, so I only arrived (waiting for the post, and to finish my sermon till 9; I did not expect a letter, but should have been sorry that one should have lain here all day) twenty minutes before 11. In church from 11 to 1.30 (no sermon, but a great deal of singing, besides the Communion); administered the Communion to a sick person; luncheon (which was my breakfast), and finished my sermon. In church from (nominally) 3.30 till 5; two baptisms and churching, sermon three quarters of an hour; administered the Communion to another sick person. Dinner 6.45 to 7.30; teaching young women in church; left at 20 minutes to 9. In Cowley met an old woman who had put down two heavy bundles in the mud, which she could carry no further; carried them, lost our way, scrambled through a gap; in getting down a like place, she got a tremendous fall, and after walking up and down Cowley and losing my scarf, gave sixpence to a person to direct her and carry her bundles, and got home at 11, instead of 10.

. . . I doubt not, whenever you think of —— you pray for her, but still a great blessing seems to be attached to continual, repeated prayers; it seems to be giving somehow a glory to God, to which He sees fit to give an especial blessing. . . .

June 9.

I thought of keeping this letter until to-morrow, that it might reach you on that blessed day which, ten years ago (strange

to think), made us one; but it were a bad preparation for it to disappoint you the day before, so I will send this to-day, and since I may not be with you on that day, will write again then. And, dearest, we will, if it please God, use the prayers of the dear service at 9 o'clock, that being a time when we are likely to be free. And God grant that on entering on a new period of our married life we may in all things help each other on, that so we may appear with joy in His presence. . . . Though your account is chequered, I am very thankful that, at least, your peace of mind has been unchequered, for, with the anxieties you have had, it shows that the 'dew of Hermon' has fallen round about you. I am thankful also to hear that your cough has become better during the fine weather; . . . you must take care of your dear self, not only for mine and children's sake, but that by writing Commentary you may benefit children's children, and be an example to others.

Dr. Pusey rejoined his family at Weymouth for the Long Vacation on June 27, and found his wife better. 'It seems like a break in the clouds,' he had written early in the month of an improved account of her health, and the improvement seems to have continued for a few weeks, for her diary records: 'June 22—Rode to Dorchester. 24, Sunday—Twice to church.' But on July 19 her husband could only report to Newman:—

Maria is very weak in health; an expedition which we made to Portland in honour of Lucy's birthday on the 17th has quite knocked her up ever since.

Dr. W—— thinks the children better, and that in Philip the disease has abated, rather. One knows not what to think, except that one should not think onward.

It is curious on coming to such a place as this to realize what strange half-suspicions people have of us, not thinking us quite so bad as we are represented to be, but still not knowing what to make of us. However, three or four clergy, besides those of the

place and Menzies, have called on me, so my stay may perhaps be turned to good account.

In August Dr. Pusey lost one of his most industrious and valuable sub-workers, his assistant Hebrew lecturer and friend, the Rev. B. Harrison, through the latter accepting, by Dr. Pusey's advice and with his warm approval, the post of Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. 'Your presence about the Archbishop and in London,' Dr. Pusey wrote to him, 'may be of great service to us. Catholicity, as you know, has few representatives enough in London—no one, I suppose, among the clergy, except Dodsworth and your brother-in-law.'

Only to think of his being the Archbishop's Chaplain (Dr. Pusey wrote to Mr. Keble). I hope he will do a great deal of good; it is the more satisfactory as the Archbishop is aware, *between ourselves*, that he shall be regarded as thereby giving his 'unqualified sanction to our views and opinions,' which he does not altogether, though he named you, N., and myself, as having a great respect and regard for us.

During this Long Vacation at Weymouth, Dr. Pusey was much taken up by the distress which Bishop Bagot's Charge, in August, had occasioned to Newman, and in which, to some degree, he himself shared, though feeling that his friend took an exaggerated view in thinking the Bishop's words ought 'to stop the Tracts, and recall those which were in circulation.' Newman acknowledged the extreme mildness of the Bishop's expressions, who had said in his Charge that in the Tracts 'were expressions which might be dangerous to certain minds,' while commending the general line of their teaching. But Newman

took 'a Bishop's lightest word *ex cathedrâ*' as 'heavy,' and wrote to his friend in deep distress.

Some divergence in their view of things appears at this time. Dr. Pusey could not agree that the Bishop's words ought to lead to 'suppressing the Tracts, and thereby perplexing people so sadly,' though perceiving that 'the disapprobation will, of course, be considered as extending much beyond what it does.'

> Everybody will construe it to mean just what he wishes. . . . But my firm persuasion is that the Bishop never read, perhaps never saw, the Tracts; that he has had certain expressions quoted to him in anonymous letters, and meant to get rid of his anonymous friends, speak out, and give us a caution.

To a letter from Dr. Pusey on the subject, the Bishop replied in the kindest manner. The whole correspondence is given in the 'Life,'[1] and is very instructive reading, both from the deference to the Bishop and reverence for his office, which breathes in every word written by the two friends, and the Bishop's extreme kindness and anxiety in no way to wound or discourage them.[2] He wrote to Newman that he did not believe he could have heard accurately what he said in his Charge; tells him that 'a hasty withdrawal would undo much good which has been done by these Tracts,' and that—

> when I approved so much, *censured* nothing, and only lamented things which from ambiguity of expression might, I feared, by

[1] Vol. ii. chap. xxi.

[2] In a note in the previous May, about a difficulty as to a title for Mr. James Mozley, whom Dr. Pusey was anxious should be ordained, Bishop Bagot wrote: 'With the full confidence, however, which I have in any recommendation of yours, I feel quite at liberty to receive, as a friend of yours, any person whom I choose, without a title. . . . In this way I shall be willing and happy to ordain your friend. . . . Yours is an especial case, the young man having lived so long under your own roof.'

others be misunderstood or misrepresented, . . . I little thought I could have given pain.

To the Bishop Dr. Pusey wrote of his sense of the weight of any slightest censure from him, 'for to you,' he adds, 'as the Bishop of the Cathedral to which I belong, I do owe obedience, and any faint hint of your lordship's I ought to comply with.' He also reminded the Bishop that the Tractarians had, by teaching 'high doctrines of the Episcopal office, and of obedience to it,' put into their opponents' hands a weapon which they would certainly use by calling upon the Bishops to silence the Tractarians, and that 'every expression' in the Charge would be caught at, and stretched probably beyond its meaning.

The Bishop replied, expressing pleasure at the opportunity of writing to him, whom he 'felt to be rendering essential service to the cause of true religion;' adding that his words concerning the Tracts, which he should be 'exceedingly sorry to see called in or discontinued,' were 'a *friendly* admonition' to their '*anonymous* authors . . . to use extreme caution in these writings, and revise carefully, lest their good should be evil spoken of.' . . . 'I look on them (the Tracts) as treatises well adapted to elicit truth, and as drawn up with perhaps as little admixture of error or infirmity as could reasonably be expected in so large . . . a work.'

Mr. Keble took entirely Dr. Pusey's view of the matter, and in a note of September 8, congratulated him on all 'having passed off so comfortably,' adding, 'I thought it impossible the Bishop could mean so much as N. at first seemed to think.'

The anxiety caused by Mrs. Pusey's condition did not lessen. 'She has been more ill the last fortnight,' her husband wrote to Mr. Keble (July 31, 1838), 'though just before that we had the satisfaction of a visit from Dr. Wootton, who said that the chest was not affected. Early in August Miss Rogers came to spend a week with her former pupil, whose diary notes increased illness, confining her to her bed from the 8th till the 15th, when 'Miss Rogers and Mary left for Clifton.'

Still Dr. Pusey does not appear to have been seriously alarmed. 'Sadly ill' was his report to Newman on August 9th. 'However, everything seems to show that there is no organ yet affected.'

August 16.

We parted yesterday with our little Mary, who was too much for her strength; happily, her former governess, a friend, now keeps a school; so she is gone under her special care, not as to school.

To Rev. John Keble.

August 22, 1838.

My 38th birthday. It seems time to have done more, and more evenly. . . . This place, though it has suited the children wonderfully, has not suited Maria, and she has now been confined to the house for some time, in consequence of a bad feverish attack, the result of cold caught.[1] She is now getting gradually better, though much pulled down. . . . We are now pretty well

[1] To his son, who was going to Weymouth, Dr. Pusey wrote, March 29, 1875: 'Weymouth used to be a dreary place, part protected, part open to keen winds. It was there that your dear mother caught the chill which ended in our losing her out of sight. The consumption set in there. She had no seeds of it.'

fixed to return by Bath, to leave our eldest girl in the care of a friend, Maria being no longer equal to the charge.

. . . Another cold, increased cough (he writes to Newman, September 9th). We have taken the inside of the coach from Bath to Oxford for Friday next, so look to arrive there then. . . .

Mr. Newman had urged the expediency of a winter at Malta, but his friend replied that Dr. Wootton had not courage to recommend such a strong measure.

Mrs. Pusey writes in her diary, September 14 (Friday), 'Returned home on the 18th; chest examined;' and on the 23rd (Sunday), 'Sir James Clarke came.'

Here the diary ends. There is added in her daughter's handwriting: 'This *last* entry in my mother's diaries is written in a very shaky hand. Sir J. Clarke pronounced her case hopeless; though she lived for eight months.'

After seeing Sir James Clarke, Dr. Pusey sent a note over to Oriel:—

Things remain much as they were. Sir J. Clarke . . . says that persons who have been more ill have recovered, and that there are none of the worst symptoms. He joins with Dr. W. in recommending us to stay here.

A second note was sent later in the day, probably after seeing Dr. Wootton alone:—

Sir James Clarke did not like to tell me the truth. He does not think that (humanly speaking, since all things are possible to God) Maria can recover, nor that it will be one of those illnesses which last on for two or three years, although it may be some months yet.

I told her of the prospect this morning (Dr. Pusey wrote the next day to Mr. Harrison), and as soon as she understood it she said, with a calm smile, 'Then I shall be so blessed, and God can

make you happy.' A calm came over her which was no result of effort or thought, but which came immediately from God.

Yet again hope sprang up. In a note probably written a week later to Newman he says :—

An examination to-day showed that the disease had made no progress since we left Weymouth. So that while things remain very alarming in themselves it looks like an earnest of mercy, and that the prayers of my friends may yet be heard.

She seems to have begun at once to make her little preparations for those she was leaving, and to have written to Lady Lucy, whose favourite daughter-in-law she was. The reply may not be omitted.

October 2, 1838.

My dear Daughter,— . . . I cannot promise to wear the pincushion; I shall prize it too much. I have now by me a purse which you net for me and which I thought too nice for use, and how much more must I value this token of your love when made under such circumstances?

I will take care of the two pieces of your work, and will give them to Mrs. Barker when I have the opportunity; but now, my very dear daughter, what shall I say to the next part of your letter? Only the simple truth, that I have ever found my connection with you a comfort to myself; that I can in no wise recollect any instance in which you have spoken to me in the manner you think that you may have done, but, on the contrary, you have always been affectionate and kind to me, and now that I have cause to fear that tie may be dissolved (though from your pious frame of mind, I cannot doubt that it will be attended with a blessing to yourself, and therefore for your sake I must not regret it, yet) I shall deeply feel my own personal loss, as well as that you will be to others; and I wish you to believe that should it, at any time, be in my power to be of any use to your children, I should have a gratification in being so, not only as I am in duty bound, as belonging to

my son, but for their mother's sake also. . . . May it please the Almighty to mitigate your sufferings and to support you under any trials that may await you, and may the blessing of God attend you, and believe me,

My dear daughter,

Your truly affectionate,

LUCY PUSEY.

I hope I have not written you too long a letter. . . . I shall enclose it to Edward to give you when he thinks best. Once more, God bless you, and believe that I have always loved you.

E. B. P. TO REV. JOHN KEBLE.

October 3, 1838.

I do not know how to thank you for all your kindness and remembrance of me and mine, and your prayers. I knew how you would feel for me, and that you would pray for me, but this detail of your concern and of the subject of your prayers for me was more than I deserved. However, we are not dealt with according to our deserts. So I trust to be made thankful for this and everything. Yet you had comforted me before, and it may be an earnest how many besides you have been the means of comforting; for scraps of the 'Christian Year,' 'When the shore is won at last,' and 'Gales from heaven, if so He will,' and 'Who says, the wan autumnal sun'—as they occurred to me, have been a great comfort and will be, amid whatever He sees best to send.

A sort of hope (though against hope) has risen, I scarcely know how or whence; except that it is not impossible, and God has often done great things when many prayed for it, as I know to be the case now; and so go on now from day to day, not knowing and scarcely thinking what shall be, but wishing to be thankful for the present comforts; and for the future 'the Lord will provide.' Meanwhile I have every comfort; my dear wife does not at present suffer, and in mind is 'in perfect peace.'

CHAPTER VIII.

BEREAVEMENT.

1839.

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.

HENRY KING.

THE proposal for the 'Martyrs' Memorial' at Oxford caused a good deal of trouble during the winter of 1838–39, as Dr. Pusey and others could not join in the line taken by its promoters, and yet knew that their standing aloof would swell the cry of Romanism against their teaching. He felt strongly the truth of Mr. Keble's words in a letter to him of January 18, 1839:—

I cannot understand how poor Cranmer could be reckoned a *bonâ fide* martyr according to the rules of the Primitive Church. . . . Did he not in the very final paper of his confession profess himself to hold in all points the doctrine of that answer to Gardiner? And is not that doctrine such as the ancient Church would have called heretical?

Dr. Pusey greatly wished to substitute, for the proposed Memorial, a church for a destitute population in St. Ebbe's parish at Oxford, and wrote to Mr. Keble (January 24), that he knew privately that it was 'just what the archbishop would prefer, (1) to set ourselves straight with the country, and open the way for right principles, (2) to protect our friends in the country, who are now in a state of perplexity, not knowing whether to join the Memorial or no. I am,' he adds, 'just going to write a "Letter to the Bishop of Oxford" explaining that we are not Papists. What we thought of was trying to draw out the *via media* between Popery and Ultra-Protestantism.'

The trouble, however, brought forth good fruit in this 'Letter' addressed to the Bishop of Oxford,[1] by his permission, which formed the first important *apologia* for the position of the Tractarians, and of which four editions appeared in twelve months.[2]

There is not much record of this last winter before the blow fell which changed Dr. Pusey's whole life. His correspondence with Mr. Keble shows that he was much occupied with his letter to the Bishop of Oxford, and with trying to define for himself and others the right line to take with regard to the 'Martyrs' Memorial,' fearing to appear 'to be in a false position, and to be insincere, taking up the Reformation to gain popularity,' while on the other hand expressing distinctly his belief that to it 'we owe our peculiar position as adherents to primitive antiquity, besides other blessings.'

[1] An 8vo. of 239 pages.

[2] 'It is impossible for me to thank you sufficiently,' Dr. Hook wrote, 'for your letter to my Lord of Oxford. It is calculated to do us here more good than anything that has appeared for a long time.'

Of his wife he reports to Mr. Keble (January 13, 1839), still evidently unable to give up hope:—

Maria has been carried thro' the winter thus far, much more favorably than I could have dared to hope; she has not lost ground, altho' with frequent variations, is far better than she was four months ago, so the immediate future is comfortable, and the more distant one happily need not look to.

It is impossible to draw any picture of Dr. Pusey during the months that followed—of his inner self under the blow which shattered his earthly happiness—save by a few extracts from his letters to Mr. Keble and Mr. Newman.

To Rev. J. H. Newman.

March 30, 1839.

I have been very heavy minded of late, but there seems to spring up a 'light in the darkness,' whether it be one's own natural sanguiness, or any real hope, or an indication that in 'the evening there will be light,' He only knoweth. One looked to spring when it was at a distance, but now that it is near at hand one shrinks from it, because it is probably a last hope on this side. Dr. W. thinks that she has been very slowly losing ground. . . . However, spring may yet be the messenger of health, if so He will, and it seemed once as if He would hear our friends' prayers even in this way. . . . Maria begs her most affectionate and grateful remembrance.

April 7.

You will have heard from William Dr. W.'s hopeless opinion. He does not speak more strongly than in September, but things had been better, and seemed to have become worse. He does not think that it can last till winter. However, the prolongation has been a great mercy. We shall, I imagine, not leave this place.

In a postscript to this letter he alludes to the hopeless illness of Mr. Bowden, Newman's great friend; it is notable that he should speak of lay good Churchmen as being still 'few.'

It is grievous now about Bowden, and a mysterious dispensation that we should lose one of our few lay friends (as, I fear, from your note, one must expect), besides what he is personally.

The frequent notes sent to Oriel are full of matter concerning work for the Library of the Fathers, etc. In one undated he says he must not be depended on;

—for at any time the increase of dearest Maria's illness might prevent my doing anything. It is increasing now very rapidly, although the close does not seem at hand; yet it is more likely that two or three months will now close her life here.

One can write what one cannot speak; and so I would ask you, when you remember me before God, to ask Him to forgive me those sins for which, out of the usual course of His dealings, He is taking from me in the midst of her years, one once so strong.

To Rev. John Keble.

May 7, 1839.

You will sympathize with me that all hope of my dear wife's restoration is gone; the last fortnight has made more visible change than before, but ever since Easter week she has been losing ground perceptibly. When Wilson was here I was comparatively comfortable about it. It seems to me as if I had forfeited a gift which was once on the point of being granted me. You will pray for me that I may humbly and penitently resign her to Him Who gave her to me, and that the sins may be forgiven me for which, out of the usual course of His dealings, she, once so strong, is taken from me.

To the Same.

May 13, 1839.

I must thank you for your kind, soothing note. . . . Thank you also for the hints which you give me; one little knows oneself till the full trial has come; but I fear that my danger does not lie that way. I much more fear that I should not act up to the extent of this visitation than that I should feel it too bitterly. I dread my own love of employment, if I have strength given. . . . In a word, I find myself in the midst of a great dispensation of God towards me, which ought to bring forth much fruit, and I dread falling short of it. . . . I wish you to pray for me rather among the 'weak hearted,' or those who 'fall,' than among those who 'stand.'

To Rev. J. H. Newman.

May 14.

I have broken off my lectures to-day. Dr. W. saw Maria . . . last night, and told me he thought it could not last long. I asked whether a month? He said he thought not; so I thought it best. This evening our little girls are arrived for a few days, with the friend in whose care they are; when they are gone I mean, if the weather is fine, to walk quite early, between six and seven, before Maria's day begins. It will leave me the day with her, and solitude seems best fitted for a season of humiliation. Hereafter, the walks with you may again become very soothing. But pray ask me about anything which has to be settled.

To the Same.

May 16, 1839.

Thank you for your remembrance of us; there is something very soothing in this quiet, uniform life, expecting the end without hopes or fears. Had it been ever so, one had not needed perhaps this chastisement. Yet I cannot say that I yet realize that end, or that I feel that I know what the trial will be.

From Rev. J. H. Newman.

[May 19?]

My dear Pusey,—I am afraid of intruding on you, and yet I do not like the day to pass without your hearing from me. You know, should you *like* me to walk with you in the morning, there is no reason why I should not come to you at six as well as any other time. You have but to send me a note overnight.

Hook has sent a message of inquiry about you, which I have just now received.

Pray tell dear Mrs. Pusey that I am continually thinking of her, and pray (what I doubt not) that you may have grace so to part from each other that you may meet again in peace.

Ever yours affectionately,

John H. Newman.

To Rev. J. H. Newman.

May 19, 1839.

Anything from you must always be soothing, as is so. My six o'clock walk is at an end, for from four or five to seven in the morning is now her time of greatest suffering. . . . I am afraid of misleading you, as if I felt better than I do; yet I wish this to be a season of penitence, and it seems unsuited to interest one's self for the time on subjects which would otherwise interest one (further than could be of any use), and on the one subject I cannot speak. I seem, therefore, thank you, to be best alone. . . . Our dear little girls left us yesterday. . . . Dearest Maria has parted with every earthly care. Thanks, many thanks, for your prayers for us, which we much prize, and feel to be a great blessing.

Ever your affectionate friend,

E. B. Pusey.

May 20.

I met yesterday with a beautiful passage out of the Roman Service for those *in agone mortis*. Have you the Service?

I wish to translate its prayers beforehand. Also, have you Kettlewell's 'Companion to the Penitent' in your library?

Again Dr. Newman writes, a few hours before the earthly end—

In festo SS. Trin. (May 26), 1839.

My dear Pusey,—This, you will see, requires no answer. I have nothing to say—only I wish you to remember that many persons are thinking of you, and making mention of you, where you wish to be mentioned. Do not fear you will not be strengthened according to your day. He is nearest when He seems farthest away. I heard from Keble a day or two since, and he wished me to tell you they were thinking of you at Hursley. This is a day especially sacred to peace—the day of the Eternal Trinity, Who were all-blessed from eternity in Themselves, and in the thought of Whom the mind sees the end of its labours; the end of its birth, temptations, struggles, and sacrifices, its daily dyings and resurrections.

Ever yours most affectionately,
John H. Newman.

To Rev. J. H. Newman.

[May 26, 1839.]

My dear Friend,—My dear wife is now approaching the end of her earthly life. By to-morrow's sun she will be, by God's mercy in Christ, where there is no need of the sun. Will you pray for me that she may have in this life some foretaste of future joy as well as peace?

Ever your very affectionate friend,
E. B. Pusey.

Lady Lucy Pusey was staying with her son when, before sunset on Trinity Sunday, his wife, as her daughter has written, 'passed away most peacefully in the drawing-room, to which she had been moved.' Mr. Newman called

at the door to ask for her when the St. Mary's service was over, and found she was at rest.

To Miss Rogers.

May 27.

My dear Friend,—I have little to add about the last hours of your dear child's earthly life; it was closed in mercy sooner than we expected; indeed, Dr. Wootton had not anticipated a day or two before that it would have taken place this week, although he said it might at any time. I administered the Communion to her between twelve and one that day; she felt her end approaching more than we knew of; she wished it to be as soon as it could; spoke but very little afterwards, and was fatigued by even that short Service. Now all weariness is over, and she serves Him day and night. She became more ill about four, and spoke very few words afterwards; she was moved out of bed at her wish; I think towards six I said the Commendatory Prayer: she thanked me, and said she wished to be quiet for the time. The next time I held her little cast of our Saviour before her she could scarcely speak, but made a sign for quiet. After that, I know not how long, she was conscious; a little before her departure I made upon her forehead the mark of the Cross, which she loved, and gave the blessing, 'To God's mercy and protection we commit thee,' but she did not open her eyes. She was engaged in the struggle with her last enemy, who now is conquered. 'Thanks be to Him Who giveth us the victory.'

Ever your very faithful friend,

E. B. Pusey.

To Rev. B. Harrison.

May 30.

God has throughout dealt very gently and mercifully with me, slowly and tenderly, as it were, unloosing my hold of her whom He had given me, and teaching me little by little to resign her into His hands Who can provide better for her. And

so now also He has been shedding round me a calm, which plainly comes not from myself, and which surprises myself.

A slight momentary indisposition made us think it best that my dear mother, who had come from London to bid her farewell, should not leave us on Saturday, and so she has stayed on with me, against my original plan, and her presence has been inexpressibly soothing; so have Newman's visits, whom, with some reluctance, I saw, at my mother's suggestion, an hour after I had resigned her into our Father's Hands. And thus I have been carried on through these four days. There remains one more parting, out of sight, on Saturday at eleven, when also you will remember me.

On Saturday in Trinity week, June 1, the beloved earthly tabernacle was laid in the grave, in the nave of Christ Church Cathedral, where now lies all that is mortal of him who in anguish followed it to that resting-place.

To Lucy and Mary Pusey.

June 5, 1839.

My dear Children,—I did not write to tell you on what day dear mama's dear body was laid in the Cathedral, because I thought it best for you not to know until afterwards. I wished you chiefly to think of dear mama's blessed spirit, in her new home, with the light of God's countenance, as we trust, shining upon her. Yet it would be good for you, by-and-bye, to think of her dear cold body too, as it lies in the Cathedral, with dear sister Catherine's as it were in its arms, and looking upward to the heavens, and with its face towards the east, where Jesus Christ was when upon earth, and where we look to see Him again when He comes to judge the world. . . . It was a great comfort to me, before it was placed there, to stand by it, and watch it and love it. It did not look like your dear mama any longer, because her spirit was gone, and that made a great change; but it looked so tranquil and so dignified in its perfect repose, that it was a pleasure to look at it; and it teaches us how we should be, or should try

to be, quite resigned to God's will, not having a will of our own, but always calm and placid and still. This was what God seemed to teach by it. . . . I chose Saturday for the day upon which it should be put into the Cathedral, because on that day our blessed Lord was pleased that His Holy Body should lie in the grave for us. And it is so that the Lesson for the Burial Service is the second Lesson for that day, June 1, so that in future years you may read that second Lesson, and think of dear mama's body being laid 'in corruption,' being raised 'in glory,' 'in power,' 'a spiritual body,' 'bearing the image of the heavenly,' that is, of our Lord, as it is there written; and you may learn to long for the time, and to pray for it and to be with dear mama in glory. . . . I am pretty well, though very tired and weak, so that I am glad to lie down after walking for an hour, which I have begun to do again. . . . God has been very merciful to me hitherto, and given me the strength which I wanted, and supported me, day by day, amid all which was sorrowful; and so I have great reason to thank Him, and to trust Him for the future. I do not like to use the word 'dead,' which dear Mary did, of dear mama; because, though dear mama did die, she is not dead, but more alive than any of us, for she can praise God continually, night and day whereas we become tired; and we have a great many things to think about, and think about a great many things we need not, and she has nothing to think about but God; and we have many troubles, and she has none; and we have to fight against the Devil, the World, and the Flesh, and she is at rest and has gotten the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord; and so, since life is to love God, she is much more alive than we, because she can love God more and better.

I am sorry that I did not write to dear Mary upon her second birthday,[1] but I have now written a long letter, and dear Mary will try the more to act as God's child, which she was then made, that she may not be afraid to see Him, but may live with Him for ever.

God bless you, my dear children.

Ever your very affectionate father,

E. B. PUSEY.

[1] The sixth anniversary of her baptism, June 4.

To Rev. J. Keble.

June 5, 1839.

My dear Friend,—I thank you much for the soothing note which you have just sent, as well as for your past and present remembrance of us. One does feel in these times something of the communion of saints; only she is purified, I not. God has been very merciful to me in this dispensation, and carried me on step by step in a way I dared not hope. He sent Newman to me (whom I saw at my mother's wish, against my inclination) in the first hours of sorrow, and it was like the visit of an angel. I hope to go on my way, 'lonely, not forlorn.'

E. B. P. to Lucy and Mary Pusey.

June 20, 1839.

My dear Children,—I have been delaying writing day by day, in hopes of being able to say when I hope to meet you: . . . I think of leaving home about July 1, and I hope to see you very soon afterwards. . . . It will be sad, so far, as it will be the first time we ever met without dear mama; but we must try to think of dear mama's peace and rest, and about meeting her again, where there is no more parting. . . . I was very glad to hear from you, for I hoped from your letters, and, indeed, heard from kind Miss Rogers, that you are both trying to please God; and this is a great comfort to me. It is very joyous to think that all the pains that dear mama took for you, when she was well enough, should be doing you good now that she is gone, and preparing you for heaven. Only you must go on steadily, and take more and more pains.

Your Aunt Charlotte is to be married, I believe, on Tuesday next, to a friend of mine, Dr. Cotton. He is a very good man, and will take great care of her; so I hope we may look forward to her being happy in this life, and being prepared for another. So you may think of her on Tuesday, and pray God that her marriage may be a blessing to her. God bless you, my dear children.

Ever your affectionate father,

E. B. Pusey.

E. B. P. to Miss Rogers.

I have been thinking about the place where you would kindly spend the two months with the children, and think that if I am able to bring Philip, a place in the south of Devonshire would be the best. . . . I shrink from Tenby, where *we* were together, enjoying it exceedingly, ten years ago, and the long solitary voyage; but if there were any advantage in it, this feeling would readily give way.

In a letter to his daughter on the death of her youngest child, Dr. Pusey wrote (in January, 1879):—

When God took your dearest mother I dared neither look backward nor forward. I dared not look back to those eleven years of scarce earthly happiness. Onwards life looked so dreary, I could not bear to think of it. So I bound myself, as our Lord bids us, to the day, and I resumed my work for God on the Monday after that Saturday when her body was committed to its resting-place. I used for some time (I know not how long) to see, on my way to Cathedral prayers, the white of the pall wave as it had waved with the wind on that Saturday at that particular spot, and I used (as I have done since) to say a Collect for her as I passed to and fro by her dear resting-place, and I kept the hour when she gave her spirit to God. And so God kept me on day by day. It seemed as if I was in deep water up to the chin, and a hand was under my chin supporting it. I thought I could never smile again. It was strange to me when I first smiled amid you three at Budleigh Salterton. Many felt very lovingly for me; but it was too deep for sympathy. It was all on the surface, and the wound was deep down below. I remember when dear J. K. came first to see me I turned the subject and spoke of other things. He wrote and said he must have been very wanting. I said 'it was my own doing, I could not bear it.' So I lived on, my real self sealed up, except when I had to sympathize with deep sorrow, and then I found that

my letters were of use, just because I owned the human hopelessness.[1]

But then, my dearest Mary, it must be only 'human' hopelessness. Since God chasteneth whom He loveth, the deeper the chastening the deeper the love.

It were hard, even now, for those who loved and love him, to read of such desolating affliction, but for the thought of what it has worked for him.

I have often thought (he wrote to Archdeacon Dodgson on his wife's death in 1851), since I had to think of this, how, in all adversity, what God takes away He may give us back with increase. One cannot think that any holy earthly love will cease when we shall be like the angels of God in heaven. Love here must shadow our love there, deeper because spiritual, without any alloy from our sinful nature, and in the fulness of the love of God.

But as we grow here by God's grace will be our capacity for endless love; so then, if by our very sufferings we are purified, and our hearts enlarged, we shall, in that endless bliss, love more those whom we loved here than if we had never had that sorrow, never been parted.

But the fulfilment, now attained, of his deep earthly love must have seemed far off at this time.

It is now twenty-one years (Dr. Newman wrote, May 27, 1839) since Pusey became attached to his late wife, when he was a boy. For ten years after he was kept in suspense, and eleven years ago

[1] Even before his own loss his letters had this power to uplift others in deep sorrow. One who had lost his wife wrote to him at this time: 'Of all the letters I received from my friends when it pleased the Almighty to lay on me the same burthen which you are now called upon to bear there was not one from which I derived so much comfort as that which came from yourself. . . . You recommended me not to look forward into a lonely future, but merely to fix my mind on that which might arise from day to day, committing myself to Him Who knows what is best for us. . . . I received many letters from good and able men at the time, but this one piece of practical, and, I may say, Christian advice far surpassed every other suggestion.'

he married her. Thus she had been the one object on earth in which his thoughts had centred for the greater part of his life. He had not realized till lately that he was to lose her.

The story of those ten years of suspense is, in others' eyes, a record of dutiful submission to his father such as few sons of his age would have shown, of constant care for the welfare of his family, of unremitting toil, ever with a view to prepare himself for the highest work, first at Oxford and afterwards carried on in Germany to an excess which endangered his life, and of sweetness and kindness in his intercourse with others, high and low, which everywhere won for him warm friendship and love.

But he himself looked back to that time with self-reproach. In 1835, writing to his wife of the danger of remembering without sorrow any time of special sinfulness, he had said :—

> Thus, with regard to myself, had the ten years during which I loved you before we were one been years in which I had patiently waited God's will, then I might have had a right to refer to them with joy; as it is, shame ought to mix itself with the joy and thankfulness that God did, notwithstanding, bestow you on me; and so, though one may refer to it with gratitude, for any good end (as formerly to convince you that I must increasingly love you), yet I could not, without doing harm to myself, refer to it without the solemn memory of past sinfulness.

To have formed a passionate attachment at seventeen, only deepened by ten years of obstacles and separation, is not common, still less was the effect of his wife's death on his future life. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his two chief friends against his taking it as a special chastisement, he did so consider it. As at his little Catherine's

death, so now, with ever-increased intensity he turned inwards to seek the causes of God's dealings with him. He had written to Mr. Newman, a week before his wife's death, of wishing 'this to be a season of penitence,' and now he chose penitential retirement as his life's portion. He withdrew entirely from society, refusing all invitations to dinner; taking his bereavement as a call to withdraw from the world; and, as Dr. Liddon wrote, 'whether rightly or not, he never returned to it.' Yet, from the very first, his hospitality never failed. Having arranged with Miss Rogers to bring his little girl to meet Philip and himself at Budleigh Salterton, in Devonshire, and to remain with them during the holidays, he wrote to her (June 20), 'I hope that you will bring any of your young charges, for whom you think the sea desirable.'

Miss Rogers, Lucy, and I had gone to Budleigh Salterton from Clifton (his daughter writes), and my father had gone to Brighton to fetch Philip from school. They were to come by coach along the south coast and join us. For three days we heard nothing of them, and our governess became frightened.

They had had a frightful accident, of which he wrote to Miss Rogers:—

ARUNDEL, July 3 (Wednesday).

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We shall not arrive now until after you, being detained by what, but for God's mercy, would have been a very bad, and indeed a fatal, accident. We came on the outside (there being no room in). I took Philip on my knee to show him Arundel Castle, was putting him back, the coach turned, and we fell off on our heads. I fell perpendicularly, and first; my hat was made the means of breaking my fall; Philip fell on his forehead; he was insensible, I not; the people around said, 'The

child is killed,' and I thought so, until, a little after, I heard him cry; but he still recollects nothing of what took place till afterwards. I never quite lost myself, and, indeed, supported, walked upstairs. We have both been gradually recovering. . . .

We may very possibly proceed on our journey on Friday, and so arrive at Budleigh Salterton possibly on Saturday; but it may be too much, or we may not set off.

The little ones, I doubt not, will of themselves thank God for preserving us. Those who saw it said that it was a 'very frightful accident,' the surgeon's expression was that 'it was a miracle that we were not both killed.'

I will write again if we stay here beyond Friday; otherwise it may be difficult to let you hear. . . .

Give my blessing and our love to the little ones.

Ever your very faithful friend,

E. B. Pusey.

To his brother William he wrote:—

Budleigh Salterton, July 9, 1839.

Dearest Lucy is quite subdued, patient, gentle, unrepining, unselfish, but completely struck down; she feels and bears her loss just as one three times her age might. . . . It would seem as if it had been permitted that her dear mind should be thus early developed in order that this dispensation might not pass off, as it would with most of her years, but that it may be blessed to her. She seems to have ceased to be a child, never again to be one. . . . It may be that God is ripening her early, to close her trials soon; it seems most probable: one has no claim to expect anything else. . . . Dear little Mary seems quite well again; her buoyant spirits are a great contrast to her sister's subdued frame; but it is all natural in her.

Poor Philip is lame as well as deaf, yet he enjoys being drawn in a chair.

During the Vacation, Dr. Pusey was, as usual, full of work for the Library of the Fathers amongst other things,

and assisting Mr. Keble in his metrical version of the Psalms.

To Rev. J. H. Newman.

B[udleigh] S[alterton], July 16, [1839].

My dearest Friend,—God bless and reward you for all your love and tender kindness towards us. I received day by day my share of it, with little acknowledgment, for words failed one, and one is stopped by a sort of αἰδώς from thanking to the face for great kindness. Your first visit, 'in the embittered spirit's strife,' was to me like that of an angel sent from God: I shrank from it beforehand, or from seeing any human face, and so I trust that I may the more hope that it was God's doing. It seems as though it had changed, in a degree, the character of my subsequent life: and since it was quite unexpected, and without any agency of my own, I hope it is His will that it should be so, and that He will keep me in the way in which, as I hope, He brought me. God requite you for it all. It is a selfish wish to wish that one's prayers were better than they are: yet I hope that He will hear them, not according to their and my imperfections, but according to the greatness of the reason which I have to offer them, and according to His great mercy. I pray that He may make you what, as you say, there are so few of, 'a great saint,' and I hope that He may give me τῷ ἐσχάτῳ τόπου ἔσχατον ἐκεῖ ὑπὸ τοὺς πόδας σοῦ καὶ τῶν ἐκλεκτῶν αὐτοῦ, to use Bishop Andrewes's words nearly. You cannot tell how much reason I have to long for but τόπος ἔσχατος: if one did but realize it oneself! . . . Lucy and Philip send you their love and thanks for your kind present. . . . She has been getting stronger and more animated, and tenderly cheerful; one thought is uppermost in her mind. Everything connects itself with the memory of her mother, and there is a deeply-seated longing to be fitted to see her in glory. I gave her out of the Lyra 'Weep not for me' as an answer to her question, 'whether the saints in Paradise (it is her wording) knew what we were doing here.' . . . I venerate Williams[1] more, whatever of his

[1] Rev. Isaac Williams.

I read. He seems to have a special office for these days, imparting to them his own soberness and humility, where one's self would be exciting them. Whenever I come across him, I find him at the root, and myself on the surface. The immediate occasion of these thoughts is his Tract on the Prayer-book.

To the Same.

August 4, 1839.

I saw Medley several times while he was here. He seems a very nice person, and will do good, I hope, in Exeter; he fears about the middling classes; he says the higher, he has found, soon understand us, when we explain ourselves; but that the middle, with their horror of popery, have a fear also of being priest-ridden. . . . Mr. Bartholomew,[1] with whom I had one long talk, speaks very encouragingly of the progress of things (as does Oakeley among the lawyers). Mr. B. speaks from his experience as examining chaplain. . . . The Bishop of Exeter has been praising the Tracts of the clergy, but speaking against 'Reserve.' . . . Mr. Bartholomew approved of every syllable of a sermon of mine which disturbed a High Church lady for fear I was inculcating transubstantiation, though I had spoken against it and consubstantiation by name, that I might be safe.

To Rev. John Keble.

August 13, 1839.

Indeed your visits were, I hope, not 'unprofitable;' that they did not bear more directly upon my chastisement was my own doing; Newman had been brought to me, like the visit of an angel, in the first hour of agony, and to him I had, in a degree, discharged my mind; and having so done, it seemed to have closed again, so that I could not begin speaking upon it. I

[1] The Rev. C. C. Bartholomew, Vicar of Cornwood, near Ivybridge. He became one of Dr. Pusey's closest friends; there is a letter from him in 1882, beginning, 'My dearest friend,' amongst those kept by Dr. Pusey, telling him of happiness in the character of his four sons. He died in 1887.

seemed to see what I was to do, if I could but do it; at least I have the general line marked out; and so, having no advice to ask, I shunned speaking of it, and I have written very little of it. I fear to mislead by saying a little, perhaps I should mislead you were I to say much, so I only wish my friends to adopt the words of the 'Christian Year,' 'Wish not, dear friends, my pain away,' it were better for me to feel it deeper every way.

I only wish them to pray for me that I may not lose at least such fruits of the chastening as may be needful for me.

You will be kindly glad to hear that our two little girls have decidedly benefited by their residence here, and poor Philip's health has something improved, altho', if he is continued here, he will, for some years probably, lie between life and death. The little girls are also, at any time, on the verge; so that any indisposition might be the messenger to turn the scale. 'It is the Lord; let Him do as seemeth Him best.' He has deeply blest their dear mother's unwearied pains, so that if they are early called to bliss, it will be in mercy to them.

You could do me a kind office when next you write to your brother; it is to ask Mrs. T. Keble to put down the names of any nice books which she found useful for the ages of six and onwards. They are beyond their age. Lucy has been for some time well read in the 'Christian Year,' and in the last volume of Newman's Sermons, and Mary (the youngest) is a very quick child.

Writing to Newman (August 27), as to future meetings of the Theological Society, he says:—

I shrink, at present, from anything which involves a return to former habits; and opening one's own house in the evening would involve all sorts of business, visiting, etc.; one could hardly consistently avoid it.

On September 2, Dr. Pusey and his children left Budleigh Salterton and spent six weeks with Lady Lucy at Brighton, where he renewed his acquaintance with the

Rev. H. Venn Elliott, a leading Evangelical clergyman, to whom he sent his Tract on Baptism, and wrote at the same time that he knew that upon some of the points he had specially urged 'as having been forgotten by this generation,' Mr. Elliott's belief was different; and that he did not expect 'to influence one whose opinions had been long formed.'

Our position seems to me far the happiest and the safest, in that we are not the assailants; *we* (to speak compendiously) look upon your views as imperfect, that you have taken up a portion of the truth only, and so, that if you receive the whole, your views must, of necessity, be modified; but we have no occasion to speak against yours; if what we are assured is Catholic Truth be received, it must modify your system, and, indeed, is doing so.

The Bishop of London wrote to him (September 3, 1839), asking him for a few lines to tell him about himself and his children, and assuring him of his sympathy and prayers. He adds:—

You will be glad to learn that my great project, to the success of which you so materially contributed, is going on prosperously. . . . Altogether I expect that we may calculate upon forty new churches, even if no more money should be raised. But we have not yet taught our nobility, nor our merchants and bankers, how to *give*. Yet the Church will teach them the lesson by God's blessing, gradually.

20, Marine Square, Brighton,
September 11.

I had a very pleasant interview with J. Watson on Saturday. He is staying here; . . . and I was delighted to find him taking altogether the same views as ourselves, so far; it was quite refreshing to hear an old man speaking the same things

clearly and calmly, it seemed to link us on so visibly with past generations and that we were teaching no other than had been delivered to us. He asked after you, and, naming Keble, said, 'I do not like prefixing the title (Mr.) to his, or Newman's, or your name. . . .'

Pusey . . . has been preaching to breathless congregations at Exeter and Brighton (Newman wrote to Mr. Bowden in October). Ladies have been sitting on the pulpit steps, and sentimental paragraphs have appeared in the papers—in the *Globe*. Fancy![1]

It was doubtless to these sermons that Dr. Pusey alluded when writing to Newman, September 11, of

—the crusade against pearls, gold, and costly array, which I have been in some degree engaged in; the jewels of the ladies in London would build all the churches wanted, and endow them too, I believe; we must preach them into the 'treasury,' and silver dishes into the smelting pot, some day, else we shall never get the funds we want, nor the simplicity of Churchmen. However, this may be by-and-bye; if you make Churchmen they will melt the silver dishes gladly, and one must not get into the error of the Low Church, of going to the branches, instead of the root; yet breaking off jewels, or melting a service of plate, would be a good, decided act.

He returned to Oxford about the middle of October, 'in appearance much better.' Mr. Newman wrote from Oriel, October 20, 'It is no exaggeration to say he is a "Father" in the face and aspect.'

Pusey preached last Sunday (Mr. J. D. Mozley wrote, November 24, to his sister), the first time in Oxford since his wife's death. When he came to the last sentence of the prayer before the sermon, in which the dead are mentioned, he came to a complete standstill, and I thought would never have gone on. . . . In

[1] Letters, etc., of J. H. Newman, ii. p. 290.

the course of the sermon there was a piece of friendly advice given to the Heads of Houses, for which they would not be much obliged to him. He had been talking of increase of luxury amongst the undergraduates of late years, from which he took occasion to say that those *in station* might do well to live more simply than they did. He dropped his voice at this part, which had the effect, of course, of giving increased solemnity to the admonition; for there was breathless silence in the church at the time. Pusey, however, meant the undergraduates not to hear, as he told Newman with the utmost simplicity after. It was to have been a sort of an aside from the preacher in the pulpit to the Vice-Chancellor over the way. . . . The best of it was, the main body of the sermon had been quite, in the general, on the vanity of human life, etc., quite proper and unobjectionable. The Heads were looking serene and composed, when, all of a sudden, comes this highly practical turn to the subject.[1]

The Christmas holidays were spent at Brighton with his children, of whose delicate health he writes to Newman, adding, 'Lucy is, however, better since I have been here; . . . if she should but ever be strong enough to be a "Sœur de la Charité," in our Church!'

[1] Letters of Rev. J. B. Mozley, p. 94.

CHAPTER IX.

TRACT NO. 90.

1840, 1841.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought
(Though we our thoughts from them perversely drew),
To things, the mind's right object, he it brought;
Like foolish birds to painted grapes we flew,
He sought and gathered for our use the true.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

PUSEY is at Brighton, pretty well (Newman wrote to Mr. Bowden, January 5, 1840). At present he is very much bent on establishing an order of Sisters of Mercy (I despair somehow, but I *always* croak), and is collecting information. . . . I feel sure that such institutions are the only means of saving some of our best members from turning Roman Catholics; and yet I despair of such societies being *made* externally.

They must be the expansion of an inward principle. All one can do is to offer the opportunity.[1]

Dr. Pusey returned home the end of January; his children were more than usually ailing; and in March he brought Lucy to Oxford to be under the daily care of Dr. Wootton, in whose house she remained, as her eyes were seriously affected.

The Christ Church 'lodgings' were not, however, entirely lonely, as Lady Lucy came to her son, and

[1] Letters, etc., of J. H. Newman, ii. p. 295–98.

remained with him until after Easter. She had given up Holton Park, and it was her habit to spend many months visiting her children,[1] at Pusey, Christ Church, and Langley. Her custom was to spend most of Lent and Easter at Christ Church, and two months generally after the Long Vacation, so that, between her visits and his children's holidays, Dr. Pusey was not much alone.

Several beautiful letters, written by Lady Lucy at this time to her little grandson, who was at school at Brighton, show how faithfully and lovingly she fulfilled her promise to his dying mother. Cardinal Newman preserved, amongst Dr. Pusey's letters, one from Lady Lucy, written at this time, which shows the like tender thought for her sick granddaughter.

DEAR SIR,—I hope that you will excuse the liberty which I am taking, but my granddaughter is *very* desirous of seeing you, and if you have a little spare time it would give her great pleasure if you would bestow it upon her by calling at Dr. Wootton's. I am quite aware how much you are occupied, and that she is but a child; still, if you will view it in the light of a visit to the sick, which it will be, I am sure that you will kindly do it, if you can.

Believe me, dear sir,
Yours sincerely,
LUCY PUSEY.

The youngest child was at Clifton.

I saw your little Mary again before I left Clifton (Mr. Perceval Ward wrote about this time to her father); she is very

[1] She only resided in Grosvenor Square during the season, when she kept open house for the family. Besides her visits to Christ Church, my mother's step-nephew, Frederic Raymond Parker, was living in the house, for some years till he married. He had a sitting-room and bedroom set apart for his use. At one time my father had some young men living in the house, under some kind of rule, attending Divinity lectures and chapel, such as they would do now in a Theological College.—*Note by Mrs. Brine.*

well; she has quite won the hearts of my mother and sisters by her gentle and lively manners. It is quite delightful to see her attachment to Miss Rogers, who appears a most sensible and good person. I am sorry not to hear so good an account of your other two.

Two great projects chiefly occupied Dr. Pusey's mind at this time: one, himself to build and endow a church in some great manufacturing town (not appearing as the benefactor); the other, the revival of religious community life.

Of the first he wrote to Mr. Keble,[1] enclosing a letter from Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds, speaking of the relief it would be to him to have an assistant clergyman with a separate 'small congregation.' As to the church for this congregation, Dr. Pusey conceals himself, even from Mr. Keble, writing of the proposed founder as 'Z.'

He was anxious that Mr. Keble's curate, the Rev. Robert F. Wilson, should undertake this work. Dr. Hook, he writes,

> does not wish him to come to found Sisters of Charity, although he hopes that would be the result; he wishes him to come to form a congregation, and subsequently do whatever is brought into his way to be done. . . . He wishes things to be done gently and quietly . . . which would suit Wilson. . . . It does seem an opportunity for carrying out Catholic principles, insensibly at first, in a very important place which ought not to be lost. Wilson need not, should not, go further than he felt at the time disposed; but it would be of the greatest value, if he would go; he might ripen his own views and his people's at the same time. . . . Wilson, too, would be glad to carry out Z.'s plan. Hook will

[1] In an undated letter, but on the deeply edged black paper which he used for a year after his wife's death

assign the site for 'Z.'s' church accordingly; *i.e.* he would place it among a population where Catholic views would be likely to be best received and most influential. He is very earnest about it; as so am I for 'Z.'s' sake (the builder of the church), as well as for the ultimate hopes of having Sisters of Charity when it opens. I had heard of a magnificent conventual church . . . near Lisbon, which I had hoped to have purchased for Z. to transport to Leeds: . . . it may end in my getting an architect who has a love for these things to go over, on his expenses being paid. Would it fall in with Sir William Heathcote's plans or Mr. Yonge's to purchase anything of the sort? They say that all the conventual churches have been on sale for eight years; and that altars have been purchased by English, and turned into sideboards. . . . Pray urge Wilson, if you can. I feel certain that it would be a blessing in manifold ways.

Mr. Wilson did not, alas! accept the offer. Dr. Pusey knew his man, and there is no doubt of the immense loss to his scheme which Mr. Wilson's refusal entailed; most of the troubles which more than once wrecked St. Saviour's, Leeds, would not have arisen under his guidance, and others would have been wisely dealt with.

Concerning his second project, Dr. Pusey preserved a long letter from the Rev. Robert Williams, February 19, 1840, in which, alluding to a scheme for a 'Curates' College' in some large town, he writes that 'what then attracted me towards the idea was the hope that such an institution might gradually assume something of a monastic character, and supply what is confessedly a defect in our Church.' Mr. Williams, however, expresses his opinion that 'the judgment of the Church, testified by the uniform practice for ages, seems decisive that for the monastic state the three vows are absolutely essential, and since, I suppose,' he adds, 'none would think of proposing these

vows in our present state, it follows that till the state of things amongst us is materially altered, the monastic life cannot be re-introduced.' In this opinion, Mr. S. Wood, to whom he had spoken, entirely agreed; 'yet he will do anything he can to help,' Mr. Williams wrote, 'if *you* think proper to set it up; and in this assurance I most fully join, and with, I think, somewhat more hope of success than he entertains.'

A few days later Mr. Perceval Ward wrote to Dr. Pusey, sending him a little book called 'St. Vincent de Paul and the Sisters of Charity, with some particulars of the establishment to be erected at St. Leonard's, Hastings.' 'I do not know whether they have any distinctive dress,' he says, 'but this would appear indispensable in the low haunts of our cities.' Mr. Ward expresses his conviction that 'if we could not meet the Roman Catholics by a similar institute, the population of our great towns would be lost to our Church,' and his joy at hearing that Dr. Pusey was 'actually engaged in schemes for attempting a remedy,' since, he adds, 'thousands of souls, the care of the Church of England, are year by year allowed to perish, because we dare not make ventures beyond our old, and, for these times, inefficient machinery. Surely, at such a time, everything but principle is to be risked.'

Then, on March 17, 1840, Mr. Newman first told Dr. Pusey of his thought of building 'a monastic house' at Littlemore, and living there himself.

Littlemore (Cardinal Newman says in his 'Apologia') was an integral part of St. Mary's parish, and between two and three miles distant from Oxford. I had built a church there several years before, and I went there to pass Lent of 1840, and gave

myself up to teaching in the parish school and practising the choir.[1]

In Dr. Pusey's reply, March 19, 1840, to Newman's letter, telling him of his Littlemore plan, he says, 'I do not see why you should have been "continually perplexing yourself," whether you are not "called elsewhere."'

For myself (he continues), one has a feeling corresponding to that with which Elisha (I mean as far as outward circumstances go) may be supposed to have heard the words, 'Knowest thou not that thy master is taken from thy head to-day?' However, if I were to act more for myself, I suppose it would be somehow in this way. . . . I hardly look to be able to avail myself of the *μονὴ*, since I must be so busy when here, on account of my necessary absences to see my children, unless, indeed, I should live long enough to be ejected from my canonry; as, of course, one must contemplate as likely if one lives, and then it would be a happy retreat.

Thus a few minds turned thoughtfully to the remembrance of those religious communities which had scarce been mentioned in England save with scorn, since all their great foundations had been swept away—good and bad, innocent and guilty involved in the same destruction. Before the end of the year Dr. Pusey wrote to Mr. Keble:

N. and I have separately come to think it necessary to have some 'Sœurs de la Charité' in the Anglo-Catholic [Church]. He is going to have an article on it in the *British Critic;* if no one else writes it, he will do it himself. I have named it since to very different sorts of persons, and all are taken with it exceedingly, except B. H. (who as archbishop's chaplain is half afraid of it), and think that there would be numbers of people who are yearning to be employed that way. My notion was that it might

[1] Apologia pro Vita Sua (ed. 1873), p. 131.

begin by regular employment as nurses, in hospitals and lunatic asylums, in which last Christian nursing is so sadly missed.

Possibly the two friends were the more anxious to establish something under rules for devotion and work, that they found only too much to do at this time in trying to check much that was wrong and foolish in some of their followers, who, as Dr. Pusey expressed it, had 'taken up shreds and patches of the Catholic system.'[1]

Dr. Pusey was called to Brighton before Easter by his boy's alarming increase of illness, and wrote to Newman just before leaving:—

CHRIST CHURCH, Feria 2, in M[ajoris] H[ebdomadæ April 14].

Thank you very much for your kind and cheering note just received. . . . For myself, I do hope that this is all chastisement as well as punishment, to bring me through fire and water into a wealthy place. But then there ought to be fruit proportionate to all this gracious culture, and that saddens one. Else it were little to take patiently the buffeting for one's wrong-doing. . . . Thank you for your intended visit on Easter Day. The thought of it will be pleasant when alone with my sick child.

April 30.

I find that there is, humanly speaking, no hope of recovery; only, with children, one never knows what God may not do for them. It was scarcely a shock to hear of it; I have been so long and so gently prepared for it.

[1] Things must have been tolerably trying when Newman had to complain of one of his friends, whom he had cautioned against extravagances in St. Mary's pulpit, preaching, in his absence, that it was a good thing to make the brute creation fast on fast days. 'May he (*salvis ossibus suis*) have a fasting horse the next time he goes steeple-chasing,' Newman adds.—Letters, etc., of J. H. Newman, ii. p. 291.

On the Monday after Trinity Sunday he wrote to Newman :—

I could not forget yesterday what you were to me on that day last year; your note has been a treasure to me, and, I hope, to my children. I prayed (though not as I ought) that you might be requited at that 'ineffabile Convivium, ubi Tu, Pater, cum Filio Tuo et Spiritu Sancto, sanctis Tuis es Lux vera, Satietas plena, Gaudium sempiternum, Jucunditas consummata, et Felicitas perfecta.'

May 14, 1840.

I shall like to walk with you at three to-morrow; but the Library of the Fathers does not oppress me. . . . As far as I am heavy-hearted, it must have been with the thought of what I have been, what I might have been, what others might have been had I been what I ought, and that I am not now, in life's daily trials, what I ought to be.

The season of the year and my children's frail lives bring this home in a way which you cannot tell how much occasion there is for; too probably, not so much as it ought; this, however, and nothing else (it were better if it might have been), makes me downcast, as far as I am so.

Newman was evidently anxious about his friend's depression at this first anniversary of his wife's death; but to an attempt to persuade him to come to him to meet others at Whitsuntide, Dr. Pusey replied :—

Many thanks. I like all opportunities of seeing Wood and Williams and you, but I am not going into Oxford society again, and there are so many ways of sliding back into it, that the only way of escaping is to refuse everything.

From January to July, 1840, there was a considerable correspondence between Dr. Pusey and his friends, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of Oxford, on a

proposed 'Union for Prayers' for the unity of the Church, suggested first by the Passionist Father Ignatius (the Rev. George A. Spencer). It was not carried out on the lines proposed, but its outcome was the little tract bearing the initials, 'E. B. P., J. K., C. M.,'[1] and containing short prayers to be added to those used at the third, sixth, and ninth hours, which appeared in 1845, and has ever since been used by thousands.[2]

A scheme for translating the Sarum Breviary also occupied the three chief leaders during this year. They wished for it as supplying the need increasingly felt for the expression of that devotion which, beginning with the august courses of the Hebrew Temple worship, had poured itself forth freely in the ordered Services of the ancient Church. And yet they felt that while turning to the Breviary, to provide the lacking expression for re-kindled longings, there were, as Mr. Newman wrote this year, 'breakers ahead!' 'The danger of a lapse into Romanism, I think,' he adds, 'gets greater daily.' Might not the proposed translation turn minds the more in that direction? Such anxieties were thickening; and it is difficult to know how, amidst his immense work, Dr. Pusey found time for the careful consideration of individual cases which his letters at this time reveal.

The Christmas holidays of 1840–41 were spent by Dr. Pusey with his children and his mother at Brighton, and when he returned to Christ Church, the end of January, he had the comfort of Lady Lucy's presence in his house until after Easter. She writes to her little

[1] Charles Marriott.

[2] At the third hour for unity, at the sixth for the conversion of sinners, at the ninth for perseverance in holiness.

grandson, mentioning for the first time his father travelling by railroad to Oxford, though she could not bring herself to make such a venture.

Ch. Ch., February 1, 1841.

I am happy to tell you that he is very well. We had, as you know, beautiful weather for our first day's journey, and we arrived in London about four o'clock; . . . the next morning he and your uncle travelled by the railroad to their respective homes; they invited me to accompany them, but I preferred the slower movement of the post horses, and I arrived here five hours after your papa. . . . I often think of you, my dear Philip; especially when I am alone I miss my little companion, who I much love; but in doing so I always feel that you are happy where you are.

Her son needed, during the coming Lent, all the comfort a mother's love could give. No. 90 of the 'Tracts for the Times' was published on February 27, and on March 8 Dr. Pusey writes to Rev. the Hon. Arthur Perceval:—

We are here in some anxiety in consequence of a movement against Newman in consequence of Tract 90, on the Thirty-nine Articles. . . . What will come of it we cannot guess, and the less said about it the better beforehand, only I wished you to know that we are in anxiety.

It was the first of the many storms through which, for a long course of years, he had to steer his course and lead the way for others. The events which followed the publication of Tract 90 have been often and admirably told, especially by its author in his 'Apologia;' by Dean Church, and by Dr. Liddon in his 'Life of Dr. Pusey.' In this more personal 'Story of Dr. Pusey's Life,' only such brief outline

of facts is needed as may make his action in the matter intelligible to those who are not already acquainted with them.

Cardinal Newman has told us what his thoughts were in writing Tract 90—to show that the Catholic Faith of the ancient Church did 'live and speak in Anglican formularies.'

That is what I maintained it did in substance, in a true sense. Man had done his worst to disfigure, to mutilate, the old Catholic Truth, but there it was, in spite of them, in the Articles still. It was there, but this must be shown. It was a matter of life and death to us to show it. And I believed it could be shown.[1]

The writer of Tract 90—'a wholesome and necessary effort to rescue a formulary of the Church of England from popular glosses which were, to say the least, misleading and mischievous'—was moved to attempt it because of the difficulties of many in this time of the restoration of old paths.

I had been enjoined, I think by my Bishop, to keep these men straight, and I wished so to do. But their tangible difficulty was subscription to the Articles, and thus the question of the Articles came before me.

When Dr. Pusey republished Tract 90, in 1870, he could, looking back through so many years, express his deliberate judgment that 'Tract 90 did a great work in clearing the Articles from the glosses which, like barnacles, had encrusted round them. I believe that that work will never be undone while the Articles last.'

[1] Apologia, etc. (ed. 1873), pp. 129, 130.

All this was already so familiar to Mr. Newman's mind that he was wholly unprepared for the Tract being taken by any one as an insidious and dishonest attempt to prove that certain distinctively Roman doctrines could be held by those signing the Articles. It seems marvellous that, even in his seclusion at Littlemore, he had not better estimated the smouldering dislike of the influence of the Tracts (which only needed a spark to set it ablaze), or felt the atmosphere they had created in the University. But in a note to Dr. Pusey he says (March 18) that the Bishop of Oxford 'ought to know that I was *utterly* without any idea that the Tract would make any disturbance.'

The first move in the battle was a meeting of seven clergymen, almost all Fellows or Tutors of colleges, at which it was resolved that a letter, prepared by Mr. Tait,[1] should be sent to the editor of the Tracts, protesting against 'new and startling views' put forward in Tract 90, and requesting that 'some person, besides the printer and publisher of the Tract, should acknowledge himself responsible for its contents.' The letter was signed by four Tutors, the Rev. T. T. Churton, H. B. Wilson, J. Griffiths, and A. C. Tait.

The letter reached Mr. Newman the same day through Mr. J. H. Parker, and he wrote a courteous acknowledgment of its receipt. Next day it was in print, read everywhere in Oxford, and, on March 10, the Tract was laid before the Hebdomadal Council for discussion by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Wynter. On March 12 the Heads of Houses met again, twenty-one being present, and it was resolved, by a majority of nineteen to two, to censure

[1] Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

the Tract. This was on Friday. In a note from Dr. Pusey to Mr. Keble, dated 'Saturday evening,' he says—

Newman is writing a P.S. explanatory, which I hope will do good service. The Heads of Houses have appointed a committee, and, it is said, mean to issue a programme condemning Tract 90. . . . Newman says, 'I assure you it was a very great relief to my mind when I found what they meant to do. I am quite satisfied.' But, which is worse, Golightly has been sending the Tract to the Bishops, obtaining their opinions upon an *ex parte* statement; he is said to have received four this morning. I fear the storm will lie heavy upon us. We must reef our sail, and go softly and humbly.

Mr. Newman requested, and Dr. Pusey requested for him, that the Heads of Houses would delay their judgment of the Tract until his explanation should be published, not later than the 16th. This was refused, and the censure published in Oxford on the morning of March 16.

Thereupon Mr. Newman wrote to the Vice-Chancellor to inform him that he was the author, and had 'the sole responsibility of the Tract,' and the same evening a letter from him to Dr. Jelf was published, explaining the points raised against him by the Four Tutors' Letter.

You will be much pained by the enclosed (Dr. Pusey wrote, March 17, to Mr. Keble). Newman is very calm; he has written an admirable, clear explanation, but the Heads of Houses seem to have cut themselves off from understanding it.[1] One cannot foresee what the consequences may not be. . . . In London

[1] 'It came too late,' Dr. Liddon wrote. 'The Hebdomadal Council was substantially a court of justice in this matter. Yet its members deliberately refused to hear the defence of the accused. . . . The majority of the Heads were too angry or too panic-stricken to obey that elementary rule of justice which prescribes that the worst criminals shall be heard in self-defence before their condemnation.'—Life, ii. pp. 177, 174.

nothing else is spoken of; people who read no other Tract read this, under the guidance of Radical papers. . . . His (Newman's) general opinion was, our strength is to sit still.

In reply, Mr. Keble discouraged Dr. Pusey's wish to get up a declaration, numerously signed, in favour of Tract 90, and expressed his conviction—

that we had much better leave things as they are, if other people will let us, only taking care that all may understand that the Heads are not the University; which fact, indeed, I see the *Times* has already spread pretty well through the civilized world.

Mr. Keble, who was extremely sensitive about good and bad English, must have enjoyed the notice in the *Times* of the Four Tutors' Letter, in which its author expressed a hope that 'they did not instruct their pupils in the sort of English which they appear to write.'[1]

I am sorry to have given you this anxiety about the declaration (Dr. Pusey replied, March 19); I gave it up this morning. One wished to join one's self even, with Newman; but he can bear the heat of the day alone. He to Whom he commits himself will bring his innocence to light sooner or later, so he needs not the aid of such as I. . . . When the storm is over, people who can appreciate him will respect him the more.

Both Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble thought that a few changes ought to be made in some sentences in Tract 90 so as to 'make misunderstanding, as was that of the Four Tutors, impossible.' This was done in the second edition of the Tract (the changes marked by brackets), and some fresh paragraphs were added for the same purpose. But the author stuck to the leading note of his famous pamphlet.[2]

[1] See Life, ii. p. 170.

[2] 'That principle was that the Articles were not to be interpreted in the

The real trouble to the three friends arose from the Bishop of Oxford's 'fears,' to use his own words, 'as to the possible consequences of the recent publication.' They are expressed in letters written (March 17) to Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman in the kindest, most considerate, and most moderate words, coming evidently from one not moved by the general excitement and *animus* against the Tractarians (except to address them with the greater gentleness and respect), but yet obliged to write :—

> That the object of the Tract is to make our *Church* more Catholic (in its true sense) and more united, I am satisfied, . . . but I cannot think it free from danger, and I feel that it would tend to increase disunion at this time.

The Bishop also expressed his anxious wish that, for the peace of the Church, discussions upon the Articles should not be continued in the publication of the 'Tracts for the Times.'

In Dr. Pusey's reply to the Bishop (March 18) he urges upon him the fact that in Tract 90 'the argument is throughout directed against popular misinterpretation of the Articles, which gives the Articles a meaning which they have not in themselves.' Mr. Newman, however, at once acceded to the Bishop's wish. He wrote, on March 18—

> There shall be no more discussions upon the Articles in the 'Tracts for the Times,' according to your Lordship's wish; nor indeed was it at all my intention that there should be.

light of the Protestant or Puritan tradition, which had so long imposed a false sense upon them; but, in the first instance, by the clear meaning of their own language; or, where this was doubtful, by the general sense of the Church, Primitive and Catholic, of which the Church of England claims to be a part, and to which she appeals.'—Life, ii. p. 183.

And again on March 20—

The tenour of your Lordship's letter of this morning brought tears into my eyes. My single wish, as far as I dare speak of myself, or speak of my having a wish, is to benefit the Church and to approve myself to your Lordship. . . . I assure your Lordship I was altogether unsuspicious that my Tract would make any disturbance.

Bishop Bagot had written both to Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman (March 19), thanking them warmly for 'the kind spirit' and the 'ready acquiescence . . . so often heretofore experienced' with which his letters had been received; and in his letter to Dr. Pusey he says—

Believe me that in any friendly hints or suggestions I may upon a little further consideration possibly be inclined to give, I am much guided by thought for yourselves, anxious to secure and extend the good which it is in your power to do, and which in many respects you have already effected, instead of lessening or retarding it.

The storm of popular outcry broke on Bishop Bagot's head for his gentleness to the Tractarians. The Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to him expressing his opinion that 'it seems most desirable that the publication of the Tracts should be discontinued for ever'; and, on March 23, the Bishop wrote to Dr. Pusey:—

As I feel anxious to have a little private conversation with you, and think it preferable to writing more in this painful position of things to myself and others, I should be greatly obliged to you if you would come over to Cuddesdon some morning, and as soon as you can without inconvenience to yourself to do so.

At this interview far more was demanded than in the

Bishop's first letter, when he had only desired that no more should be written in the Tracts about the Articles, and, after hearing from Dr. Pusey the result of the interview at Cuddesdon Mr. Newman replied (March 24) that he could not do what was asked of him 'without surrendering interests with which' he was 'providentially charged' just then, since he represented 'a vast number all through the country' who more or less agreed with him. He reminded Dr. Pusey that at first he had been only asked by the Bishop to write no more about the Articles in the Tracts, which he had at once promised not to do. 'When they [authorities in London] find me obedient,' he continued, 'they add the stopping of the Tracts and the suppression of No. 90.' He felt, that to say the latter was done '*at their bidding*' would be taken as equivalent to a condemnation from them 'like that of the Heads,' and that he could not therefore 'co-operate with such an act;' that, if the Bishop made public his wish that the Tract should be suppressed, he would do it, 'but,' he added, 'I think I should resign my living.'

Dr. Pusey, as usual, threw himself into the breach, setting Mr. Newman's view forcibly before the Bishop (in a letter of March 25), and the next day going to Cuddesdon. That morning Mr. Newman had written him three most touching notes. He expressed his conviction

that people will alter their opinion very much about the Tract. They have already, in a measure. Suppression will *perpetuate their first* impressions. Is this just? . . . If I have ever done any good to the Church, I would ask the Bishop this favour as a reward for it, that he would not insist upon a measure from which I think good will not come.

The result of the interview at Cuddesdon was that the Bishop yielded the point about which the friends cared most, the suppression of No. 90. But the Tracts were to be discontinued. In a long letter to the Bishop the same evening, written after his return to Oxford, Dr. Pusey says: 'they will have become historical documents, and things past.' But his heart is evidently very sore for his friend, and at the check to their work. He reminds the Bishop that

—though most cheerfully and readily conceded . . . it is no slight matter. It is just what our opponents have long been desiring at your Lordship's hands. They have been clamouring in newspapers that your Lordship should, as they call it, 'put down the Tracts,' *i.e.* put a stop to them. . . . It is a very different thing from their having been closed naturally by their authors. It does set a sort of mark upon their close, and (one need not shrink from owning) put some disgrace upon it. . . . I do not know of any similar instance in which a work so extensively circulated was at once stopped at the recommendation of a Bishop. . . . Dr. Hampden's Bampton Lectures were virtually condemned by the University of Oxford, and that on the ground of heretical teaching, and explaining away the doctrines of the Articles, yet no Bishop took the slightest notice of it. . . . If people so misrepresent us when our books are there to appeal to, what will they do when they are not, and they may say what they please? I do hope (he says in another letter to the Bishop) that while this act stamps our own principles it will raise people's views of ready submission, and so inculcate what has been taught in the Tracts, more than themselves.

From the Rev. J. Keble.

Hursley Vicarage, Friday in E. Week, April 16, 1841.

We hope to have Sir W. Heathcote's newly built chapel consecrated on Wednesday.[1] Newman is coming. You cannot, I

[1] Ampfield Church, near Hursley.

fear (you know how glad we should be to see you), but you will kindly remember us on that day. I cannot but think that N.'s coming out as he does in this whole business will do the cause a great deal more good than any fresh stir of which this Tract has been made the pretence is likely to do it harm. People quite unconnected write to one as if they were greatly moved by it.

Ever yours truly affect.,

J. KEBLE.

I can only express my hope (the Rev. Sir George Prevost wrote to Dr. Pusey, June 25, 1841) that the spirit in which the controversy is carried on must do good and lead to truth and peace. I am sure it has done me some good, and it is my fault that it has not done me more. As I have ventured to say as much, I will venture further to thank you for what I have read years ago in your Tract on Baptism, as to the depth and earnestness of the repentance required for sin after baptism. It has had a more lasting and (I believe) more salutary effect than anything else of human composition that I have met with. And if God should be pleased at the last to have mercy on me, I believe it will have been a great instrument of my salvation.

Thus the series of 'Tracts for the Times,' after seven years and a half, came to an end. The first had been published in September, 1833. Their influence cannot easily be over-rated, and could not have prevailed without the depth of conviction and of prayerful earnestness, as well as genius, existing behind utterances which might often seem dry and even cold.

The importance of the work they had done was not felt alone by an ecclesiastical party; it is forcibly expressed in two articles in the *Times*, which appeared within the week. A few words must be given from the first:—

Whatever may be the merits or the faults of the gentlemen at Oxford to whom Lord Morpeth and Mr. O'Connell alluded, it is

notoriously false to say that any one of them ever thought of 'disclaiming' any single doctrine of the Church to which he belongs: the whole aim and object of their teaching is to recommend certain doctrines as *identical* with those of the Liturgy, Canons, and Articles of the Church of England.[1]

A second article, two days later, is still more remarkable in the witness it bears to the good effected by the Tracts:—

Their teaching has now sunk deeply into the heart of the Church of England; it has acquired not merely a numerical, but a moral power and influence, which must henceforth make it impossible for any statesman to despise and overlook, and highly indiscreet for any political party unnecessarily to alienate, this element in the constitution of society. The younger clergy are said to be very generally of this school; it has no want of advocates among their seniors; it has penetrated into both Houses of Parliament; and we are confidently informed (we suppose, therefore, upon some foundation) that it has met with countenance from the Bishops themselves. It has completely succeeded in awakening in the Church that vital spirit of reaction, the necessity for which called it into existence. We hear nothing *now* of a demand for the admission of Dissenters into the Universities, of proposals to abolish subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, or of contemplated changes in the Liturgy; or, if we do still hear of them, the manner in which they are received, as contrasted with their popularity in 1833, illustrates the completeness of the victory still more forcibly.

That the victory, as far as it was due to the Tracts, was chiefly Dr. Pusey's, can hardly be doubted. In September, 1835, two years after the series had begun, Mr. Harrison wrote to Mr. Newman that he heard in London, 'that Rivington gives up the Tracts after next

[1] The *Times*, March 4, 1841.

month. Is it not a pity,' he adds, 'to give them up? Could not you strengthen them by a little more *originality?*' And, on October 10, Mr. Newman wrote that he could not be editor if the Tracts came out every month.

> It is the way to make them mere trash. One is pressed for time, and writes for the occasion stop-gaps. I am conscious there are some stop-gaps in the Tracts already. . . . We shall be losing credit and influence if we go on so. As I was strongly for short Tracts on beginning, so I am for longer now. We must have much more treatises than sketches.[1]

Before the end of October Dr. Pusey's great treatise on Baptism had appeared (Tracts 67, 68, and 69), and from that time there was no longer any misgivings as to the prosperity of the undertaking.

[1] Newman's Letters, ii. pp. 137, 138.

CHAPTER X.

THE BEGINNING OF SORROWS.

1841, 1842.

Is the remainder of the way so long,
Thou need'st the little solace, thou the strong?
Watch out thy watch, let weak ones doze and dream!
ROBERT BROWNING.

THE confirmation of Dr. Pusey's little daughter Lucy, on June 4, was a great joy to him. He writes shortly before to Mr. Perceval:—

I hope my eldest girl (not quite twelve) will be confirmed on Friday in next Easter Week, and become a communicant on Trinity Sunday. May I ask you kindly to remember her?

To the same friend he writes concerning gossip as to severe rules in his family:—

My poor children have as much sleep as their Heavenly Father gives them, and, being weakly, it is no slight portion and their great refreshment. I should think it generally amounted to eleven hours. One would certainly have sunk, but for most unusual degree of sleep. They abstain from things palatable, as butter, puddings (an animal diet being recommended them), on fast days, but from nothing nourishing. S. Augustine says truly, 'Man, curious about others, incurious about himself.'

On Trinity Sunday, when Lucy Pusey made her first Communion, the present venerable Superior of the Community in Woodstock Road, Oxford, vowed herself, with Mr. Newman's approval, and also Dr. Pusey's, to a devoted life, although no sisterhood had yet been formed. 'I made my Communion,' she told Mrs. Brine not long ago, 'by the side of your sister Lucy (it was her first Communion) and of Lady Lucy and Dr. Pusey. In those days all remained in their seats round the chancel, and Dr. Newman brought to each the Blessed Sacrament. I think Mr. Copeland was the other Priest. In the autumn of that year, with Dr. Pusey's consent, I went with Mr. and Mrs. Seagar to Normandy, and visited several convents, to collect details to assist in the forming of religious communities in the English Church.'

I was only seven years old at the time of dear Lucy's first Communion (her only surviving sister writes); I feel sure that it was her dedication (though unfulfilled) to the spiritual life;[1] just as my own eldest child made hers in St. Barnabas Church at Oxford, and then came home with me, in three short months to be called, as my eldest sister was, by rapid consumption, to the accepted dedication of their lives to God's service.

From this time his little daughter became Dr. Pusey's dearest friend and companion, entering warmly into all his hopes and plans for the restoration of religious communities in England. He writes of every wish of his heart being fulfilled in her at this time, every anxiety removed, 'and her dear mother's unwearied pains richly blest.'

[1] *Puellæ jam in votis Christo desponsatæ* were written by Dr. Pusey for the slab which marks his child's grave in Christ Church Cathedral.

Lady Lucy left Christ Church immediately after Easter. She wrote to her little grandson :—

OXFORD, April 12, 1841.

I am sorry that the time is come when I am to leave him, for one must always leave affectionate children with regret (though it may be to join another), and mine are all such to me. It is a great blessing, and one which I hope will be returned to them in their own. I can truly say such has been your dear papa's conduct through life that as a parent I can look back upon it with gratitude to the Almighty for having given me such a son.

July and August were spent by the Pusey family in Ireland, accompanied by Miss Rogers. 'People are very kind here, Romanism sadly political,' he wrote (July 7) to Mr. Keble. He was pursued by anxieties during his holiday, being much distressed by violent articles in the *British Critic* (by Mr. Oakeley and Mr. Ward), and which seemed to him, especially in their language as to the Reformers and their work, to commit the Tractarian organ to the 'view of a certain section.' 'It makes one heavy-hearted,' he wrote, 'and think that one's office is done. I have poured out my sorrows to you, and you will excuse it.' Mr. Keble, however, 'particularly liked' the article on Bishop Jewel, by Mr. Oakeley, which had distressed Dr. Pusey. He had not then seen Mr. Keble's strong words as to the Reformers and their action in his Preface to 'Froude's Remains,' and he wrote to Mr. Newman :—

SANDYCOVE, KINGSTOWN, August 9, 1841.

You will think it strange that I did not know your opinion of the Reformers, but the Preface to 'Remains,' Part II., not having fallen in my way, I never happened to read it, as I can and do read very little.

Mr. Newman replied, 'The Preface to the "Remains" is Keble's, not mine; though, of course, I agree with it.' Mr. Newman also suggested to his friend (July 27), while assuring him of his own annoyance at the tone of certain articles, that 'if we stop up all the safety valves, we must expect a blow up.'

ORIEL COLLEGE, July 30, 1841.

As to the said *British Critic*, I suppose every review must depend on men who *will write for it*. . . . Certainly I made a great effort to make it literary and scientific, but it failed. . . . I fear I must say that, if it is to be theological, it will to a certainty take a (so-called) ultra tone, if clever men are to write for it. . . . I assure you I shall try all I can to turn it into a literary channel; and if my will has its way I will put a stop to all attacks on the Reformers.

Every one goes to see sights in Dublin. I don't see any harm in your going with Lucy to see the taking the veil. Of course everything you do will be talked of, anyhow.

My *μονὴ* at Littlemore is getting on, but I am very faint-hearted about anything coming of it.

Four days later he wrote, 'I have given up the notion of a monastic body at present, lest a talk should be made. I have got a room where I can put my books and myself.'

Mr. Keble's letters to Dr. Pusey at this time are also full of trouble caused by the Bishop of Winchester's treatment of the Rev. Peter Young, curate of Hursley, and then a deacon, to whom Priest's Orders were refused by the Bishop at his Ordination in July, 1841, for professing, in answer to special questions prepared for him, his belief in a real, though spiritual Presence in the Eucharist. Mr. Keble was terribly distressed, both on his curate's account, and because he felt that the blow was really directed

against his teaching, and that it might be his duty to resign his living. He wrote to Dr. Pusey, July 17 :—

It is a comfort to think of you all by the sea, and I wish that same Irish-Welsh sea may agree with you as well as it did with us. . . . Young will probably land at Kingstown in the course of next week, and I shall tell him to find you out. . . . If one man is more blameless and devoted than another, I should say, from what I see of him, that Peter Young is that man; and he is a person, too, of remarkably good information. . . . I wish you could get inland as far as Mr. Trench's,[1] Kilmoroney, near Athy. Do think of it.

To Rev. J. Keble.

1, Burdett Avenue, Sandycove, Kingstown,

July 21, 1841.

I thank you very much for liking to pour out your troubles to me; . . . I hope, as you say, good may come of it, and that the Bishop may be persuaded that he has acted severely; meanwhile, one cannot but think there is misconception, and so you may, I trust, remain more at your ease under your Bishop. One must be very cautious about driving any of them to commit themselves to apparent opposition to Catholic Truth; rather, I suppose, one must take it for granted that they mean what our Church means, and so must ascribe any apparent condemnation of Truth to misconception. So long as one is satisfied that one does hold what our Church holds, I do not think that any of us

[1] The Rev. Frederick Stewart Trench. His wife, Lady Helena, and Sir William Heathcote's first wife were sisters; and the two families were frequently together at Hursley. It happened that Mr. Trench, his wife and four young daughters, were at this time staying at Kingstown, and became intimate with Dr. Pusey. 'I was most glad to hear of your dear good cousin' (the eldest daughter, now Mrs. Jeffry Lefroy), Dr. Pusey wrote in 1876; 'I can see as if it were yesterday the group in which I felt so interested in the drawing-room at Kingstown, now thirty-five years ago.' The second daughter married the Rev. R. F. Wilson (whom Dr. Pusey had tried to engage as incumbent for his Leeds church); the two younger daughters died in early girlhood.

need concern himself with the personal views of his Bishop. . . . Thank you for wishing me to go to Mr. Trench's. Lord Adare was so good as to ask me to his father's, not far from Mr. T.'s, and Mrs. Monsell's[1] in the same direction, but it seems as though visiting was not meant for me. . . . Dear Lucy says, 'Thank Mr. Keble for his message, and send'—— 'Well, I think I may send my love.' She is in most peaceful, glad enjoyment of her new blessings, such as one cannot express.

One visit Dr. Pusey paid in Ireland; to the Rev. William Cleaver, the saintly Rector of Delgany, a village beautifully situated at the western entrance to the Glen of the Downs, in the County Wicklow. Long years afterwards he spoke of the impression he had carried away of its beauty, especially of the vivid green of the rectory lawn. He always seemed to prize any kindness from 'Evangelicals,' and preserved two letters, endorsed by him, 'Mr. Cleaver.' The invitation was at first apparently for Friday; after mentioning 'five o'clock on Saturday' as the time for dinner, and his wish to get 'Mr. Daly'[2] to meet him, Mr. Cleaver wrote :—

I do indeed appreciate, dear sir, your appropriation of Friday to religious exercises. There was a time when we observed the day ourselves as you do; and our servants also followed our example in keeping it as a day of abstinence. But the perhaps undue apprehension of its becoming a form made us discontinue the practice.

Most truly yours,
W. Cleaver.

It is reported that Mr. Daly was more disputatious than was agreeable to either his host or the distinguished

[1] Hon. Harriet Monsell, later Superior of the Clewer Sisterhood.
[2] Afterwards Bishop Daly.

guest, who must have written some kind words to Mr. Cleaver after he left Delgany.[1]

From Rev. W. Cleaver.

Delgany, September 2, 1841.

My dear Dr. Pusey,—I beg to return my best thanks for your last kind note, and the copy of sermons which accompanied it. I will be sure to deliver your message to Mr. Daly.

But I am sure he will concur with myself in saying of you 'anything but pugnacious.' I was thinking of you on board the packet during the high wind, and fear that you must have had a very rough passage.

Let us be brought at last, however, to the haven where we would be, and we shall be content to have had a somewhat rough passage to it. It has pleased God it should be so with you. May we be seeing land more and more distinctly.

I am, dear Dr. Pusey,
With a cordial response to, and
Return of your kind wishes,
Very truly yours,
Wm. Cleaver.

On our homeward way (Mrs. Brine writes) we crossed from Dublin to Bristol, and had a very rough, long passage. Philip and I were left on deck wrapped up in rugs, and there I lay and watched my father standing with some other gentlemen and the captain on the bridge, well blown about; but the enjoyment of my father's face I can remember to this hour as he watched the magnificent rolling waves.

Pusey is back from Ireland (Mr. Mozley wrote to his sister, September 18, 1841). I accompanied him to his house from the Cathedral this morning, and had a long talk. . . . The Dublin

[1] See Appendix for an account of this 'Evangelical' home, by James Anthony Froude, too interesting to omit preserving in connection with Dr. Pusey's visit.

[priests] were courteous and civil, but with nothing remarkable about them mentally. He said he only saw one who interested him at all. . . . Pusey did not go about much, but stayed at Kingstown. He saw Dr. Murray, who admitted—the only one who did—some faults in their religious books; all the rest stuck out for their system, both in doctrine and practice, to the lowest detail. He was interested, however, with some convents into which he went.[1]

I am going on an anxious mission to Addington (Dr. Pusey wrote to Mr. Keble, Monday, September 27, 1841), where the Archbishop wished to see me to ask about things here. I keep it a secret, but you will remember me. I stay probably till Friday morning.

To Rev. J. H. Newman.

Grosvenor Square, October 1.

The whole of the Archbishop's manner and all he has said has been very kind; he had nothing definite to propose, but wished to impress on us the importance of quiet, in order to regain the confidence which had been shaken. He spoke with the greatest value and respect for you as well as Keble, and for the service which had been done to the Church. . . . He said what had most disquieted people since Tract 90 was the *British Critic* (and indeed the tone of those three articles does seem to have given deep offence, and some have ceased to take it in). . . .

His way of speaking was so confidential, that I hardly know what to put on paper; but his real object is to befriend us; he acquits us of any wrong doctrine, really values the services which have been rendered, wants to be able to defend us to others.

[1] Among them [the visitors] at one time was Dr. Pusey. . . . He expressed a wish to witness the ceremony of a religious profession, and Mrs. Aikenhead . . . willingly made an exception in his favour, and invited him to a profession in Stanhope Street, on which occasion his respectful demeanour and recollected manner much struck those who observed him.—Life of Mary Aikenhead, foundress in 1815 of the Irish Order of 'Sisters of Charity,' p. 257. Dublin, 1879.

Fresh anxieties were crowding upon him. Dr. Newman has told us of the 'second blow' which came upon him this year.

> The Bishops one after another began to charge against me. It was a formal, determinate movement. . . . They went on in this way directing charges at me, for three whole years.[1]

Every attack upon his friend was a blow on Dr. Pusey's heart, all the more since, in spite of his refusing almost to the end to recognize the differences between them, he can hardly have been without misgivings as to the effect upon Mr. Newman of this series of episcopal charges. And then (to use the latter's words), 'as if all this were not enough, there came the affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric.' With this matter, which pressed heavily upon Mr. Newman, Dr. Pusey was not at this time seriously occupied; the scheme had been started by the King of Prussia, Frederic William IV., who persuaded the English Government and Church to commission a Bishop to take charge alike of Anglicans, German Protestants, and any others who chose to put themselves under him. Dr. Pusey was inclined at first to hope that the power of Catholicity would prevail, and the various Protestant sectarians be united to the Anglican communion, but Mr. Newman was strong against 'the proposed alliance with the German Protestants: Lutheranism and Calvinism, he urged, had been condemned as heresies by the East as well as the West,' and Dr. Pusey's first view, that a Bishop for the English at Jerusalem was not contrary to the rule of antiquity (which permitted that people speaking different languages, though in the same place, might each have a Bishop), was altered

[1] Apologia pro Vita Sua (ed. 1873), pp. 139, 140.

on finding 'that the congregation at Jerusalem, which was pleaded as a reason for establishing the bishopric, amounted to four persons.'[1]

What an experiment! (he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury), to bring together persons, one knows not whom, sound or unsound, pious or worldly, bound together by no associations, accustomed to no obedience, who on the very Lord's Day have practically but one service, and scarcely any through the year besides; never kneel in the public worship of God, sitting when they sing their hymns, and standing when they receive the Holy Eucharist—under pastors *consenting* to receive Episcopal ordination, but not, as themselves contend, valuing it—if this may even be without profanation,—and make ourselves responsible for them, and exhibit these as specimens of the English Church to the Greek Communion, which has just heard again of us, and is beginning to value us.

In Mr. Newman's view 'the proposed Bishopric was the foundation of a new body which was to supplant eventually all the other portions of the Church;' in Mr. Gladstone's 'it was to inaugurate an experimental or fancy Church.'

On Michaelmas Day, 1841, Mr. Keble wrote to Dr. Pusey:—

My Professorship[2] ends, I believe, the 13th December. I can resign as much sooner as may be thought right, after reading my lecture, which is all ready.

No one could doubt that Mr. Isaac Williams was the fittest person to succeed to the vacant chair, but the opponents of Tract 90 seized on the opportunity of 'condemning Tractarianism by a side-wind,' and put up Mr. Garbett, a man of culture, but no poet, as the Anti-Tractarian candidate. An immense effort was made to secure Mr.

[1] See Life, ii. pp. 248–60.

[2] Of Poetry.

Williams's election, and Mr. Newman believed it might have been successful had the question come to the poll; but on a comparison of votes Mr. Williams withdrew from the contest.

> The minority (Mr. Mozley wrote to his sister) of 623 was a great blow to the opposite side, who had been counting on a majority of 3 to 1. . . . The Master of Balliol gives out that he considers Garbett the most improper man in the University for the office.[1]

Bishop Bagot, in a letter to Dr. Pusey of January 28, 1842, begs him to thank Mr. Isaac Williams for 'a very amiable letter' which he had received from him after the election to the Poetry Professorship, and adds:—

> Let us now hope that the termination of the contest will tend at least to peace; but, my dear sir, there will *not* be peace, or any general right understanding [as to] where you yourselves would lead us if you cannot restrain those younger men who, professing to be your followers, run into extremes, but who, in fact, cease to follow any persons who do not go to the same extent they themselves judge to be right.

The Bishop expected from Dr. Pusey what he was powerless to effect. There was a general feeling of strain and unsettlement. Cardinal Newman has described the state of his own mind at this time—the doubt which had arisen long before, and which he had laid, but which followed him like a ghost, ever with him, though seen only by himself. He was wholly reticent on the subject with those who, like Ward and Oakeley, exerted influence and drew him far beyond the *via media* which he had advocated, and with Dr. Pusey, who, unvexed by doubts, always took

[1] Letters of Rev. J. B. Mozley, p. 126.

it for granted that he and his friend must be of one mind on all important points. Yet, however much Newman's soul dwelt apart, it could not be but that the very fact of change and misgivings in so great a mind must have had a disturbing influence on the highly charged atmosphere around him. Not what he said, but what he was, told on his followers. When he wrote, 'I am almost in despair of keeping men together. The only possible way is a monastery. . . . Yet the clamour is so great . . . that I shall be stopped,'[1] he expresses increasing trouble and perplexity more than in any words to Dr. Pusey.

The growing difference between the friends is pathetic; Mr. Newman conscious of it, and at times avoiding intercourse with Dr. Pusey, lest he should implicate or influence him—the latter still believing that any difference between them was no more than varying shades of the same thoughts. It was a bad time; the Bishops aggrieved, believing that he and Mr. Newman had thrown the reins on the neck of the team they were supposed to drive,[2] and the latter aggrieved and alienated by the Bishop's Charges. Out they came, in quick succession, in the spring of 1842; Copleston of Llandaff, Pepys of Worcester, Musgrave of Hereford, Thirlwall of St. David's, Blomfield of London, Denison of Salisbury, and, alas! Bishop Bagot of Oxford. The Bishops of Chester, Lichfield, Durham, and Winchester had charged against the Tract in the previous autumn.

[1] Letter to J. R. Hope, Life, ii. p. 268.

[2] A fortnight since (Mr. Henderson wrote to Dr. Pusey, Ash Wednesday, 1842) the Bishop of London said this to myself, 'I remarked yesterday to the Archbishop, and he quite agreed with me, that we had been worse treated by the Oxford writers than we have ever been by the Evangelical party in the whole course of our government in the Church.'

'There were no converts to Rome,' Newman tells us, 'till after the condemnation of Tract 90,' and now two or three passed over to the Roman Communion; and, as he adds—

> The new party rapidly formed and increased, in and out of Oxford. . . . These men cut into the original movement at an angle, fell across its line of thought, and then set about turning that line in its own direction.[1] . . . Nothing was clearer concerning them than that they needed to be kept in order; and on me, who had so much to do with the making of them, that duty was as clearly incumbent; and it is equally clear . . . that I was just the person, above all others, who could not undertake it.[2]

He could not, for clouds were gathering round himself; and his conscience, ever sensitive and strong, forced him to avoid all guidance of others, when he was not sure of the right path.

'Ward and Oakeley,' Dr. Pusey wrote to him (Whitsun Eve, 1842), 'seem to have in view chiefly the building on; I wish our foundations to be broader and deeper, and more settled. Ward's sympathies are most with those whom he is anxious to retain; mine most with those who are advancing, and in danger of being repelled. But when so great a work is going on, so many minds stirred, and progress everywhere, one must not surely neglect those whom any may think weak, for the sake of those who seem strong and are bolder. One cannot afford to part with any, to discourage any.'

In another note he reports to Newman that an unnamed person feared 'that you did not express so distinctly as you felt, the duty of abiding by our Church; people about you had given him this impression generally,

[1] Apologia, p. 141.

[2] Ibid. pp. 163, 164 (ed. 1873).

not, of course, that he was prying or suspicious, but it had somehow been forced upon him.'

Dr. Newman's reply probably brought the following undated note:—

MY VERY DEAR NEWMAN,— . . . I really do not think you know how much people love and respect you, and what sympathy they feel with you. I should never have written about persons who 'criticize'; it was on account of persons who were perplexed; persons younger than yourself, who look up to you, and did not know how much you meant.

I felt satisfied that you did not mean to imply any doubt about Anglican views, nor do I think ought others; I only meant that some would have liked to have known more explicitly that you did not.

Forgive my troubling you thus; do not think or say any more of what I have said. I have wished I could have had some share of your trials; but I have not been worthy of them. If I may say so, God bless you in them.

Your very affectionate and grateful friend,

E. B. PUSEY.

As usual in troublous times, Dr. Pusey came to the front, and wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in order to set matters fairly before the Bishops.

I like your slips very much indeed (Mr. Newman wrote of the first proofs sent to him), and think them quite beautiful, though the *effect* of the publication I cannot divine.[1]

It appears on the whole to have done good, and to have influenced more or less several of the Bishops.

Amid the manifold troubles of this year Dr. Pusey

[1] The letter itself is the most striking of the compositions which Pusey produced. . . . No previous task of the kind to which he had set his hand had been so delicate and so difficult; never had he written . . . with so keen a sense of urgent and increasing danger.—Life, ii. p. 278.

found refreshment and joy in the growing beauty of his eldest child's character. He writes to Mr. Keble during the 'octave of Christmas, 1841,' 'Dear Lucy, whom you contributed to prepare for confirmation, is going on very lovelily.' He was wont to spend his Christmas vacation with his children, at Clifton or Brighton. 'I remember,' his daughter writes, 'the delightful walks we had with him over some downland, to Bristol Cathedral; and there I learnt first, for the rest of my life, never to look about me in church.'

The Long Vacation of 1842 was spent by Dr. Pusey with his children at Margate. There is a sad letter from him, written from thence to Mr. Newman, concerning the restlessness and vague disquiet prevailing amongst their friends.

> Everybody almost suspected every one. I found that I had added to, or perhaps occasioned, much of the suspiciousness by my visits to the convents.[1] People do not know what to think when they are in a panic. . . . The Roman Catholics give out that you and a body of others are coming over. . . . It is painful to be suspected, though you have so long been accustomed to commit your innocence to God.

Newman's answer was not reassuring. In his great 'Apologia' he says, 'From the end of 1841 I was on my deathbed as regards my membership with the Anglican Church, though at the time I became aware of it only by degrees.'[2] And now (August 24, 1842) he acknowledges to his friend 'misgivings not about her Orders, but about her ordinary enjoyment of the privileges they confer while she is so separate from Christendom, so tolerant of heresy.' But he adds that the very fact of his holding a

[1] In Ireland.

[2] Apologia, p. 147 (ed. 1873).

living would make it treachery on his part to countenance or be intimate with those seceding from the Anglican Church; and that he was hurt at this being thought possible.

In past years he had often used stronger language against Rome than Dr. Pusey could approve of, and now he wrote:—

LITTLEMORE, Martyrdom [January 31], 1843.

I very much fear you will think it necessary that I should ask your pardon for something I have been doing, as if it were rash—but my conscience would not stand out. You have before now truly said that *I* have said far severer things against Rome than yourself—and I am so sure of it that I have thought I ought to unsay them. This I did about ten weeks or two months ago, and I believe that I have said it in the periodicals—but I have not seen it yet. I have said *nothing*, of course, on *doctrinal* points; but only as to *abuse*. *You* stand on very different grounds, and have to unsay nothing. I would not take advice of any one, because I wished to have the sole responsibility. . . . If any one values his luncheon on Thursday, he must not go to hear me at St. Mary's, for my sermon is of portentous length—and my only satisfaction is that, if any persons go out of curiosity, they will be punished.

I have not wished you a happy new year.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. N.

Dr. Pusey replied that he was not surprised, having heard some report on the subject, and that he did not take the letter to mean that Newman thought 'any form of speaking against Roman doctrine wrong,' since he had not retracted 'certain expressions in the same sentences which did speak against it, but more gently.' He also reminded him that there were those who watched every

expression of his, 'to make it as Romanizing, or as mistrustful of our position in the abstract, as they can.' 'I fear some friends will be dismayed,' he adds, . . . 'but good must come in the end from an act of conscience. I did not for a moment wish it otherwise.'

Rev. J. H. Newman to E. B. P.

February 3, 1843.

I am very much vexed that you should have heard of the matter you write about from any one but me, but it is not my fault.

[He then explains that a letter containing a proof had fallen into the hands of one for whom it was not intended.]

Nothing was farther from my wish than to imply any doubt about the Anglican theory—but I had rather not speak at all on the subject, which I have done as a matter of conscience. If persons will criticize the *mode*, let them. They have criticized me too often already for me to be called on to justify myself to them. If you are asked, the simple case is that you knew nothing about it. Please say I am obstinate and dangerous and impracticable.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. N.

P.S.—If all the Bishops *will* censure me personally, it is not wonderful (by-the-bye) that I have my *quid pro quo*. I have no character to lose.

Dr. Pusey sent (Saturday morning, February 4) a loving, soothing letter in reply to this note, telling him that he had written on account of young men, who looked up to him, and were perplexed, not knowing how much was meant.

Your note is very kind, as is everything you do (Newman replied).[1] *Mere* facts will make a very dry work. Comment there

[1] The note is undated; it was probably written in the evening of February 4.

cannot help being; for what is comment but the colour which the individual writer gives them? And I fear that a wish to be united to Rome is part of the feeling of mind and the comment with which I should write, did I write. I am not sure that people misunderstood me—though I don't know what they say.

One thing I am sure of, that you in your great kindness have far more 'confidence' in me than I deserve. For years I have been eager that people should not have confidence in me—because I have not confidence in myself.

To Mr. Keble Dr. Pusey wrote (February 6):—

I fear he (N.) is sadly harassed by the condemnations of Bishops, and by things said on one side and the other; so that something soothing might be of use to him. . . . N.'s letter seems to me only a withdrawing of language, which always surprised me, as being so much bolder than any I should have ventured upon. . . . I do not see that people ought to be disturbed about it. C. Marriott said he 'was very glad of it.'

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER X.

EXTRACT FROM 'TRACT 90 AND ITS CONSEQUENCES,' BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. 'GOOD WORDS,' 1881, p. 306.

AFTER I had taken my degree . . . I spent some months in Ireland in the family of an Evangelical clergyman.[1] I need not mention names which have no historical notability. My new friends were favourable specimens of a type which was then common in Ireland. . . . Mr. —— and the circle into which I was thrown, were, to begin with, high-bred and cultivated gentlemen. They had seen the world. Some of them had been connected with the public movements of the time. . . . My friend's father had been attacked in his Palace, and the folios in the library bore the marks of having been used to barricade the windows. He himself spoke as if he was living on a volcano; but he was as unconcerned as a soldier at his post, and so far as outward affairs went he was as kind to Catholics as to Protestants. His outdoor servants were Catholics, and they seemed attached to him, but he knew that they belonged to secret societies, and that if they were ordered to kill him, they would do it. The presence of exceptional danger elevates characters which it does not demoralize. There was a quiet good sense, an intellectual breadth of feeling in this household, which to me, who had been bred up to despise Evangelicals as unreal and affected, was a startling surprise. I had looked down on Dissenters especially, as being vulgar among their other enormities; here were persons whose creed differed little from that of the Calvinistic Methodists, yet they were easy, natural, and dignified. In Ireland they were part of a missionary garrison,

[1] See p. 187. Mr. Froude was tutor to Mr. Cleaver's eldest son, Euseby.

and in their daily lives they carried the colours of their faith. In Oxford reserve was considered a becoming feature in the religious character. The doctrines of Christianity were mysteries, and mysteries were not lightly to be spoken of. Christianity at —— was part of the atmosphere which we breathed; it was the great fact of our existence, to which everything else was subordinated. Mystery it might be, but not more of a mystery than our own bodily lives, and the system of which we were a part. The problem was to arrange all our thoughts and acquirements in harmony with the Christian revelation, and to act it out consistently in all that we said and did. The family devotions were long, but there was no formalism, and everybody took a part in them. A chapter was read and talked over, and practical lessons were drawn out of it; otherwise there were no long faces or solemn affectations; the conversations were never foolish or trivial; serious subjects were lighted up as if by an ever-present spiritual sunshine. . . . More beautiful human characters than those of my Irish Evangelical friends I had never seen, and I have never seen since.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CONDEMNED SERMON.

1843.

> Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
> And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
>
> 2 *Henry VI.* iii.

UNTIL the publication of the second volume of Dr. Pusey's Life, the true story of the condemnation of his sermon, 'The Holy Eucharist a Comfort to the Penitent,' had never been told. Even in 'The Oxford Movement,' published in 1891, Dean Church wrote of the condemnation:—

> To the end of the business all was wrought in secrecy: no one knows to this day how the examination of the sermon was conducted, or what were the opinions of the judges. . . . To this day no one knows what were the definite passages, what was the express or necessarily involved heresy or contradiction of the formularies on which the condemnation was based; nor—except on the supposition of gross ignorance of English divinity on the part of the judges—is it easy for a reader to put his fingers on the probably incriminating passages.[1]

Dr. Liddon was determined that all concerning that unjust judgment should be brought to light, believing the condemned sermon the most important in Dr. Pusey's life, 'in its practical effects upon himself and the Church at

[1] The Oxford Movement, pp. 287, 288.

large.' After all the original letters and documents kept by her father relating to the matter had been placed by his daughter at Dr. Liddon's disposal, 'he told me,' she writes, 'with a look of triumph in his face, that *now* my father should be vindicated, and the truth told as regarded his unjust suspension, as it had never been told before.' He took care that they should be bound together in one thick volume, labelled 'Suspension Sermon' (hereafter to be laid up in the Library of Pusey House at Oxford), and this volume has furnished material for the following brief story.

The sermon was preached before the University, on the Fourth Sunday after Easter, May 14, 1843, and was intended to be one of a series on Comforts to the Penitent, conceived with a view to mitigate what many felt the extreme severity of his Tract on Baptism.

Thirty-one years later, Dr. Pusey said that it never occurred to him, 'that any question would be raised on the subject,' since the sermon 'implied rather than stated even the doctrine of the Real Objective Presence, and was written chiefly in the language of the Fathers. Its one object was to inculcate the love of our Redeemer for us sinners in the Holy Eucharist.' It set forth the teaching of 'Scripture, the Fathers, and Liturgies, and concluded with some practical considerations, addressed to the Chapter of Christ Church (which at that time only sanctioned a monthly celebration of the Eucharist in their cathedral), and also to those wishing much for more spiritual privileges before they were, perhaps, ready to receive them.'

There were, however, too many on the watch against

Dr. Pusey, and ready to take his contrary part. Amongst these, Dr. Faussett, Margaret Professor of Divinity, was one of the bitterest, and on Tuesday, the 16th, he applied to the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Wynter, to put in force the Statute *De Concionibus* against the sermon. 'In reply to this request,' Dr. Wynter wrote in his statement,[1] 'I gave, as far as I recollect, a promise to put the Statute in force.'

On Dr. Faussett himself, as Margaret Professor, would fall the duty of being one of the judges to decide on the orthodoxy of a debated sermon; and it was therefore a singularly unbecoming action to come forward as accuser in a matter on which he was bound to be a judge. Dr. Wynter wrote to Dr. Pusey, asking for a copy of the sermon, of which, he said, 'the general scope and certain particular passages' had aroused painful misgivings in his mind, with regard to their strict conformity to the doctrine of the Church of England.

E. B. P. to Rev. J. Keble.

Wednesday evening (May 17, 1843).

My dear Friend,— . . . I wish just now to tell you of my troubles. I have learnt this afternoon that some one has applied to the V.-C. to put in force the Statute of the six or seven Doctors against me for a sermon last Sunday on the Holy Eucharist, and he has sent for a copy of it. There is nothing to be done for me, but to pray God that it turn to the good of His Church and of myself.

'I have wished I could have had some share of your trials,' he had written, in February, to Newman. 'But I

[1] 'A manuscript account of the whole proceedings,' placed at Dr. Liddon's disposal 'by the great courtesy of Dr. Wynter's representatives.'—See Life, ii. p. 309.

have not been worthy of them.' Now he wrote, 'You will be very sorry that the storm has at last reached me,'—that he was quite sure there was nothing in his sermon against the Church of England, and that he had added references to it, thinking it best that his judges 'might not be exposed unconsciously to condemn, *e.g.* St. Cyril of Alexandria' when they thought they were only condemning him.

The trial involved in these proceedings fell on Dr. Pusey when he was in deep anxiety about his eldest and most beloved child, who was seriously ill. There was a decided improvement, and he wrote to Miss Rogers on May 22, the same day that he sent his letter to Dr. Wynter :—

I know not whether I ought to construe your letter as though all danger of consumption at this time were removed. But, . . . my sanguineness prevailed on the whole.

My own fever seems nearly gone, but I am still a prisoner to the house. . . . The painful business I spoke of is now known in Oxford, but I do not wish it spoken of elsewhere. It is nothing less than my being arraigned for teaching contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England in my sermon on Sunday week. It was on the Holy Eucharist. Now, although I am quite certain that there is nothing in contravention of that doctrine, of course if others interpret that doctrine differently, they may make out that there is, so what will be the result, no one knows. If those appointed as judges are adverse (as most of the Heads are), they may condemn me, and therewith suspend me from preaching in the University. This is a small matter in itself; but the apparent condemnation of God's truth, though by a small number, yet as a University act, might be very injurious. Meantime I hope, as I always do, and do not look on. . . . I suspect it is an attack from an extreme quarter which has long been on the watch. My love and blessing to the dear children. I am very glad to hear that dear M. is trying to be patient and please God.

He asked for a short delay in sending the copy of his sermon, partly on account of illness, partly that references might be added to show that he was using the language of the Fathers, not his own. On May 22, he sent the copy to the Vice-Chancellor, with a long letter, in which he says, 'Neither before nor after preaching my sermon had I the slightest thought that any could arraign it as contrary to the doctrines of our Church.'

He also mentions the fact of his having frequently expressed his 'rejection of the doctrine of Transubstantiation,' and declares that while firmly believing in the Real Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Eucharist, he holds it 'as I do the absolute fore-knowledge of God and man's free agency, without having any thought to explain how, and believe both, as Bishop Andrewes says, as a mystery.'

Meanwhile Dr. Wynter had appointed the members of the Court which was to try him. They were, besides his accuser (Dr. Faussett), Dr. Jenkyns, Master of Balliol; Dr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel; Dr. Symons, Warden of Wadham; Dr. Ogilvie, Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology; and Dr. Jelf, Canon of Christ Church. The last, Dr. Pusey's oldest and dear friend, wrote to him that he would never have consented to be a member of the Court, 'unless, from his recollection of the sermon and Dr. Pusey's subsequent explanations, he had not a confident hope that there would be nothing in it which it might be necessary to condemn:' and that his *sole motive* for not declining was 'the hope of benefiting' his friend.

The six Doctors met twice, the second time (May 27) to deliver, severally, written judgments. Five condemned

the sermon as contrary to the Church's teaching; Dr. Jelf alone declaring 'there is nothing tangible which can be called *dissonum* to our Church's teaching; there is, to my mind, nothing *contrarium*.'

Dr. Pusey, when sending in his sermon, had requested the Vice-Chancellor to 'choose that course allowed by the Statute which permits the accused to answer for himself.'

However, when the Doctors had separately delivered their opinions, Dr. Wynter says in his statement :—

> I proceeded to declare that I considered Dr. Pusey guilty of the charge laid against him, namely, that he had preached certain things[1] which were either dissonant from, or contrary to, the doctrine of the Church of England.

Thus, in defiance of common law, of Canon law, of English notions of justice, of precedent, and of his own appeal to be allowed to plead in his own defence, Dr. Pusey 'was condemned without a hearing.'

Dr. Liddon mentions that there had been eight cases since the passing of the Statute (four before 1640, and four after the Restoration), and that, in all, the accused preacher 'appeared in person before the Vice-Chancellor.'[2] Possibly Dr. Wynter may have had uneasy forebodings as to the effect which would be produced in the University and the country by giving Dr. Pusey the opportunity granted to every criminal.

This, however, being refused, it only remained to pronounce sentence. The Vice-Chancellor had, by the Statute,

[1] What these 'things' were was never publicly stated, and apparently for the reason that the judges were not agreed on them, and that the vague hostility to the sermon in which they were agreed would not bear general discussion.—Life, ii. p. 317.

[2] See ibid. p. 318.

to chose between recantation and suspension. Desiring the former, and the Doctors not agreeing, he betook himself to Dr. Hawkins, who framed certain '*objections*,' numbered 1, 2, 3, made out against the sermon, and recommended that, should Dr. Pusey desire to disclaim the opinions in these 'objections,' it should be in their exact words. But first his friend Dr. Jelf was sent to him, to find out whether he would agree to the terms on which he would even be allowed to see these 'objections.' He has himself recorded that he received no communication whatever from the Court until told privately by Dr. Jelf that the sermon was condemned; that he was told at the same time that the Vice-Chancellor positively refused to hear his defence, but that if he would sign certain statements of doctrine, the sentence might be reversed. It was made a condition of his seeing these statements that he was *to take no copy of them*, consult no friend, and keep the fact of his receiving them, and their contents, a strict secret.

Dr. Pusey consented to these outrageous conditions, 'for the peace of the Church.' Dr. Liddon has written strongly of the grave error of judgment into which he fell by so doing; by not 'insisting upon the entire publicity of all that passed between himself and his judges,' together with 'full liberty to consult his friends,' and by not at once stating that he would only communicate with Dr. Wynter directly, *and in writing*, on his acceptance of the conditions.

Dr. Jelf was again sent to him with two documents,[1] one, the 'objections' to his sermon drawn out by Dr. Hawkins, numbered 1, 2, and 3; the other, three

[1] For the whole text of these documents see Life, ii. pp. 323, 324.

statements in connection with these objections, each beginning 'I did not intend,' which Dr. Pusey was required to sign. The 'objections' in the first paper were not definite statements contained in the sermon; but that 'certain passages,' (1) 'convey the idea of,' etc.; (2) 'suggest the idea of,' etc.; (3) 'represent,' etc. That is, the greatest theologian in Oxford was condemned unheard, not on the ground of any statement in his sermon contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England, but because certain passages 'conveyed an idea' to his judges' minds which they conceived to contradict that doctrine.[1]

No. 1 of 'I did not intend' Dr. Pusey was willing to adopt entirely; to part of No. 2 he objected '*in point of form*,' as an unauthorized formula, and to part of No. 3 as 'going beyond the formularies of our Church.' He wrote a long letter to the Vice-Chancellor, in which, after communicating his decision, he reminded him that he had asked for 'definite propositions' of his own in the sermon, '*not adhering to our formularies*,' and said that he believed proceedings founded on the 'objections' would be unstatutable, as well as harsh and unjust. The words in No. 3 which Dr. Pusey refused to sign were:—

I did not intend to represent the Body and Blood of Christ as present with the consecrated elements by virtue of their consecration before they are received by the faithful communicant and independently of his faith.

[1] 'It was this paper,' Dr. Pusey wrote later to Newman, 'which showed me the entire injustice of the whole proceedings, and it was on the ground of what I saw in this paper that I told the V.-C., when I sent him my protest, that if I might have alluded to all I knew, my protest must have been much stronger. For this paper showed me that they had no definite propositions at all, contrary to the formularies, but only statements, on which they put their own construction, and derived from them senses distinct from mine; besides that, they went beyond or against our formularies.'

He could not of course sign such words. The point narrowed itself to this: he held the doctrine of the whole undivided Catholic Church, and was amply prepared to prove that in so doing he held and taught nothing contrary to our formularies; his accusers and judges did not hold it, but were far from being ready to prove it contrary to the teaching of the Anglican Church, and were firmly determined not to give him any opportunity for argument.

A third time Dr. Jelf was sent to him, on June 1, with three shorter formulæ, more objectionable, if possible, than the first. 'I considered this,' he said later, 'a mere mockery.' Again he was allowed no copy, nor even to have in his hand the paper on which they were written.

On the reception of his reply to his judges, which Dr. Jelf delivered that evening, the Vice-Chancellor resolved to impose the punishment of suspension on Dr. Pusey. The formal notification (in Latin) of the sentence, suspending him from preaching within the precincts of the University for two years, is dated June 2, 1843, and that morning Dr. Jelf brought the tidings to Dr. Pusey. 'The Vice-Chancellor allowed him *to tell Dr. Pusey that he had not had a hearing*.' He immediately sent a protest against it to Dr. Wynter, declaring that he had 'ground to think' that, 'as no propositions out of my sermon have been exhibited to me as at variance with the doctrines of our Church, so neither can they; but that I have been condemned either on a mistaken construction of my words, founded upon the doctrinal opinions of my judges, or on grounds distinct from the formularies of our Church.'

But he was hampered in every public word by his unfortunate promise to keep his judges' manœuvres secret. He sent a private letter with his protest to the Vice-Chancellor, saying he had tried to avoid in the latter anything which might betray how much he really knew of the grounds of his condemnation, in which case he must have spoken very much more strongly. He adds :—

It does seem to me so utterly contrary to all justice, that when, of three sets of propositions, I accepted entirely the first and largest, of the other two I accepted *ex animo* all which was contained in our formularies, . . . it does seem to me to be so utterly contrary to all principles of justice and equity (not to speak of charity) to afford me no further opportunity of vindication, that I can only say I pray that my judges may not, in the Great Day, receive the measure which they have dealt to me.

To Miss Rogers, his children's governess, he wrote with his usual thoughtfulness for others :—

CHRIST CHURCH, June 2, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have what I fear will be heavy news for you, though to me in itself light, that I am suspended from preaching in the University for two years. This will open, I fear, a fearful controversy, in which the Radical and political press will pour out miserable floods of blasphemy.

However, I did not willingly occasion it, nor even choose the subject willingly, and have done what I could to prevent it; so I am at rest. One thing I have thought of for some time, whether, if this event did happen, it ought not to occasion a suspension of my visits to Clifton, for, hitherto, however people spoke against me, no authority had decided upon me; now a body which, however constituted, is the representative of the University, has declared that I have taught doctrines at variance with those of the Church of England; and parents might well have misgivings about me. There is no reason to decide at once; your kind visit

to the sea with us cannot prejudice your school more than hitherto; so to this, please God, I shall look forward. . . .

My love and blessing to the dear children; kindest regards to all yours.

Yours affectionately and faithfully,
E. B. Pusey.

When Dr. Pusey's protest was made public, his judges found themselves in a hole. They 'had never thought of giving him a hearing before condemning him,' but were most averse to it being *known* that they had condemned him unheard, fearing the 'comments of all fair-minded people in the University and elsewhere, who, without knowing or caring much about theology, had distinct ideas of the requirements of justice.' [1]

In this perplexity the Provost of Oriel, Dr. Hawkins, ingenious rather than ingenuous throughout, suggested that it might be made known that Dr. Pusey *had been communicated with*, while keeping him to his promise of secrecy. They knew that to allow what had passed between Drs. Jelf and Pusey to be published would have brought no small discredit on themselves, but, Dr. Hawkins wrote to the Vice-Chancellor:—

Although your *communications* with Dr. Pusey have been themselves private and confidential, I do not see any reason why *the fact* should be private—the fact that Dr. Pusey had written to you a note accompanying his sermon, and that in consequence of it you had privately inquired of him through a mutual friend whether he was likely to make such explanations as could be satisfactory.

Dr. Hawkins does not suggest it should be made public that the *sermon was condemned* before even the

[1] Life, ii. p. 332.

private attempt to extort a recantation was made. He then wrote to Dr. Jelf, impugning Dr. Pusey's 'veracity and honesty' for making no mention in his public Protest of the private messages sent to him. This charge Dr. Pusey, of course, repudiated, complaining of the unfair position in which he was placed by his scrupulous observance of the obligation to secrecy. He wrote to the Vice-Chancellor :—

I am quite willing to say absolutely nothing, or to enter into the fullest explanation, as you think best or give me leave. Only, I cannot make, or allow of, half statements (such as were those of the Provost of Oriel, in part also mis-statements) which, without the full explanation, would throw suspicion on my truth. I have kept the whole nature of the communications a strict secret from my nearest friends, as I was enjoined; but unless equal silence is imposed upon all, I must regard the understanding at an end, and myself released from an engagement which was understood to be mutual.

He refused to make half-statements when pressed to do so at Dr. Hawkins's suggestion; he could not, he wrote to Dr. Wynter, because—

It implies that which, in my mind, never took place. I have no objection to its being stated that 'certain private' communications were made by you to me without leading to any satisfactory result, 'provided I be allowed to say that secrecy is imposed upon me as to the nature of those communications, and also that no reports are circulated as to their nature.'

These reports, however, *were* circulated. His judges took advantage of his strict and honourable observance of his fatal promise. 'I have already heard,' he wrote to Newman (June 4), 'of a report that certain private communications "had taken place between the Vice-Chancellor

and myself, which rendered my Protest inconsistent with the facts of the case."' He was therefore obliged to publish a supplement to his Protest, in which he said :—

I felt myself bound not to allude to the fact that, after it was announced to me that my sermon had been condemned, I received confidential communications from yourself. I had been informed, when I received them, that the fact of my having received them, as well as their contents, was strictly confidential, and this injunction to entire silence had not been removed. . . . To the nature of those communications I can make no allusion, since you saw right to impose silence on me. It is sufficient to say that after they were concluded I received a message from yourself, '*Dr. Pusey has my full authority for saying that he has had no hearing.*' It ever was, and is, my full conviction, that had I had the hearing which (for the sake of the University and the Church) I earnestly asked for, I must have been acquitted.

I thought of this (he wrote to Newman) as getting rid of cavils and replies, and pretences that I was alluding to what was confidential, or had misrepresented it, for I have to do with a very dextrous caviller. And, after all, the V.-C.'s testimony that *I have had no hearing* is the striking fact.

On Trinity Sunday (June 11), the fourth anniversary of his wife's death, he wrote :—

Even the rest of this sacred day of rest is broken in upon. . . . I have fallen into the hands of one or more, blinded by prejudice and hostility, so that they have become hard-hearted, reckless, unscrupulous, and I am no match for such men. 'The sons of Zeruiah are too hard for me.' I feared, as soon as I knew it, that they would make out a plausible case of inaccuracy against me; people will believe just as they wish, and the whole controversy will be about my veracity, which will indispose people to the truths of the sermon when it appears. . . . This is miserable work for such a day as this; I can only say, 'Draw me out of the net which they have laid privily for me, for Thou art my God.'

Such proceedings could not take place without arousing indignation in fair-minded persons, even though the extent of their injustice was far from being known ; and the next move in the matter was an address to the Vice-Chancellor, signed by sixty-one resident members of Convocation and Bachelors of Civil Law, asking the Vice-Chancellor to make known to the University the grounds on which the sentence on Dr. Pusey was passed, in order that there might be no doubt as to *what* doctrine the sentence stigmatized as being contrary to that of the Church of England.

To this the Vice-Chancellor replied very shortly, regretting that he could not comply with their request.

An address, signed by 230 non-resident members of Convocation, was then forwarded to him by Mr. Badeley, their legal adviser, the third and fourth names appended to it being those of Mr. Gladstone and Judge Coleridge. It deprecated, very briefly, 'that construction of the Statute under which Dr. Pusey had been condemned ; which, contrary to the general principles of justice, subjects a person to penalties without affording him the means of explanation or defence.'

Dr. Wynter was furious ; he wrote a most intemperate reply, and chose to mark his anger by sending the University Bedel to London with his reply and the address, which he refused to receive.

Have tidings of the correspondence between Badeley and the Vice-Chancellor reached you? (Mr. J. B. Mozley wrote to Mr. Church).[1] 'The V.-C. has positively refused to receive the address, and attributed malicious and seditious motives to the signers of it! says they are acting against their University oath! You

[1] The late Dean of St. Paul's.

never saw such a document for unbridled folly. Gladstone, Judge Coleridge, and all are put together, and the whole set put down as boys; and the V.-C. acts as if he were the Vice-Chancellor of the universe. Badeley is amazingly on the *qui vive* about it, enjoying it more than I can describe. Gladstone is excessively indignant.'[1]

Sir Thomas Acland wrote (June 11) to Dr. Pusey, that—

Gladstone too thought it absolutely necessary that you should seek the judgment of the Church, and not seem by acquiescence to give countenance to the reports; he has a strong feeling that there is a fearful and tyrannical endeavour in several quarters to crush by calumny, or in some way, all freedom of thought and development of Catholic truth on points not concluded by any judgment of the Church. It is delightful to see how, as he rises in the State, his religious interest seems to gain in freshness and in intensity.

Judge Coleridge wrote to the Vice-Chancellor later with regard to his violent words against those who had signed the address:—

My conduct proceeded and proceeds on the most undoubting conviction that the course pursued towards Dr. Pusey was not only cruel to him and radically unjust in principle, but most dangerous to the Church, and directly conducive to the very ends which yet, I doubt not, it was honestly intended to prevent.

There is a paper by the Rev. Isaac Williams, which Dr. Liddon thinks was intended for publication, in which he writes of Dr. Pusey's treatment:—

Nothing has been known in our days like the feeling with which it has been received by all within the more immediate circles of Oxford Society; men look at each other as if some

[1] Letters of J. B. Mozley, p. 145.

wicked thing had been perpetrated on which they could not venture to speak; in all there is a deep feeling that it is not to end here; and a sense of love and reverence for the injured person, strongly entertained, but never perhaps before fully known or expressed, breaks out in sayings from men of all opinions, which has much struck me. 'He is so marked by the hand of Heaven, by sacred sorrows,' said one, 'there is something so sacrosanct about him, that they dare not touch him; it cannot be.' 'Why, he is like a guardian angel to the place,' said another. . . . They have resolutely refused to mention any one objectionable proposition in the sermon, or in what way it is discordant with the Church of England. All whom I have met with considered the sermon very innocent and unexceptionable.

The sermon was published, though against its author's first intentions.

I gave up my own feelings at first to your judgment (he wrote to Newman). At first my feelings were to risk anything rather than publish; then conviction of the necessity seemed to come over me; and, at last, the general expectation that I should publish seems to supersede private judgment.

Many years afterwards, a man of position and exceptional culture, but of the extremest type of Low Churchmen,[1] looking upon Tractarian views as most pernicious and even soul-destroying, told the writer that, hearing the condemned sermon much talked of, he bought it and read it. 'I suppose,' he added, 'that there are things in it which theologians perceive to be wrong; for myself, I could only say, after reading it, "Happy man, happy man, who can thus feel and write!"'

My sermon, though free from controversy, is, as being full of the Fathers, full of the highest doctrine (Dr. Pusey wrote to

[1] The late Hon. George F. Colley, father of Sir George Colley.

Mr. Keble just before its publication). Some one said (though I was quite unconscious of it) that it was 'very strong meat.' Now I dread the ignorance of the present day, and that it would speak against me when it would not speak against our Divines.

The sermon was published by the end of June, with a Preface, a long catena of Anglican divines, and lengthy notes, chiefly of reference to the Fathers.

Dr. Pusey must have found some comfort in the real gratitude with which it was received by men of great esteem. 'I have now to thank you' (Mr. Arthur Acland wrote), . . . 'for having furnished me with one of the very few, if not the only thing which goes really to my heart on that holy subject amongst the writings of the members of the English Church;' and Sir George Prevost, one of the most 'moderate' of High Churchmen, wrote, 'I am anxious to express my full conviction that there are those to whom your statement of the doctrine of the Eucharist has supplied a consolation such as they never knew before. For their sake, not to speak of yet higher considerations, I am sure you will not have suffered in vain.' From Cambridge, Professor Mill wrote that he felt, 'after reading your sermon, that the theology of the Fathers on the Holy Eucharist had been in a manner proscribed in your person.'

Amongst the many letters of thanks which he received, one from Mr. Gladstone was especially valued.

13, Carlton House Terrace,

June 30, 1843.

My dear Dr. Pusey,—I have this morning received and read your sermon, and I beg you to accept my best thanks for your kindness in sending it to me.

Without presuming to go beyond my own sphere, I must say that the surprise and regret with which I first heard of the Vice-Chancellor's proceedings in relation to it are augmented by its perusal, and I am quite at a loss to account to myself for steps which seem so groundless. However unwarranted, they must be deeply painful to one whose feelings have ever been kept so much in harmony as yours with the actual Church of England, and it may at first sight seem strange that a blow of this kind should fall on such an one; but doubtless therein lies the special wisdom of the appointment. I cannot tell you with what warm appreciation I read your Preface.

With the earnest prayer that you may enjoy abundant support and guidance through these critical events,

I remain, my dear Dr. Pusey,
Very sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

An honorary degree had been given at the late commemoration to a Unitarian, and Dr. Pusey wrote to Newman (July 4) from Pusey, where he had gone at the end of Term, of its being an undesirable 'juxtaposition, to condemn me, and then with their eyes open or wilfully shut' to have given this degree.

'I have a very nice letter from Gladstone,' he added, 'about my sermon, which he had read. My elder brother tells me our friends in the House of Commons cannot find out what I have been condemned for. I have not heard on the other side. I am much as I was, but this place has not had a fair trial yet. I am not worse.'

He was much broken in health, and in another note writes to Newman of feeling his strength daily lessening, and being a good deal weaker than when he left Oxford, but expresses the hope that, if fever abate, 'by God's

blessing I may yet take my part in doing service for His Church here;' and in another note (July 19) he mentions 'the beautiful glowing sun of Sunday and Monday' as having done him much good, and his head being stronger, so that he could 'think about things which were a weariness to it before.'

At Pusey he was occupied in considering the question of an appeal against his sentences to the Queen's Bench, which many of his friends advised. Sir Roundell Palmer had 'a very strong opinion in the matter of the six Doctors, namely, that what the Vice-Chancellor had done was quite illegal, and must, and would be, set aside upon appeal to any superior authority having jurisdiction of the matter.'[1]

E. B. P. to Rev. J. Keble.

Pusey, July 21, 1843.

You will be kindly glad to hear that Dr. Wootton thinks me going on well, and that the chest is not affected. I certainly have, by God's mercy, been recovering strength lately, though out of much weakness. . . . Yet, although unable to do anything yet, I still hope, through the prayers of my friends, to be able again to do something for His Church.

The lawyer's opinion has only reached me in the shape that 'Hope is very anxious that you should try the Queen's Bench,' but on which ground I know not. I wrote my doubts to N., and await his answer. My own feeling was that I am best as I am, taking wrong-dealing quietly, and that the V.-C., etc., are in a difficulty rather than I; however, others see so much further than I, that I have told N. I am ready to do whatever he thinks

[1] At the end of a very long letter on legal points, Sir R. Palmer wrote, 'I hear but one sentiment concerning the sermon itself.' 'Roundell Palmer's letter is very kind,' Dr. Pusey wrote to Newman from Dover, 'for people do feel very kindly towards me, although I am nothing; the cause, everything.'

best. . . . I hope, early next week, to remove somewhere to my dear children.

I am very glad to hear you are getting off at last (Newman wrote, July 31); we thought you had gone some little time ago. The sea always does you so much good. . . . The lawyers in London are (I am told) *very strong* in recommending you to go into the Queen's Bench.

From Grosvenor Square Dr. Pusey replied (August 1), that he was 'certainly recovering strength. . . . To-morrow concludes three months of illness;' and from Dover (8, Marine Parade) he wrote of the sea air doing him much good, but with much depression of 'our controversies,' and the lack of 'ecclesiastical discipline.' 'It makes and finds one heavy-minded; the children are come to the birth; "is there strength to bring forth?"'[1]

'These things are heavy,' he wrote again, on hearing from Newman of Mr. Lockhart leaving the English communion, 'because one sympathizes with those who cause the sorrow, and our Church has not yet the strength to hold such. It is very dejecting, year after year, but it must have its end in humbling and purifying our Church.'

He informed Mr. Keble (August 18) that he had quite made up his mind that he ought to try to have the sentence reversed, 'and I the more hope this is right,' he added, 'because I had rather have remained quiet.'

But, *more suo,* Dr. Pusey had kept no copies of his letters to the Vice-Chancellor, and had not been permitted

[1] Words which Dr. Newman made his own in his last sermon at Littlemore.

to copy the statements sent for his signature. He therefore wrote, after two months of correspondence with friends and lawyers on the subject:—

CHRIST CHURCH, September 22, 1843.

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR,—In consequence, partly of illness and of the immediate urgency of the occasion on which I wrote to you last time, partly because it did not occur to me that I should ever wish to recall to mind what then passed, I took no copies of any of my notes to you; of the paper which I sent in, I was recommended by Dr. Jelf to take no copy. I now wish to be able to see what I did write to you, of which in some respects I have only an indistinct recollection. If, then, you have preserved the notes or paper which I sent to you, or that which Dr. Jelf took down from my mouth, I should be much obliged to you to let me have them again. I would return them in the course of the day.

I remain,
Your humble servant,
E. B. PUSEY.

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR TO E. B. P.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, September 22, 1843.

The Vice-Chancellor presents his compliments to Dr. Pusey. He regrets that circumstances preclude a compliance with his request.

E. B. P. TO THE VICE-CHANCELLOR.

CHRIST CHURCH, September 22, 1843.

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR,—I am sorry to trouble you again, but, as your note is general, it may be that you have not the same objection to let me see my own notes to you as you may have to let me see the paper which I wrote in answer to the propositions which you sent me to sign. If this be so, I should

be much obliged to you to let me see the notes which I wrote to you, if you have preserved them.

I remain, Mr. Vice-Chancellor,
Your humble servant,
E. B. Pusey.

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR TO E. B. P.

St. John's College, September 23, 1843.

The Vice-Chancellor presents his compliments to Dr. Pusey, and in reply to his note of last night has only to repeat his regret that, under present circumstances, he cannot comply with Dr. Pusey's request.

The case could not therefore be fully drawn up for counsel; as it was, it was laid before the Queen's Advocate, the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General. The two first were of opinion that the Vice-Chancellor's sentence was a nullity in law; the Solicitor-General doubted whether the courts of law, if applied to, would interfere in the case.

What think you? (he asks Newman later). My only feeling is as to the effect on people's minds, one way or another. Harm is being done to people, who have looked upon the six Doctors as an organ of the Church. My feeling is a sense of duty to repair, anyhow I may, what has been permitted on occasion of me.

It was then proposed that Mr. Woodgate, Fellow of St. John's, should institute a friendly ecclesiastical suit against Dr. Pusey, to test his theological soundness; and Dr. Pusey wrote to the Bishop of Oxford, beseeching him not to refuse the Commission (under the Church

Discipline Act) applied for, nor to refuse him the means of having a fair trial.

I am looked upon as one condemned (he wrote), nor would this cease by the mere expiration of my sentence. The cessation of the sentence is no acquittal. I am crippled in everything I do. Except with my friends, who think too kindly of me, I am an object of suspicion everywhere.

The Bishop consulted the Archbishop of Canterbury, who observed that Bishop Bagot could not let the case go forward without implicitly passing an unfavourable judgment on the sermon, and this, together with other considerations, determined the Bishop to refuse Dr. Pusey's request.

I did not expect this kind of answer to your application (Newman wrote, November 7, on seeing the Bishop's letter), though I can quite understand it when made; and though I have had, and have, a very strong feeling that it is not intended that you should gain justice (the Bishop's way of putting it), or rather that the English Church should be set right on this point; this is no reason for not doing everything one can.

Another note from Newman ends:—

. . . I am sure I can't tell, but I should have thought the Bishop's state of mind was 'I won't be committed to anything—keep away from me.'

To Dr. Pusey no appeal was left save to time. If the result has been a full and triumphant acquittal—if his righteousness has been made clear as the day, and his just dealing as the noonday; if there are few churches in England now where his sermon could not be preached

without offence—the present circumstances were to him but the beginning of sorrows, to which, he bitterly felt, the animosity displayed in the University to the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist largely contributed, strengthened as it was by the Bishop's disapproval, to say the least, of the condemned sermon.

CHAPTER XII.

PARTINGS.

1843, 1844.

As martyrs' eyes more and more near discern
Where, on the Father's right hand beaming,
Light upon light in glory streaming,
The Saviour, felt, not seen, in life,
Deigns to be seen in that last strife;
And Angels hail, approaching to the shore,
Rays like their own, and more.

Lyra Innocentium.

At Dover, where we spent August and part of September (Mrs. Brine writes), we were very intimate with the family of an Irish clergyman, Mr. Glover, who had the care of Charlton Church, then quite in the country, and we used to drive out every morning with him, on his Irish car, to early service at his church.[1] I remember my father stopping one day at the gate of the church, asking one of the children her name, and explaining to her that Dorothea meant the 'gift of God.' On his birthday we posted up to Canterbury, and went to Cathedral service with him as his birthday treat, and then to tea at a Mr. and Mrs. Starrs', who lived in the precincts.

The tidings of Newman's decision to resign the vicarage of St. Mary's, Oxford, reached him while at Dover.

[1] One of Mr. Glover's sons, Sir John Glover, was, later, Governor of Newfoundland, where he died during his appointment.

I am much grieved but not surprised (Mr. Keble wrote, St. Matthew's Day) at N.'s having given up St. Mary's. I should like to know what you think of it. He is most extremely worried by those successive conversions to Rome. Your matters, I trust, are in train, although the last letter I had from R. Palmer seemed to say that they were almost at a stand for want of your correspondence with the Doctors.

N.'s giving up St. Mary's is a great blow (Dr. Pusey replied, September 23, 1843). I said what I could against it in Lent, but he then told me a private reason, which, he said, he had named to you—that young men who looked in a given direction misunderstood him, and interpreted in their own sense whatever he said, so that he was in fact leading them whither he wished not. . . . It seems as if heavy times were coming, and that we were but at the beginning of sorrows. Moreover, we do see our signs; so heavy nights are but to usher in a joyous morning.

He still, strange to say, preserved hope that Newman would not leave us. Even now, when both have 'gone into a world of light,' it is painful to read through the letters (notes mostly) written by the latter at this time, from the growing pain and difficulty in expressing himself which they reveal, and which even the very handwriting, more and more minute, seems to denote, as though he would fain whisper what he could not bear to say aloud—short words, sentences almost curt, though never without the distinctive grace belonging to all which came from his pen, postscripts packed into the smallest space, expressing more than the note itself, and leaving much to be read between the lines.

He has told us himself of the great difficulty he had in making Dr. Pusey understand such differences of opinion

as existed between them, and that this divergence began in 1838.

And as time went on (he adds) he would not take any hints which I gave him on the subject of my growing inclination to Rome. When I found him so determined, I often had not the heart to go on. . . . He could not bring himself to believe that he and I should not go on pleasantly to the end. But that affectionate dream must needs have been broken at last.[1]

Father Neville, Cardinal Newman's executor, has kindly sent the following memorandum, copied by him 'from a scribble in pencil almost illegible.'

I formally told Pusey that I expected to leave the Church of England in the autumn of 1843, and begged him to tell others, that no one might be taken by surprise, or trust me in the interval. I said the same to Henry Wilberforce. In the above letter, when I say '*we* shall have strength,'[2] it is said in order not to seem to sever myself from Pusey. J. H. N.

Towards the end of 1843 he wrote to Dr. Pusey:—

I fear you are sadly harassed about Oxford matters. Me, of course, they do not harass—my harass is in a different quarter.

It did not surprise me that Badeley wrote as he did. Since you have done every thing you could, you surely may dismiss the subject from your mind, knowing that He [Who] so has ordered things has thereby taken the matter into His own Hand.

It was on September 25, 1843, that Dr. Pusey was present at that meeting of friends, whose paths were soon to separate, on the seventh anniversary of the consecration of Littlemore Chapel, when, for the last time, the voice of Newman was heard in an Anglican pulpit, his sermon

[1] Apologia, pp. 223, 224 (ed. 1873).

[2] See p. 250, where these words occur in a note from Newman to E. B. P.

ending with the pathetic and heart-broken words in which he spoke the anguish with which he felt himself rejected by the Church of his baptism, by her in whose service all the gifts of his great genius, love, and devotion, had hitherto been spent. No need here to describe the scene, or to quote those last words—the cry as of a heart disowned by a mother; they have been too often told. To his brother William, Dr. Pusey wrote the same evening:—

CHRIST CHURCH, September 25, 1843.

I am just returned, half broken-hearted, from the commemoration at Littlemore. The sermon was like one of Newman's, in which self was altogether repressed, yet it showed the more how deeply he felt all the misconception of himself. It implied, rather than said, Farewell. People sobbed audibly, and I, who officiated at the altar, could hardly help mingling sorrow with even that Feast. However, 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' closed all. If our Bishops did but know what faithful hearts, devoted to the service of our Lord in this His Church, they are breaking: yet, 'at eventide there will be light.'

. . . . .

Be not downcast at what I have written. There must be heavy night before the joyous morning; first evening, then morning. God bring us all to that morning.

Nor did he give up hope still to keep Newman, who, having resigned St. Mary's on September 18, celebrated there for the last time on October 15, the eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

I did hope to be at the H. C. to-morrow (Dr. Pusey wrote to him on October 14), and when you mentioned to me that L. would be absent, it occurred to me that as, in happier days, humanly speaking, at the beginning of the weekly Communion at St. Mary's, I assisted you, so I might, if so it be, be joined with you at the close of your office there, and we might end together.

Before October was ended the Rev. C. Seager, Dr. Pusey's assistant Hebrew lecturer for four years, had joined the Roman Communion—a loss the more felt by Dr. Pusey, since he knew well how much it would add to his difficulties and all the odium it would bring on his own teaching.

He turned the more towards efforts to help others by adapting foreign books of devotion to the needs of English Church-people, his increasing guidance of individuals causing him to know that 'people feel that they lack instruction' in all that a deeper teaching had awakened in souls—'a craving after a higher life; stricter and more abiding penitence; mental prayer; more habitual recollection in Him amid the duties of daily life; oneness of will with Him in all things. They see dimly what God would have of them; they see not how to set about it.'[1]

He also contemplated publishing a translation of the Breviary, a design which had been entertained but given up, three years previously, 'at N.'s, or rather Mr. Keble's desire,' Mr. Oakeley wrote (November 20, 1843) to Dr. Pusey, adding that the whole was actually in manuscript, except the hymns, which he had undertaken to translate. 'Nothing,' he adds, 'retards this work but want of money.'[2]

In his own unshaken faith—scarcely recognizing difficulties to other minds—it does not seem to have occurred to Dr. Pusey that the publication of the Breviary, and of adapted Roman books, would have any effect but such as

[1] See Preface to Avillon's Guide for Passing Lent Holily, the first book 'adapted' by Dr. Pusey.

[2] Much of it had been done by Hon. Samuel Wood of Oriel, uncle of the present Viscount Halifax.

he wished—to stimulate, and provide food for devotion. Newman saw more clearly, and did not wish his friend to act with his eyes shut, though he had himself ceased to believe that effects which he foresaw would be evil. He wrote on December 2, 1843:—

I am quite of opinion that any Breviary, however corrected, etc., will tend to prepare minds for the Church of Rome. I fully think that you will be doing so by your publication. Considering the strong feeling you are going to express, I ought not to fail to state this impression of mine. I do not think our system will bear it. It is like sewing a new piece of cloth on an old garment.

Did I wish to promote the cause of the Church of Rome I should say, Do what you propose to do.

I have before now been of another opinion. If it seems wonderful to you that I should change right round without showing distress at the intention expressed from time to time of editing Breviaries, I fear I must account for it in a way which will pain you—that my dislike of approximating Rome has diminished with my hope of avoiding her. Now, as before, *I* am not unwilling that Breviaries should be published—though for different reasons; but, as I have tried, while I had a charge in our Church, to do nothing against her, so now, when you are going to commit yourself to an ——[1] sentiment, you should hear my opinion on the subject.

Mr. Keble was of a different opinion, probably knowing less of the 'advanced' men's minds than Newman; though he suggested that the publication might not be very agreeable to the Bishops, who had spoken against editing Roman books of devotion.

HURSLEY VICARAGE, January 15, 1844.

. . . The great question with me in these matters is, What has the Church really ordered and sanctioned? If I were

[1] A word here is illegible.

satisfied that the Church Catholic really decreed all that the Breviary (*e.g.*) says of St. Mary, I fancy I see how a 'commoda interpretatio' might be made of it, consistent with other truths and duties. As it is, I shrink back, and dare not reason much on the point, nor take the devotional words which imply it in my mouth. My wish is, especially in my state of ignorance, to keep up a kind of neutrality as to the points in which we differ from Rome, and I very much wished that the *British Critic* might have been kept up on that principle: by adhering to which and trying to live as holily as possible, I suppose an ordinary person may hope to be guided aright in our present most unhappy state.

In consequence of your report of Manning's view (he writes, February 22, 1844), I have asked two or three of those whom I suppose to be most dutiful to our Church, what they should think, in the abstract, of a reformed Breviary—my sister and my brother, for instance, and Judge Coleridge; and their answers are encouraging. . . . On the whole, I feel as if it were more dutiful to our Church to go on. Really, it would be quite scandalous for a *reformed* Breviary to be supposed inconsistent with her tone.

He consults Dr. Pusey as to whether there would be any objection to his (Mr. Keble's) name appearing in the list of subscribers to a translation of St. Bernard's, not having himself any scruples, and ends with characteristic words: 'Only, perhaps, people take one's name in a list to mean more than it does; and I am sure if it means that I know anything of the matter, it ought not to be there.'

E. B. P. to Rev. J. Keble.

Fer. iii. inf. Hebd. i. Quadr. [Feb. 27], 1844.

. . . My own feelings about St. Bernard are that I cannot myself be instrumental any way in bringing the system as to St. Mary in an inviting form before people. The publication of

the letters is avowedly a stepping-stone, and success in this would facilitate the end. . . . I hear that the younger Christie of Oriel is going to bring out the *Paradisus Animæ* (of which a great deal is very beautiful and valuable, but) without suppressing anything. . . . Ward is said to have a strong attack upon our Church in the press. So it seems in this miserable confusion one's self is giving pain to some; others to one's self and our poor Church.

Rev. J. Keble to E. B. P.

. . . Your note this morning makes me fear that you have heard something or other which distresses you; but such things must of course be, in so fallen a condition as we are. As you say, we can but work on in the dark; but I wish your work may not have prospered the less for the great unworthiness of some of your coadjutors, little dreamed of by you; not that I speak of more than one, but even in spite of this I say to that person, as to you, Let us work on as we may in the dark.

Again Newman wrote, trying to speak plainly :—

Littlemore, December 18, 1843.

My dear Pusey,—I have been intending to answer your most kind and affectionate note ever since it came, and now I am driven up into a corner for time. I must seem very cold and reserved to you—the truth is, I have not had courage to tell you all I think. This has lasted a very long time, for years. Indeed, one has no right to scatter about one's own notions, when they are recent, lest they should be but accidental and random. But some time or other I must tell you. And perhaps I must choose some serious season, as I do for telling you as much as this.

Whether the publication of a Breviary is to lead our Church towards Rome, or individuals in it (which is your question), can only be decided by experiment. It is like attempting to bend a stick; if it does not bend, it will break. If you do not move the whole Church, to a certainty you are moving individuals; there is no medium. . . . As to the Fathers . . . I *do* now

think, far more than I did, that their study leads to Rome. It has thus wrought in me. . . .

You are not paining me by writing to me, and I grieve not to answer you, but I am sorely perplexed whether I have any right to distress you, and that is the beginning and the end of it. And now, my dearest Pusey, do not think I doubt for a moment that, whatever you do, done as you will do it, will turn to good; only you seemed to pledge yourself to be *choosing* the good, and to involve yourself in consequences, and that frightened me.

Ever yours most affectionately, compared with whom

I am nothing,

J. H. N.

Dr. Newman's relations to Dr. Pusey are dwelt on at some length in this short memoir, because nothing touched the latter so deeply at this time, or more concerned the history of his soul. When, on February 19, 1844, Newman wrote plainly to him of his growing conviction, for four years and a half, 'that we are not part of the Catholic Church,' Dr. Pusey said in his reply, on February 23, 'I wonder that I can ever *laugh again.* But,' he adds in the same note, 'I have such conviction that you are under God's guidance that I look on cheerfully still; that all will be right, I mean, for our poor Church and you. . . . Of late, I have wished to know nothing, lest my very knowing it should be hurtful. I have the same confidence in you as ever.'

Nearly five years had passed since his wife's death, and now he was called on, in the midst of sorrowful anxiety concerning his closest friend, to resign the creature dearest to him on earth, and round whom bright hopes had gathered for a life of exceptional usefulness to the Church, and the carrying out of his most cherished scheme.

During the Lent of 1844, Lucy Pusey, at fourteen, was dying of rapid consumption, though her father was not seriously alarmed until, on April 3, the eve of Palm Sunday, he went to Clifton. 'He used to live, when visiting his little daughters,' Mrs. Brine writes, 'in the house next to Miss Rogers' (in the Crescent), where they were at school.'

One line (he wrote to Mr. Keble from Clifton, Thursday in Holy Week, April 4), to say your prayers are much needed by me for my eldest daughter, who is on the verge of consumption, following whooping cough; yet it is not yet, and by God's mercy may not be. There is room for hope and prayers. I had hoped that she would be something for our Church.

To Newman he wrote the next day :—

My very dear N.,—God bless you for all your tender affection. Your dear note was a great comfort to my L. and myself. It is such a beautiful picture that one is almost ashamed to wish it otherwise, still, when any hope is held out one clings to it, and Dr. Wootton, who has kindly been here, says that it is not impossible, though very improbable, that she should be restored to us. For myself, if I know myself, I would willingly part with her, and take any pain as part of what I deserve; but if it might be His will, I do cling to the thought of her rendering service to Him here.

Ever your very grateful and affectionate,
E. B. Pusey.

Friday in Easter week.

Clifton, Easter Tuesday [April 9], 1844.

My dearest Friend,—All is peace here, with certain prospect how it will end, though not how soon. It was hurrying on with a terrific rapidity when I wrote, though I knew it not; on Easter Eve came a solemn pause, and in this I suppose we are still. She said to me last night, 'Now I am so near death, it seems tha

my love of God is not what it should be;' so we are now praying for it, and this pause seems to be given us to obtain some deeper measure of it before she parts. . . . She is a child of your writings; in looking over her books, I find the date of a volume of your sermons, on her birthday, nearly eight years ago, and I asked you for them, as her dear mother had been some time forming her mind in them. . . .

I should stay on here, unless there were appearances that she would be continued here through the term, and then I thought of coming up to give my four lectures on two following days, spending the rest of the week here.

You will be kindly glad to hear that as yet she does not suffer, and her beautifully calm face is something joyous to look on. I asked her whether she had any message for you. She said, 'Give him my respectful love, and thank him for all his kindness to me.'

God reward you, my dear friend. This is now the second of mine at whose parting I have felt what a blessing your sermons and your love have been to them.

Ever your very affectionate friend,

E. B. PUSEY.

The earthly end came in less than a fortnight. Her father wrote to Mr. Keble:—

Tuesday after 2nd Sunday after Easter [April 23, 1844].

MY DEAR KEBLE,—It seems very ungrateful that this is the second night, and I have not yet told you that my blessed child no longer needs your prayers, for she was in Paradise yesterday. I so speak, because after a struggle of intense severity, . . . there shone such an unearthly light from her eyes, just before death; and over her mouth, which had been drawn by pain across the teeth, there spread gradually such an unearthly smile of joy and Divine love and triumph—while the eyes, which had been half closed for hours, gazed stedfastly and longingly at something we did not see—that I can have no doubt that she was allowed to

catch a reflection of that light upon which, by God's mercy, she has entered. The eyes retained, even after death, a sparkling brilliancy they never had in life. I never saw anything on this earth like it, and can have no doubt it was something Divine, as a reward for her pure life of obedience and love. . . . I am quite well, only feeling (would that I felt more) that the sins for which I required chastisement have taken thus early from our Church one who, by God's mercy, might have been a great blessing to her, though she herself has been early perfected. Pray for me that this feeling be deepened.

Your very affectionate and grateful friend,

E. B. PUSEY.

REV. J. H. NEWMAN TO E. B. P.

LITTLEMORE, April 24, 1844.

How can I thank you enough for your letter and its sacred contents? Rather, how can we all duly thank Him whose mercies have enabled you to write it? You do not want comfort, so, on all accounts, but few words are becoming from such as me. I now but fear that you will find yourself overcome in body and mind afterwards, when the present exertion is over.

I have ordered a plated cross eighteen inches long, and foliated (I think they call it), which is the sign of triumph, by Bloxam.

. . . The 22nd of April is memorable to me already on many accounts—two are these. It is the anniversary of Wood's departure last year, and of our commencing here the year before.

Ever yours most affectionately,

J. H. N.

Dr. Pusey wrote to ask Newman to be present at Lucy's funeral, and he replied (April 26):—

Most thankfully do I use your permission, and will come to your house at eleven on Saturday unless I hear to the contrary. . . . You make me so very much ashamed by your great kindness. What dearest Lucy has begun let Mary finish in a different colour.

On Saturday, April 27, she was laid in her mother's grave in Christ Church Cathedral. On that very day the second of two important meetings of eminent men, chiefly laymen, was held to consider measures for forwarding the establishment of Anglican Sisterhoods. It was attended by Lord Lyttelton, Lord Clive, Lord Camden, Lord John Manners, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Watts Russell, Mr. Acland, Rev. D. Dodsworth, and Dr. Hook. Mr. Gladstone was absent, but wrote 'in warm sympathy with the object of the meeting.' Lord John Manners wrote to Dr. Pusey the same day to tell him that the meeting 'had resolved to take preliminary steps for the establishment and permanent maintenance of a Sisterhood living under a religious rule and engaged in some work of mercy.'

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XII.

[The following letter was shown first to the writer by the late Rev. W. Upton Richards, whom Philip Pusey had allowed to have a copy of it. It is given here, after some hesitation, as expressing Dr. Pusey's most sacred feelings at a time when they were deeply stirred.]

My dear Philip,—I was very sorry to write so very hurried a note to you yesterday. . . . I hope you were not painfully startled, but I had actually not a minute more to save the post.

The close of your dear sister's earthly life was a very remarkable one, as her life had been. Some time ago she asked me whether I thought it wrong that she should have the wish to be a martyr; for the wish came into her mind. I said 'No!' but that if she formed the wish she must expect severe sufferings (for it would be trifling to wish for that which implied extreme suffering, and not be prepared for something of the sort). Her precious death began on Friday night; she then said to her kind friend, Miss R., 'Is this the last?' On being asked 'why?' she said, 'I wish it was.' It was then thought she would hardly get through the Saturday. I administered the Holy Communion to her, but her dear head was so oppressed through the want of circulation, that I was obliged to rouse her to those parts of the service when it was most needed.

After this she revived to a certain degree, but on Saturday night the struggle for breath began again, and we did not expect that she would live until the morning. However, she was brought through, but still more oppressed and exhausted through the

fatigue, so that she was but half conscious. I felt sure, however, that it would be a blessing to her to receive the Holy Communion again, so I proposed it to her, and she was much pleased. But she sunk into such a state of half consciousness that, although she had listened to the sentences, 'Come unto Me, all ye,' etc., attentively, when I came to give her the Bread, she did not know what I was doing (I was obliged to give it her in a spoon, moistened with the Wine, because she had such difficulty in swallowing; she had swallowed nothing solid for some days). She said, 'What is this?' When I answered, 'The Body of Christ,' she collected herself at once, and she then received the Cup with such eagerness and devotion, that I could not but drop on my knees in joy and thankfulness for this mercy, for I had been troubled whether she could receive or retain it. (She was always very devout as to the Holy Communion; I was much struck at her first Communion, when she was not quite twelve, on Trinity Sunday, 1841, to see her simple, deep awe at herself, and what she had become by receiving Christ.) After this she became more herself, which I could not but think was the fruit of receiving the Holy Communion; she had been so near death in the morning, and breathed with so little of her poor lungs, that the physician did not think she could last until five in the afternoon. She could speak very little, but she took interest in some things said to her, and in the drawing of a Cup which she was to give to Holy Cross Church, with some money Uncle Philip had given her when a very little child. It is to have some jewels on it in memory of the Wounds of our Lord, and a Cross with jewels, and the Crucifixion engraved, and an inscription which she chose a few days before, *Calicem salutaris accipiam, Alleluia* (I will receive the cup of salvation, Alleluia); she had chosen another for the Paten, *Panem angelorum manducavit homo, Alleluia.* She had some difficulty in choosing, being very weak, but said, 'At all events, one with Alleluia.' She took great pleasure in the precious stones in the Cross, and in pointing with her poor, weak finger to the five precious stones. Altogether, this was a very bright afternoon.

But towards evening came on increased difficulty of breathing, and what was the struggle of death; and as I did not know the

mercy which was to follow, it was very heavy. She was much oppressed by it. All her mind seemed concentrated in bearing the toil of breathing. Her dear features were quite fixed; they never relaxed, never varied; they were quite calm, but drawn and very intent. I did not know what was going on in her mind, for she could hardly speak, and she took no notice of what I said, except that she just opened her half-closed eyes when I began some new text or short prayer. I was very much perplexed what to do, whether I was doing more than she could bear, or disturbing her, but it had been ordered very mercifully that, a few days before, I had found from her that she could meditate some little while, though not long, upon a text. So I went on as well as I could. Seeing her sufferings protracted so much beyond what was expected, it occurred to me that this was a sort of fulfilment of her wish, and I reminded her of it, and she seemed to acquiesce in it as feeling it to be so. I mean she had wished for a suffering death for God's glory, and He gave her one to exercise her patience, and thereby to glorify Him. She said nothing very distinctly, but after this there was a deeper calm visible. She was much comforted, too, by my saying that Christ said, 'He suffered in us, as He had suffered for us,' for He says, 'He hungers, thirsts, is persecuted in His members,' and reminded her that the Blessed Martyrs so endured their suffering, in that Christ suffered in them. This was a great mercy, but she still laboured on, though decidedly with a deeper calm.

All this while I should have been glad to pray that her sufferings should end, but I was withheld from doing so; I could only pray in Bishop Andrewes' words, to which she was accustomed, 'When Thou wilt, and as Thou wilt,' and that she might have strength to bear it. I had hoped (as was expected) that they would have been over by twelve o'clock, that her departure might be on one of the Sundays in Easter. However, they went on, and she seemed to know that the end was not to be yet, for she asked twice at least what o'clock it was; and the first time she was disappointed, and said, 'Not later.' A little time before the close, too, she said in a solemn voice, 'One more,' and I knew not what she meant, and thought she might be wandering,

but I have no doubt now that she meant, 'one more struggle only.' It then occurred to me to say to her, 'Dear Lucy, our perfection is to know no will but God's; it may be that He is only waiting that you should give up yourself entirely into His hands, to know no will but His, that He should continue or shorten your sufferings as He wills, and that then He will call you.' She made no answer, for she had then lost almost all speech, but there came a deeper calm. . . . She had, too, been much comforted when, seeing her much distressed during some prayers which we were saying for her, I said to her, 'Dear Lucy, the beginning of your Christian life was the invocation of the Names of the Blessed Trinity upon you in your baptism; and now at the close of it I will again, as God's minister, pronounce upon you, if you like it, the Blessing in Their Names in God's own words.' She assented, and so, laying my hands on her head, I said the Benediction in the Service for the Sick, 'Unto God's gracious mercy,' etc., the latter part of which is from Numbers vi. This again was a great comfort to her. It was beautiful to see the solemn change of countenance, and the reverence with which she received this blessing, and its effect.

But the crowning blessing was still to come. She had been often close to death, apparently. Her dear eyes had turned up under her eyelids, as they do often in dying persons, so that one only saw the white left, and the sobs had become fainter, and I had been expecting the last gasp, when the cough returned and brought her to life. This happened several times, and my heart sunk within me as I thought within myself, 'Then she has to go through all this again;' however, I trusted in God, as I commended her to Him. At last, all at once, her dear eyes, which had been half closed for hours, opened quite wide, and gazed with an earnest, longing look at something we did not see. I saw that they saw me, but they saw something besides me; and they expanded and became full, larger and fuller than they ever were in health (and they had been flattened, and sunk, and glazed by illness more and more, since I had been here), and the pupil enlarged, so as to *seem* half the size of the iris, and they looked intently and earnestly at something; and then she turned them

full to me, though, as I said, evidently seeing something besides me, and there was in them an unearthly lustre, and then there came over the mouth, which had been only sobbing (the whole features having been lengthened), such a smile of joy and Divine love and triumph, that I never saw anything approaching to it on the earth. It was all wholly Heavenly. It spread gradually over her dear lips, . . . masking the expression of pain and absorbing it in Divine love; it would have been a laugh of joy almost, only there was no sound, for her breath was heaving with difficulty, and the look seemed to say to me, 'Dear papa, all you have longed for for me is fulfilled.' I almost laughed for joy in return, the joy at that Divinely blessed countenance so thrilled through me! This lasted for a little while, and this was our blessed leavetaking. There were yet some calm struggles more, while eyes and countenance were all harmoniously turned towards heaven. One knew not which would be the last sigh, they came at longer intervals; at last there was no more, and one knew she was in Paradise, and we knelt down and said the Thanksgiving in the Burial Service, with our whole hearts.

For some time after her departure that unearthly lustre of her eyes still remained. Dear Mary came in at least ten minutes afterwards, and she told me in the evening, 'I never, in her life, saw her eyes look so bright.' It is a very solemn thing which I am going to say, but it was so wholly unlike anything of this earth, or in herself, and something so Divine, that I cannot describe it in words, though I have no doubt that she saw into the unseen world—perhaps our Blessed Lord Himself, Whose coming we had so often prayed for, and that her countenance caught the light to which she was approaching, whether of His Divine Countenance Whom she loved, as Moses' 'face shone,' and Stephen's became 'like that of an angel,' or from the light in which He dwells. Of this I feel quite certain, that it was something Divine, and a special vouchsafement to her.

Some time before this she clasped her hands round my neck, and pressed me to her breast, with a strength which I could not conceive she possessed, and held me there. I disengaged myself after a time, because Miss R. told me, on my asking, that she

thought she was just dying, and I thought it selfish to keep all her thoughts to me; and I could not, while remaining thus, minister to her as God's priest. But it was such a dear embrace; she said, 'Oh, *dear* papa! *dear* papa!' with such energy, and I felt myself to be near something very holy. Again, I cannot describe why I thought so. It was no act of reasoning; but the Holy Ghost manifests His presence wonderfully in His temples, as when the dead bones of Elisha brought the dead man to life—but so it was.

I could not then weep when all was over. I do not mean that I have not wept since; her loss is a great void to us, and more especially to me. I feel what one so holy when so young might have been to our Church, had God continued her here; and this is my one sore feeling, that in chastisement to me she is taken. But then I could not weep, and could only say, as she herself said some days before, 'I cannot cry;' I could almost laugh for joy at God's mercy to her. I can but think of her in the immediate Presence of our Lord, shone upon by His Blessed Presence, and feeding on Him Who is 'Food of Angels.' I could not but think, as we said the Lord's Prayer several times that night, in the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' that dear Lucy could on that day feed on Him, the Living Bread, face to face.

And now, my dear Philip, this is very solemn to us, in proportion to the greatness both of our loss, after the manner of man, and the solemn vouchsafement to one so very near us. God does manifest Himself from time to time on death-beds, but this was a very solemn form of it. It was a very unusual degree of it, as also this whole illness had something very remarkable, for on our return from Brighton every one noticed how well she was looking, how she was grown, how strong she looked; she was thought at one time to have got over the complaint, and the first intimation of danger was but just three weeks ago. Her illness was very rapid; there seemed to be but one pause, for which she longed, that she might love God more.

I forget whether I told you that soon after I had told her of her danger she said that she had something to say to me, that 'now I am so near death, it seems to me that I do not love God as I ought.' So we settled that we should pray for it continually,

and some of my friends prayed for it, and we used daily the collect for the Sixth Sunday after Trinity, and some others. I asked her a few days after this whether she thought she had more love of God; she said humbly, and yet with a degree of confidence, 'I hope so.' I then said, 'Can you go along with all the expressions of love of God which I read to you?' (some of which were of a high sort), and she said, 'Oh yes!' with a sort of feeling that it would be very sad if she did not. It is also very remarkable that in that long struggle with death her dear features quite laid aside everything of the child; it seemed as if in a short space she was living a long life, gathering the struggle of years into a few nights, overcoming manifoldly, and changed from yet a child into a mature Christian. . . .

There is yet one other thing I would now tell you of her. In the year in which you had the whooping-cough I was walking with dear Lucy, and I talked to her of the happiness of belonging to Christ alone, living to Him, only to pray to and praise Him, and minister to His poor and sick. She felt this, and purposed to adopt it as her life. This was the meaning of her visiting the convents in Ireland with me. I wished her to see this mode of life, praying with her before she visited them that she might only gain good from them, and no harm from anything erroneous among them. She was present at one of the ceremonies in which they are admitted to be candidates (novices), and in which they lay aside all their rich attire, and their beautiful hair, if they have any, and take the simple black dress with white round the head. The lady at the head of the establishment asked dear Lucy which dress she liked best—there was one especially rich. She mistook dear Lucy's answer at first, but on my asking, dear Lucy said, 'The black.' The nun was evidently much impressed by such a choice in a child just twelve years old. From that time, to fit herself for some duties of this sort has been the great incentive and interest in everything she did which was connected with it; it was her great subject of interest. And now Christ has accepted her, though not in our way. She longed to live for Him; she is living with Him.

This is a very earnest thing to us; humanly it is a deep loss

to us. I cannot tell you how her simplicity and devotion and love wound round my heart, and how I loved her, or longed that she should be, and join with others in being, what she longed to be. To you and dear Mary she is a loss in other ways. And now she whom we so loved, who was so near to us, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, the same blood with you and my very self, though born anew, not of men, but of water and the Spirit, has been highly honoured, and is now in the very Presence of her Redeemer; praying with all the blessed departed for us, and for what she loved on earth. What says it to us? What says Scripture? 'Whose faith follow, beholding the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' He was the object of her affection and reverence; Him she loved; with Him she desired to be united; His alone she wished to be; to Him she prayed continually, 'Let my soul ever compass Thee, seek Thee, find Thee, stretch toward Thee, arrive at Thee.' So Him she has found; at Him she has arrived; with Him she is.

Let us, then, my dear Philip, look into ourselves in these days of earthly sorrow, and pray Him 'look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.' Let us gird up ourselves to serve Him more earnestly, strike yet more into the narrow way, and seek more to please Him and not ourselves, and love Him and Him only. God bless you, my dear Philip, and guide you and help you. This is of more moment than any comfort, for sorrow is healing to the soul; so may our loss for the moment turn to our endless good.

Ever your affectionate father,

E. B. Pusey.

Clifton, April 23, 1843.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PROCTORS' VETO.

1844.

People seem to have forgotten *Nil desperandum, Christo duce*, and *auspice Christo.—Letter from E. B. P.*

THE Long Vacation of 1844 was spent at Ilfracombe.

We had two very happy months there (Mrs. Brine writes), walking every day with my father to the early service, and taking strolls round the Capstone Hill with him, and watching his delight in the sea far spread out before us; it was life to my father. He used to see a great deal of Mr. Chanter, and preached two sermons for the Church and the Parochial Schools.

There are numbers of letters to Dr. Pusey on the subject of the proposed English Breviary from Mr. Keble and Mr. Oakeley through the summer and autumn of 1844. But the latter was drawing nearer and nearer to Rome; and in spite of Dr. Pusey's persistent efforts, and Mr. Keble's warm interest in, and advice concerning details of the work, it was never finished.[1]

[1] The whole correspondence is one of so much interest, in its bearing on the Roman question as then viewed by men of mark, that, in a separate small volume it would form a curious and valuable contribution to the story of the time shortly preceding Newman's secession.

From Rev. J. H. Newman.

Roehampton, July 11, 1844.

My dear Pusey,—I am here for a few hours, having come to administer to Bowden the Holy Communion. He is very weak, but very cheerful. . . . Gladstone has printed a number of copies of an article of his in *Palmer's Review* on Lady G. Fullerton's novel, in order to bring out the moral of it, viz. the expedience of Confession. He seems to think it had better be begun, not to priests, but to any one, by way of accustoming people to the *thing itself;* yet so very awful a thing, as it is to so many persons, requires that support from sacred and sacramental sanctions which priestly ordinances alone can give. Confession cannot well be disjoined from absolution.

All through July Dr. Pusey wrote very frequently to his friend, consulting him about the adapted books of devotion. His intense anxiety to let Dr. Newman know how much he could accept without disloyalty to the English communion can be read between the lines in almost every letter.

Now one might (he wrote, Ilfracombe, July 19), as matter of Christian prudence, try, by God's blessing—as you did so remarkably in your first volume of sermons—to form a certain ἦθος in the confidence that if that were formed, all besides would, by His Grace, follow; or one might teach all which one held to be true, without reserve, fearlessly, simply because one believed it to be true, and trusting to Him Whose Truth it is, as to the results. And in books, one seems to have more liberty than in parochial teaching.

Bishop Philpotts came to Ilfracombe during Dr. Pusey's visit; gave him full permission to preach in his diocese, and confirmed Philip Pusey, now fourteen, with marks of special kindness. Dissenters, who came to hear Dr. Pusey

preach at Ilfracombe, joined with the usual congregation in begging that his sermons might be published, and the Bishop wrote in answer to a request that they might be dedicated to him, 'I shall esteem myself *honoured* by your dedication.'

July 24.

I saw the Bishop privately. He was very courteous to me, as he always is; said he was glad to see me at all times, especially in his diocese, . . . praised my meekness (which I felt it half hypocrisy to hear, since I am preparing to appeal against the V.-C.); said that he saw nothing to censure in my sermon, that I had been hardly dealt with, though he thought that he differed in expression, but expression only, from myself. . . .

I wish to consult you about the *Paradisus*. I had thought one must have parted with the whole second part, *de cultu Sanctorum*,[1] yet I do not like to do so, because we have lost so much by the abeyance of almost all doctrine upon the doctrine. Some prayers I must omit altogether. Some might altogether stand; some, with a slight alteration which I should make. In the *Litaniæ de Sanctis Angelis* I thought of substituting for the *ora pro nobis*—

Grant that St. Michael, the Prince of the heavenly host;
That St. Gabriel, who made known the vision to Daniel, etc.
} May pray for us.

This is only doing in act what I justified in the abstract, now some years ago, in my defence of Tract 90. I suppose . . . some will start back. However, I cannot help it.

Undated letter.

Perhaps one ought not to forecast as if one could imagine, how the Roman Church and we should come into one again. One cannot but think, as the great struggle with unbelief comes

[1] In the end Dr. Pusey reverted to his first thought, and this part is omitted in the English adapted 'Paradise of the Christian Soul.'

on, we must be on the same side, we too acknowledging in the Creeds an authority out of ourselves. If one may think at all, it seems as though the wall never would be broken down, unless we admit we can; if we receive what we see, then I suppose we should be in the way to see as to the remainder, and Rome would estimate us better, and be more disposed to reunion.

This may be too political a view, but then, individually, since the saints intercede for us, and if it be true, as it seems, that the intercession of St. Mary is of very special value, then individuals may be undergoing a loss in not wishing for it, as one who knew not the value of intercessory prayer of friends on earth, or of the Church. How far, with this impression, is one justified in suppressing a doctrine not at variance with anything in our Church?

This applies still more to the whole Part II. *de Sanctis*, in which I consulted you about the litany *de Angelis*, and you said that the substitution of the '*oret*' for the '*ora*' was perhaps the best way of getting out of the difficulty, although you felt it as a difficulty still. I had thought of doing so, and in a preface to that part giving passages from the Fathers on invocation of saints. . . .

I had settled in editing the Breviary to keep the 'May Holy Mary and all the Saints,' etc., in Prime, because I can use it myself; it comes naturally to me.

And so the correspondence continued for about a month; long letters from Dr. Pusey, pouring out his feelings as to details in his books, asking anxiously for his friend's opinion, taking his sympathy for granted; Newman's replies much shorter, reserved, embarrassed, sad, as though grieving that Dr. Pusey would not see that the question between them was not of how much could be accepted in the English communion, but of whether it was a part of the Catholic Church.

A letter from Newman, in thought of his friend's forty-fifth birthday, at last changed the character of the correspondence between them, which continued till the end of

August. The thought of the suffering which it must have caused to both the friends causes even now a pang when reading the very letters which Dr. Pusey must have opened with sore misgivings. Newman's letter (August 18) was written on hearing of Dr. Pusey's state of dejection. 'Really this ought not to be,' he says; and he tries to cheer him by reminding him of the '*fact* that it has pleased God to work, and to be working' through him 'more good than can be told.' He asks him to consider whether all the visible signs of increasing holiness in souls is not 'a hundred times more certain' than that joining the Church of Rome is evil, praying him to take 'the tempers and habits' which God had made him His instrument in creating in the souls of so many as 'a token and covenant that good must come in the end.'

There was not comfort for his friend even in these loving words. 'The tendency Romewards,' he replied (August 21), 'when I was first told it, did shatter me, and I felt like one who had been left ashore, and the tide sweeping by, I knew not whither.' He ends his letter by saying that he had solemnly asked God that, if it were His will, any sorrow, 'without injury to the Church or to souls,' might befall himself rather than Newman leaving us. 'And so I wait the end.'

Newman's reply (August 23) could not tend to cheer him, implying as it did, more and more, the inevitable end. 'Can a true Church lose her children, and those her better ones?' he asks. . . . 'The expecting it implies so far forth a doubt whether ours *is* a true Church.' 'Be sure, my dear Pusey,' he ends his note, 'when the blow comes we shall, in God's mercy, have strength given us to bear it.'

It is no longer 'if the blow comes,' and in a long letter of reply Dr. Pusey tries to explain his own position, not fearing 'the fall of what is called Anglicanism,' but looking to 'a reunion of the Church as the end,' though 'on what terms and in what way we be reunited to the rest of the Western Church must be in His hands, Who will guide, I trust, her and ours.' He had hoped and 'trusted entirely that while our Church is what it is . . . the body of her better children would stay in her.' But he expresses his fears that there was more earnest desire and fervent prayer in the Roman Communion that Newman should pass over to it, than there was in England to keep him, and so he feared his 'will might be swayed,' while yet, he writes, 'the well-being of our Church seems to me, by God's providence, to have been wrapped up in you.'

Newman's answer (August 28) is of one suffering deeply, and in difficulty as to every word. 'Yet it does seem better to me to have all out once for all,' he says, . . . 'than to keep hacking and hacking bit by bit.' And he goes on to speak of himself as 'one who, even five years ago, had a strong conviction, from reading the history of the early ages, that we are not part of the Church' as of one 'who is frightened, and cannot tell what it may end in, if he dares to turn a deaf ear to a voice which has so long spoken to him.' 'And now, my dear Pusey,' he says in conclusion, 'do take in the whole of the case, nor shut your eyes, as you so kindly do continually, and God bless all things to you, as I am sure He will and does.'

I do not shut my eyes now (Dr. Pusey replied, August 30). . . . But though I feel as in a vessel threatened with shipwreck,

I trust that our Lord is still in her, and that, however perilled, she will not perish. . . . I can hardly do anything or take interest in anything. . . . It seems like building on with a mine under the foundations. However, as I recover myself, I do hope that God will not allow this to be nor destroy His work in the midst of the years, and so I hope, and commit things to Him Who can sway all hearts.

Blow followed upon blow. Dr. Pusey had long been on terms of affectionate intimacy with Mr. Oakeley, the minister of Margaret Chapel, and took a deep interest in his congregation and his work. His chapel and Mr. Dodsworth's church were at that time the only centres of Catholic teaching in London. Mr. Oakeley wrote frequently to Dr. Pusey both about public matters and individual cases, and it is certainly surprising that these letters did not, apparently, cause Dr. Pusey more anxiety as to what the end would be. More than a year before this time Mr. Oakeley, in the course of the correspondence about the Breviary translation, had offered to take all the work of it off Dr. Pusey's hands, on the conditions he (Mr. Oakeley) had originally mentioned 'of omitting all which could be even questionable, and substituting from the Breviary or from Scripture where substitution might be necessary;' but he wrote in the same letter (May 2, 1844) that though he should not wish 'to introduce anything that could be thought characteristically *Roman*,' yet that he was certain of being unable to work with any helper who had 'a less reverential estimate of the Roman faith' than himself; that estimate being to take it '*simpliciter* as authoritative.' He seems to have feared Dr. Pusey's associating some one with him in the work who would be a drag on his own tendencies.

Still, as with Newman, Dr. Pusey shut his eyes. He saw that Mr. Oakeley, who seems to have been a very lovable person, was doing a great work in London, his chapel a centre for devout minds, frequented by such men as Gladstone, James Hope Scott, etc., etc., all the truths and holy living, which the Tracts had tried to teach anew, preached and embraced, and, as Mr. Oakeley did not claim to teach more than the English Prayer-book authorized, Dr. Pusey appears to have looked upon opinions which went beyond it as passing moods of thought. Throughout life this irrepressible hopefulness caused keen disappointment to himself and misunderstanding of his ways on the part of others. Mr. Keble, to whom he had sent Mr. Oakeley's letter, was at once much alarmed.

While I am extremely anxious (he wrote, June 6, 1844) to have him working for and with you, and extremely adverse to anything which would seem in the least to repel him from you, yet it does seem necessary that in justice to yourself and your cause you should look the matter fairly in the face, I mean as to the advisableness of going on with him in so very delicate a task, he having so distinctly avowed his views and purposes as he does in this letter. I do not say that it would be wrong to go on with him. . . . I am so shamefully ignorant of the true merits of the case between us and Rome, that I cannot form a *judgment* in the matter. I only wish you to be prepared for the contingency of the work, either really or in appearance helping to reconcile Englishmen to Rome as she is, and of its being said that you had no great objection to such a result, otherwise you would not have gone on with Oakeley after his present declaration.

And so, during this autumn of 1844, Dr. Pusey turned from the thought of that 'depth of disappointment' which he could not realize as probable, and continued to consult Newman about those who were perplexed, not seeming to

read between the lines of his embarrassed answers what would have been plain to others' eyes. Yet he wrote to Mr. Copeland, who, since Newman had resigned St. Mary's, had been in charge of Littlemore Church, 'One's heart is half broken;' and entreats him not to resign, as he wished to do, on account of the value of his presence there to Newman, who was living close by in his monastic cottages.

To a note from the latter, telling him of Mr. Bowden's death, Dr. Pusey replied:—

September 19, 1844.

I was going to write to you to-day, though what have I to say which has not been said to you by Him Who is ever with you? These peaceful departures are bright spots in a cloudy sky. 'Lord, brighten our declining day.' . . . He thought each closing day so much of his trial over. I was struck by the way in which he asked for our prayers. And this makes that bright calm close the brighter. God be praised for His mercies. What a long, long past seems closed; it makes one think there can be but a short remaining earthly future. Yet He, I trust, is in the cloud now, Who was in the pillar of fire before.

I have not written to Mrs. B., because she has in you all which she can have on earth. But give my love to any of the dear little ones whom it would not interrupt.

Ever, my dearest Newman,
Your very affectionate friend,
E. B. Pusey.

It was but last year we compared; I had twenty years of your friendship, he only had more.[1]

To the Rev. Prebendary Henderson he says (November 4, 1844):—

You are quite right in thinking that N. has no feelings drawing

[1] 'John William Bowden died September 15, 1844. I sobbed bitterly over his coffin to think that he had left me still dark as to what the way of truth was, and what I ought to do in order to please God and fulfil His will.—J. H. N.'—Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman, ii. p. 48.

him away from us; all his feelings and sympathies have been for our Church; he has toiled for it as no other has. . . . What I fear is a deep and deepening despondency about her, whether, with all the evils so rife in her—the tolerance of heresy and the denial of truth—she is indeed part of God's Church. From time to time he seems encouraged by tokens of God's grace vouchsafed in her, but the tide sets the other way; he is very heavy-minded.

During the pressure of this deep sorrow, another cause of gravest anxiety arose—the publication of Mr. Ward's 'Ideal of a Christian Church.' Dr. Liddon considers this book as valuable on account of its pointing out undeniable shortcomings and evils in the practical system of the Church of England; although taking for an 'Ideal,' not the primitive Church, but 'largely, the actual Roman system.'[1] Dr. Pusey does not, however, appear to have felt objections to the book strongly, for in a letter to Dr. Hook (September 5, 1844) he says:—

I feel how deep our wounds are, and that we shall get no good until they are probed to the bottom, and therefore, however painful the process and rough the hands may seem, I am glad to undergo it, and thankful for it. . . . I believe his feeling to be this in part; we have great practical evils, such as neglect of discipline, of care of the poor, carelessness as to heresy, and, alas, so many more, and as long as we have the high opinion of ourselves, and contempt of our neighbours, there is no hope of our mending.

E. B. P. to Rev. J. Keble.

We are just now in great apprehension what may be the measures of the committee in the Hebdomadal Board appointed to consider the mode of condemning Ward's book. I do so dread

[1] See Life, ii. p. 414.

doctrinal propositions involving one knows not what. . . . Things are driving on very fast; their horse-hoofs are iron, and they have no pity. 'But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us.' . . . And then it comes to me from time to time, Is it on account of myself that *our* 'chariot wheels drive heavily'? Things go so very wrong.

E. B. P. to Rev. J. H. Newman.

December 16, 1844.

You will not so far despond for us as not to give us your earnest prayers. I cannot think all is lost, when I see so much good springing up daily within our Church, and that, of our Church, and through her means of grace and with all their needs satisfied in her. Since I have had more, in a measure, cure of souls, I have seen such wonderful workings of Divine grace, and that through the ordinances of our Church, that I cannot think He will forsake her. God comfort you, at all times, though I am unworthy to pray it.

Brighton, December 31, 1844.

Manning, if he votes at all on I. and II., will vote against them. Keble writes, 'It is pleasant to hear from all sides of the disgust which the test is exciting. But I fear it will go hard with Ward.' . . . Meanwhile, it is a great comfort to see a very deep under-current of good steadily flowing on, and that in persons who are the formation of our own Church. I have of late been allowed to come in contact with more of such minds than heretofore, and to see very deep workings.

The events which followed have often been related—Mr. Ward's summons to appear before the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Symons) on November 30; the notice given of three propositions to be submitted to Convocation in the following February (1845), the first declaring certain passages in the 'Ideal of a Christian Church' to be 'utterly inconsistent with the Thirty-nine Articles and with Mr.

Ward's good faith in subscribing them in order to his admission to the degrees of B.A. and M.A.' By the second Mr. Ward was to be degraded from his degrees. The third proposed a 'test to be imposed on all persons, lay or clerical, who might hereafter be suspected of unsound opinions, in place of simple subscription.' Every such person was to declare that he subscribed the Articles in the sense in which he believed them to have been originally drawn up, and to be imposed by the University at the present time.

Dr. Pusey thereupon wrote a long letter, on December 17, 1844, to the *English Churchman*, declaring that if this new test were to pass Convocation he would not accept it, that he had hitherto signed the Articles 'in the way in which, from Archbishop Laud's time, they have been proposed by *the Church*,' whereas the test was proposed by the *University* in order to force its present interpretation of the Articles on any one differing from it. To Mr. Keble he wrote:—

CHRIST CHURCH, 2nd Sunday in Advent, 1844.

Perhaps you will have heard of these dreadful statutes to degrade Ward, and to give the V.-C. the power of requiring any one, 'Head of a House or other,' to sign a statement that he subscribes the Articles in the sense in which they were *primitus editi et nunc ab Universitate propositi*. . . . N. hopes that the Liberals will help us; . . . others may help against oppression; but this wild, anti-Romanist fanaticism is a fearful antagonist. All the four winds seem let loose upon our unhappy Church. . . . Privately, we must leave no stone unturned. I hope your neighbour, Sir William Heathcote, and Barter will not fail us now. If they and such do, Oxford is lost as any defence of Catholicism. For on three refusals of this new test, a person is to be expelled.

To Dr. Hook, who was very bitter against Ward, but in the end voted against his degradation, he wrote that he thought the measures against him shocking, since the Heads believed him to be honest, and that nothing in his subscription could, at the worst, be so bad as in that of men who 'impugn the doctrine of the Trinity or deny the grace of the Sacraments. . . . For the Low Church, who cannot receive the Baptismal Service, except by some violent perversion, to help to hunt down Ward is most outrageous.'

It became apparent that the feeling against the proposed test was so strong that there would be 'an overwhelming majority of votes against it,'[1] and on January 13, the Hebdomadal Board decided to withdraw it. But it was proposed to substitute for it a condemnation of Tract 90 in the words of a resolution adopted by the Heads of Houses on its publication in 1841, but which they knew there was no chance of Convocation accepting at that time. Now there were good hopes of tacking it on to the censure upon Ward's book.

Although sorrow for Oxford and the Church is even at this moment the strongest feeling in my breast (Mr. Gladstone wrote to Dr. Pusey, February 7), yet indignation at this proposal to treat Mr. Newman worse than a dog really makes me mistrust my judgment, as I suppose one should always do when any proposal seeming to present an aspect of incredible wickedness is advanced.

The distress of it all must have been increased for Dr. Pusey by his fears for the effect on Newman, whom he

[1] Rev. J. B. Mozley's Letters, p. 160.

still hoped to keep, and who wrote to him a week before the meeting of Convocation :—

I should not be honest, if I did not begin by saying that I shall be glad, selfishly speaking, if this decree passes. Long, indeed, have I been looking for external circumstances to determine my course, and I do not wish this daylight to be withdrawn.

E. B. P. to Rev. Dr. Hook.

So, on scarcely nine days' notice, it is to be proposed to condemn Tract 90. It is monstrous. Such headlong persecution never can prosper in the end. . . . Such is the fruit of yielding with these men. N. has successively given up the Tracts, an influential pulpit, sermons, a most deep and healthful influence over young men, his residence in Oxford, his 'Lives of the Saints,' and now that he has been doing nothing except editing St. Athanasius' great defence of the faith, he is to be pursued even to his retreat at Littlemore and condemned there. . . . Surely this reckless persecution must fall back on people's heads. When they have 'beaten him and entreated him shamefully and sent him away empty,' they will discover at last whose servant they have so dealt with.

Meanwhile, Archbishop Whateley, who is both Sabellian and Nestorian, who opened poor Blanco White's eyes to see that on the Archbishop's principle he was an Unitarian, is urging all this on, and uncondemned. They who censure Ward will not have their own consciences clear unless they do all in their power to have Archbishop Whateley condemned.

To Dr. Newman he wrote :—

Shrove Tuesday [February 4, 1845].

It is wretched to have holy seasons, which one needs, thus broken in upon; however, I must break in on yours. I would have come out to-night, but that I thought to see Copeland, and that he would have learnt from you what you think best.

I should hope the Heads would suffer from the invidiousness

of proposing the condemnation of Tract 90 at nine days' notice. Might one possibly fight with more advantage now than if it were to be put off by the Proctors' veto, if one can get it? There is no time to lose in deciding which course to take.

Recollect that I am committed to Tract 90 as well as you, and so are so many others who would feel the blow, as I should not for myself, so give me your judgment as to the best line for our common defence. Could you send in an answer by one to-morrow, when there is to be a meeting? I would not use or hint at your name, except to Marriott or Church.

Dr. Newman's answer to this note does not remain, but on February 6 he wrote:—

I should not be honest, if I did not begin by saying that I shall be glad, selfishly speaking, if this decree passes.

Moreover, I have had to take so lukewarm a part about Ward, that I am really glad and relieved to find myself at last in the scrape. The only drawback is that I am not alone in it, not, I fear, from tenderness towards him, so much as that it would be a more dignified thing if I stood by myself.

I cannot say I have any pain about it, and I could not honestly approximate in the faintest degree to an appeal *ad misericordiam*.

All this makes me a bad adviser. But again, my *raw* opinion is worth little. I continually change it. It is after talking with others, and one or two good nights' sleep, that I begin to have a view, whether a right or wrong one. . . .

I really should fear that the Protestant spirit in the University is roused, and that it would force on the Heads of Houses. I do not see any chance of a reaction. They are in a tide of victories.

The younger Liberals, A. P. Stanley amongst them, took part against the Heads, and it became known that the Proctors, Mr. Guillemard and Mr. R. W. Church, would, if necessary, use their power of 'forbidding proceedings in Convocation which they judged inexpedient for the University,' and would veto the condemnation of Tract 90.

There seems now no doubt (Dr. Pusey wrote to Dr. Hook) that this dreadful censure on Tract 90, me, and others, will be vetoed by the Proctors. Thank you for thinking of coming. The veto will be on account of the indecent haste. Dr. Faussett avows that it was only thought of as an expedient because they had not all the support for Ward's degradation that they hoped for. This manœuvring is wretched. I suppose people in general will come up, for it is a strong thing for the Proctors to veto it in presence of 470 requisitionists, and there is the unjust degradation of Ward too. The rumour is afloat. Anyhow, do you stay at home and pray for us and help us another time if needed.

From all parts of the country men came up for that memorable meeting of Convocation on February 13, 1845.

As you will have heard, the No. 90 move has mounted up tremendously (Mr. Mozley wrote to his sister, February 5). I confess it was so very low and ungenerous, that I did not expect it. . . .

It is remarkable, however, that among the 476 names only very few are resident, and the *Globe* acknowledges that it is bringing down the country parsons and clubs upon us. . . .

Newman will take it very easy; but these things disgust and affect him more than he shows.[1]

The late Dean Church was Junior Proctor at this time. 'Amid slush and snow,' on February 13, Convocation met in the Sheldonian Theatre, which was crowded with Masters of Art, only voters being admitted. Mr. Ward defended himself, after the passages from his book had been read on which the proceedings against him were founded, and the voting began.

The first vote (the condemnation of the book) was carried by 777 to 386. The second (that Mr. Ward should be degraded from

[1] Letters of Rev. J. B. Mozley, pp. 162, 163.

his degrees), by a more evenly balance division, 569 to 511. When the Vice-Chancellor put the third (the formal censure of the principles of Tract 90), the Proctors rose, and the Senior Proctor, Mr. Guillemard of Trinity, stopped it in the words, *Nobis procuratoribus non placet.*[1] Such a step, of course, only suspended the vote, and the year of office of these Proctors was nearly run. But . . . all attempts to revive the decree at the expiration of their year of office failed. The wiser heads in the Hebdomadal Board recognized at last that they had better hold their hand.[2]

On February 22 Mr. Gladstone wrote to Dr. Pusey that the Archbishop of Canterbury had expressed to him in 'a kind note' his opinion that there would be no further attack on Tract 90, and added, 'What a conclusive testimony does this afford that the interposition of the Proctors was no less wise and just than it was courageous.'

Within a few days after his friend Mr. Ward's condemnation, Mr. Oakeley wrote a public letter to the Vice-Chancellor, claiming for himself the right to hold, though not to teach, all Roman doctrine, and the result of a suit in the Arches Court which followed was, on June 30, 1845, the revocation of Mr. Oakeley's license to officiate at Margaret Chapel or anywhere in the diocese or province of Canterbury.

The matter deeply affected Dr. Pusey, both from its increasing the suspicion with which he was regarded, and

[1] Guillemard, the Senior Proctor, delivered his veto with immense effect. A shout of *Non* was raised, and resounded through the whole building and *Placets* from the other side, over which Guillemard's *Nobis procuratoribus non placet* was heard like a trumpet, and cheered enormously. The Dean of Chichester threw himself out of his Doctor's seat, and shook both Proctors violently by the hand. The requisition has been renewed, as we expected.—Letters of Rev. J. B. Mózley, p. 165.

[2] The Oxford Movement, by Dean Church, p. 331.

the personal pain to himself. He might too often have said in many troubles 'Defend me from my friends,' but he never did say it; on the contrary, when they were compromised, either by imprudence or honest expression of growing conviction, he tried to the last to identify himself with them, and to hold over them his own stainless shield.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XIII.

The following letter to the Rev. E. P. Richards of Farlington, from his wife, is interesting, as showing the standard of services, etc., in the most 'advanced' churches in London at this time.

Gower Street, Sunday Evg., March 21, 1844 [or 1845].

My dearest Edward,—Whilst I remember them I wish to give you a few particulars of what has been given out this morning at Christ Church for next Wednesday, and other days in Lent. At the proper time Mr. Dodsworth gave notice, first, that there would be Prayers daily during the continuance of Lent; then—that, Thursday next, being the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, there would be the proper service for the day—that there would also continue to be a Sacrament on every *Thursday* in Lent. He then gave notice of the Fast-day (speaking of its being set apart as a day of especial humiliation for our sins, etc., etc.), adding that there would on that day be service at six o'clock in the morning (the Litany); Morning Prayers at eight o'clock, the full service and a sermon at eleven; Evening Prayers and catechising at three o'clock; and, at seven, Evening Service and a sermon, and the church would be kept open the whole day. I wish you could have gone to Christ Church to-day, the service was so solemn and earnest (such a contrast to that at St. Pancras this afternoon). There were six officiating clergymen; Dr. Pusey preached.

At the conclusion of the sermon he said 'the grace of our Lord,' etc., etc., and then immediately left the pulpit and returned to the Altar, where he and the other Priests remained on their knees, engaged in prayer, during the whole time those who did not remain [for] the Sacrament were leaving the church. The

organ during this time played a very low and mournful strain, quite suited to the time. The Altar, pulpit, and reading-desk were covered with black cloth. The alms were collected in richly embroidered black velvet bags, which have a sort of stiff metal contrivance at the opening for handing them about and keeping them open. They (the bags) were collected together afterwards on a gold plate (or salver), and carried by one of the Priests into the vestry. The congregation remained till the Clergy left the Altar, so we saw that every Priest carried thence one of the Sacramental vessels. Miss Ashburner tells me that the having the Sacrament on a Thursday is a revival of an early custom of the Church (only begun this Lent), in commemoration of the institution of our Lord's Supper having been on a Thursday. It is administered at eight o'clock in the morning, with merely the Communion Service, and on that day there are morning prayers at eleven. The text of Dr. Pusey's sermon was from the fourteenth verse of the second chapter of Hosea. You can imagine how beautifully he explained and enlarged upon it. I cannot attempt to give you any of his words, I should so mar their beauty. His discourse was full of the love and universal charity for which he and his writings are so distinguished.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIRST ANGLICAN SISTERHOOD.

1845.

Di lui si fecer poi diversi rivi,
Onde l'orto cattolico si riga
Sì che i suoi arbuscelli stan piu vivi.
Paradiso, c. xii.

ON the day of Lucy Pusey's death, her father, writing to tell Newman of her departure, said :—

I ventured to give her in charge to pray for us all in the presence of her Redeemer, and, if it might be, for those institutions to which she had herself hoped to belong.

The same thought was in Mr. Keble's mind, for he wrote, on April 25 :—

I suppose, such seems to be the mysterious connection between things here and there, that it is impossible to know whether the very cause, for the sake of which (among other things) we so desired her recovery, may not be rather promoted (though, of course, we must not expect to see how) by her departure.

'We meet on Saturday to consider the propriety of at once taking the house which Lord John Manners[1] has seen this morning, and is greatly pleased with,' Mr.

[1] Now Duke of Rutland.

Dodsworth wrote to her father, on May 21, 1884, just a month after her death. He had taken a leading part at the important meeting held in London on the very day of her funeral, to consider the establishment of English Sisterhoods.

To Newman he wrote of his wish being always

—to set people in the right direction in ministering to those who were being drawn away from our Church, and to help to fix their minds on what God has done or is doing for her, instead of going to the abstract controversies, for which such are utterly unfit very often, and which only irritates them, and takes them off themselves, and the sense of their own duties.

And, as so often, he thought first whether his own house and his own means could not be utilized for what he hoped would be profitable :—

What do you think of my trying a female *μονὴ*? (he had written to Newman).[1] I have thought . . . of giving two rooms in my house to a lady educating two orphan, *e.g.* daughters of clergy. My idea was 'having food and raiment,' that they should 'be therewith content.' I have since been involved in expenses of different sorts which I did not anticipate; but hope I could manage something of the kind. . . . I have thought this might be a beginning of a *μονὴ*. And if dear L. lives, this is the life she hopes for herself, and were I continued here until she were old enough, there would be a companion for her, and a preparation for her to enter on.

For some years Dr. Pusey had had frequent correspondence with many friends, lay and clerical, as to his cherished scheme of establishing a religious community of women. . . . 'You have probably received a beautiful

[1] In an undated note, probably in 1842 or 1843.

prospectus about μοναὶ,' he wrote to Mr. Keble, October 21, 1842. 'It is very striking. I wish I knew who drew it up. My heart is much set on them, and do pray that we may have them in what form He wills. It seems to me the great desideratum in our Church. The want of them has been a sore loss to me.' The following extract from another letter of his to Mr. Keble (February 6, 1843) is interesting and curious, as showing how far he was from imagining the great communities, highly organized, and under Episcopal control and sanction, of which he was sowing the seed :—

> I agree with you that B[isley] would be a good place for a μονὴ, and certainly I should think that it was a matter with which a Bishop has nothing to do. If an institution was being formed which was to be formally organized, branching out into other parishes or dioceses, this would be another matter; but for a few young women to live together in one house for the purposes of devotion and charity, it really would be most monstrous if a Bishop were any way to take cognizance of it. It would be violating the sacredness of domestic charity and devotion.

'The μονὴ is to be opened in Easter week with tw Sisters,' he wrote, in February, 1845; 'there may be mo before Trinity.' 'The feeling after this mode of life growing wonderfully.' 'I know of seven in Edinbu alone,' he says in another note.[1]

Miss Marian Hughes, who had, on the day of Pusey's first communion, and kneeling by her side, herself to a life of special devotion, has kindly se writer the following notice of this first seed-plant

[1] *I.e.* seven women wishing for such a life.

various and numerous Sisterhoods now spread over almost the whole English empire—

The house for this first Anglican Sisterhood—No. 17, Park Village, Regent's Park—was taken in the name of Lord John Manners; it was in the district belonging to Christ Church which had recently been formed out of New St. Pancras' parish. Towards the erection of the church Dr. Pusey had contributed £1000: at that time Mr. Dodsworth was the incumbent.

No. 17, Park Village, was not like a London house: it had a pretty garden round it, and looked like some of the tiny villas one sees in the environs of London. The house has long since been swept away for a more regular street.

The Sisters were employed in visiting the poor and sick at their own homes, receiving and training orphans, giving shelter to women of good character while seeking occupation, also in the care of a day school for very poor children.

The little Home was opened on the Wednesday after Easter, March 26, 1845, beginning with two Sisters—Miss Jane Ellacombe, daughter of a well-known clergyman, the Vicar of Bitton, Gloucestershire, and Miss Mary Bruce.[1]

I am vexed (Dr. Pusey wrote, March 28, to Mr. Keble) that I forgot that you did not know upon what day the little Sisterhood was to commence. Two Sisters entered their Home on Easter Wednesday (one Miss E.); they are very promising; a third we a pect on Friday week. We, *i.e.* Dodsworth and myself, had a ho e service with them on Wednesday; they were in floods o enc s, but of joy, in the prayers for them. On Sunday at a for ter to eight is to be their first communion subsequent to solemn entrance. Will you remember them then? There F vows, but they have given themselves for life.

spond these two first Sisters Miss Ellacombe remained in the life she had cherish ntil her death on Christmas Day, 1854. Miss Bruce's health failed, of wo lived for some years at Christ Church as a sort of duenna to Dr. young daughter. After the latter's marriage, she worked at Dundee shop Forbes.

Thank you much about the *Paradisus*. I shall be glad to consult you about the forthcoming parts also. The next is *de cultu SS. Trinitatis;* there are most beautiful prayers and acts of devotion in it.

In a letter (October 12, 1898) from Miss Terrot, daughter of the Bishop of Edinburgh, who was the next to join the little community, she says:—

I had a regard and reverence for Dr. Pusey from reading a long letter he wrote in 1838 to the Bishop of Oxford. In 1841 he wrote to my father, thanking him for something in his Charge, and introducing a gentleman who, he said, was exercising a great and valuable influence on one whose life and character might be of inestimable value to our Church and country. This was, I believe, W. E. Gladstone. I do not remember the name of the person said to influence him. . . . During the winter of 1844–1845 my father also wrote to Dr. Pusey, and I went by steamer, arriving at 17, Park Village West, on April 4. Dr. Pusey came soon after and prayed with us and said Compline.

The Sisters were joined a few weeks later by Miss Langston, who was ten years older than any of her companions, and became Superior. To Miss Hughes Dr. Pusey wrote:—

With regard to the little Sisterhood, it is growing in numbers, and they in the grace of God. It is one of the brightest spots I know of. I do hope this is the blossom of rich fruit. The Sisters are only in their external works under the superintendence of Mr. D., who tells them whom they are to visit. The house, which is a small one, only holding ten, will probably soon overflow. The little Sisterhood is feeling its way or, rather, being led on of God.

It was a great solace to him in the sorrow ever present to his mind at this time with regard to his dearest friend.

God seems to be so moving people's hearts (he wrote to Mr. Keble, April 11) that there seem tokens of mercy in the midst of the heavy suffering which our Church will undergo, not having been able to use the instrument He gave her. . . . Do not omit to pray for the little Sisterhood, as also for a μονὴ of clergy, which I hope will grow up out of a sort of Curates' College at Leeds. They are pledged to nothing, but have a good head.

A remarkable paper, marked *Confidential* and headed 'Sisters of Mercy,' was drawn up and circulated at this time, stating the great need for the work of Sisters in our great towns, and that 'the present institution has commenced in the parochial district of Christ Church, St. Pancras, in which is a large population of destitute poor.'

The paper was headed by an extract from Southey's 'Colloquies':—

> There is . . . in such associations, nothing but what is righteous and holy; nothing but what properly belongs to that θρησκεία, that religious service which the Apostle James, the brother of our Lord, has told us is pure and undefiled before God and the Father. They who shall see such societies instituted and flourishing here may have a better hope that it may please the Almighty to continue His manifold mercies to this island, notwithstanding the errors which endanger it, and the offences which cry to heaven.[1]

The names of the laymen who made it possible to begin this first Sisterhood must not be omitted. The paper concluded with the following engagement:—

> We, the undersigned, having contributed, or intending to contribute, to the maintenance, for the term of three years, of the house about to be opened in the district of Christ Church, St. Pancras, for the reception of Sisters of Mercy, hereby express our

[1] Southey's Colloquies, vol. ii. p. 330.

intention of using our best endeavours at the close of that term, if the experience obtained in the interval shall justify the expectation of the permanent continuance of the institution, to place its resources upon the footing which may be requisite for its regular support.

JOHN MANNERS.	W. E. GLADSTONE.
CLIVE.	R. M. MILNES.
CAMDEN.	F. H. DICKINSON.
LYTTELTON.	J. D. WATTS RUSSELL.
JOHN HANMER.	T. D. ACLAND, JUN.
ADARE.	F. A. M'GEACHY.
W. MONSELL.	A. J. B. HOPE.

But the difficulties were immense, even less from outward causes than from the entire inexperience, both in the leaders and those who had to be led. The greatest want was of any sort of knowledge of community life, and, consequently, of power to direct and teach others, in any English Churchwoman. Miss Langston won devoted love from many under her, but she could not give training which she had never received herself, and Dr. Pusey, assisted by Mr. Dodsworth, was obliged to fulfil many of the duties of Superior as well as chaplain; almost everything which now goes without saying in Sisterhoods —endless questions or even minute details—being of necessity referred to him. He had for years tried to collect information as to the constitution of conventual houses both in the Latin and Greek communions, and there are two interesting letters written to him at this time by Dr. Wiseman. In the first (January 18, 1845) he sends 'the order of the day as set out for the Sisters of Mercy at Birmingham'; and adds, 'The meditation is generally left to each religious under the

direction of the confessor. . . . As to reading, the Holy Scriptures, the Lives of Saints, Rodriguez, etc., are, I believe, most ordinarily in use.' The next letter is written early in 1846, shortly before the first Lent in the new Home, and gives the dietary of the Birmingham Sisters, 'using,' he says, 'the dispensations granted by the Bishop to the Diocese, viz. meat on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday.' On other days 'fish, or eggs and vegetables form the principal diet,' and, Dr. Wiseman added, 'on this diet they find they can go through all their duties; though some who are infirm may require further dispensation.'

Everything had also to be arranged as to their active employment. Nearly a month after the 'μονὴ' had been opened Mr. Dodsworth reported to Dr. Pusey that—

> Lord John has written to Ambrose Phillips about the visiting, etc., and as yet has had no answer. The difficulty you contemplate will, I think, be got over by schools. I am going to hire a room in their part of my parish, where they may train some of our most destitute children, and where also they may occasionally take poor persons to instruct them apart from the distractions of their own homes.

Lord John Manners, writing on April 24, as regarded the time to be spent in active work, sent the following extract 'from a letter of Ambrose Phillips received this morning.'

> I do not think in our nunneries that the period in each day for active work is so long as six consecutive hours, which you mention as stated in Bishop Wiseman's rules. I consulted Dr. Gentili about this, and he said it meant that that number of hours out of every twenty-four should be given up to visiting the sick, instructing, etc., but that consecutively it would be too much for any woman.

Dr. Pusey had confidently looked for a warm welcome to the Sisters amongst the poor, to whose service they were devoted, but, Mr. Dodsworth wrote :—

An unexpected trial has come upon us in the sort of excitement which our Sisterhood has produced *amongst the poor*.

I think I told you some time ago of a falling off in their attendance at church; this has recently become still more marked, and from the inquiries I have made I have no doubt that considerable alarm exists amongst them. They do not know what to make of the Sisters, and suspect them of being disguised Roman Catholics. . . . The result is that the usefulness of the Sisterhood is greatly threatened, the poor are regarding them with suspicion instead of love and veneration. Much, I think, is to be attributed to the *peculiar dress*. Here, perhaps, *we* have been wanting in due consideration to people's prejudices. . . . I think it worthy of consideration whether we had not better at once put them into a more ordinary dress, *out of doors*, such as black and white or coloured shawls. Pray tell me what you think of this.

Nothing has ever been *simply restored*, and so we never can have nuns again; though we may have something resembling them, we cannot bring back mediæval religion.

This difficulty I had not looked for. Of course one did for opposition from the rich; but that the poor should be alienated from us by what is specially designed for their benefit and blessing is grievous indeed and disappointing. It seems almost as if a blight were upon us.

Again a few days later he writes :—

I would not at once alter all their dresses, but it strikes me that it would be desirable for two or three of them to put on black and white winter shawls such as other modest people wear, which would break the uniformity, which our people are unused to. . . . We must trust to their winning on the affections of the poor in due time. Surely under God's blessing this must be the result. Only let us do all we can to soften prejudices.

I should not think (he writes later) of letting the poor know

that any change was adopted for the sake of conciliation. Of course we do put 'a bold face' upon it with them, so far as we can get at their feelings, or their folly and sin. But you know the strength of such alarms. I did not mean that they *originated* with the poor; but, alas, there are plenty of emissaries, dissenters and others, who would be too glad to excite suspicion of us.

Dividing them in their walk has prevented observation. . . . I would not have one *essential* point given up.

There were also, of course, difficulties among the Sisters. Mr. Dodsworth told Dr. Pusey that he thought it was not without danger for them 'to be brought from spheres such as theirs had been, and to find themselves at once the objects of devoted service from such as you.' He also feared Dr. Pusey's over tenderness in being too ready to relax rules.

No doubt (he wrote) it is difficult to keep up the amount of labour; but then we *must* remember that they have devoted themselves to a painful life. Nothing would seem more injurious to themselves or more fatal to the institution than that they should make a profession and not act up to it, allowing for the measures of human infirmity. . . . Unless there is something of painful labour, theirs is, in many respects of worldly comfort, a life much to be preferred to that of a governess, and which many might covet for its comfort—so we might lead them into a great snare.

I wish you could see what a great point is gained in the establishment of such a Sisterhood, and be content to wait for more till better times. I am *sure* this would be good for them. That they *think* of themselves 'very much as nuns' I never doubted; this is what I rather regret to see. I wish that they could think less of what they *seem* to be, and let this gradually grow out of the reality. I do not mean that there is more than we might naturally expect of this tendency, but surely it is wise to repress it, and to lead them to think little of themselves and their ways.

The same thought seems to have occurred to Mr. Keble, for he wrote to Dr. Pusey :—

BUDE, CORNWALL, August 28, 1845.

. . . The other day Dodsworth was so good as to lend me the rules of the Sisterhood in London, and we, *i.e.* I and my wife, were deeply interested by them. . . . It strikes me that there is a particular danger incident to persons situated as those Sisters are among us, viz. that being so very few, and among persons so deeply interested for them and their undertaking, they may very easily think too much of themselves and be made too much of, and I could fancy that it might be necessary to do some violence to ourselves in order not to flatter them unconsciously. On this, as on other accounts, I wish I could hear of their number increasing.

As to the use of parts of the Breviary in the Home, Dr. Pusey informed one of its distinguished lay-supporters that he knew of no resource in providing for frequent offices,

—but to go to the same source from which our English Prayer-book is taken, and to give them such devotions as we felt sure *we could ourselves use in the Bishop's presence. . . . There is nothing but what is framed on the Service of the Church of England; there is no passage read from a Father which I could not myself preach in a sermon before the Bishop, nor any prayer which the Bishop himself might not use.*

Mr. Dodsworth, however, thought that though the Bishop could not object to the extracts used, he might yet fear them (as practically bringing the Breviary into use) ; and on this ground he objected to instalments of it being used, since the understanding with their lay-friends 'was that the whole institution should be open to the Bishop.'

However, a few days later he wrote:—

I fear it is my ignorance of the right method of using the Breviary services which has occasioned any misunderstanding on the subject. . . . But I do certainly think that the Bishop would object to our giving the Breviary itself, so far as it can be used by us. This I am sure will seem to you very sad, especially that anything should be accepted from our hands, and refused as from such high authority. But then we must remember that we are under Bishops to whom we owe obedience, however irksome the course prescribed to us may be.

One of Dr. Pusey's strongest wishes was to try and provide, in the English communion, for the devotional aspirations which, beginning in the great leaders of renewed faith and fervour, was so marked a characteristic of their early followers; and in his anxiety that they should not be deprived of the use of parts of the Breviary—that wonderful 'repertory of Christian devotion and Christian poetry for fourteen hundred years'—he thought it possible that the Sisters under his care in the Home might be allowed to say the Breviary matins without others being required to join them.

I could not be a consenting party to a separate matin service for *your* Sisters (Mr. Dodsworth replied to this proposal). Besides, what might this lead to? Others may come who may choose other confessors, Manning, *e.g.*, etc., and so we should have disunion and confusion.

The first beginnings of a great work are always worthy of notice, and the above details have been given, even though some may seem trivial, knowing that they will interest many who are well acquainted with the present constitution of Sisterhoods and their immense works. It should be clearly understood that to Dr. Pusey the

Anglican communion chiefly owes their restoration, the rather because it has been very generally believed that a Sisterhood founded some years later at Devonport was the beginning of such Communities amongst us. One of the early Sisters at Park Village told the writer that she remembered the first Devonport superior coming there as a girl, in secular dress, 'to see what a Sisterhood was like.'

In a letter to Mr. Keble (September, 1864), Dr. Pusey himself says :—

> I am not sure from what you kindly write . . . whether you do not think that I have some office as to the Devonport Society. I *was* spiritual superintendent in Park Village, because it was my work . . . as Clewer was Carter's; Wantage, Butler's; or All Saints', Richards'. . . . At Devonport I have never had any office.

These words distinctly disclain any responsibility for the management of the Devonport or of any other Sisterhood except the first in the English communion since the Reformation, which he founded.

And so, through many troubles, many disappointments, many mistakes, the little seed-plant took root, and spread and increased, early hindrances vanishing, fresh vigour gained by frosts and storms. It caused an immense increase of work to Dr. Pusey, especially through his anxious care for those who found themselves suddenly placed under wholly new and untried conditions, amid which teachers and taught had to make the best of their way. His letters to one of the Sisters exhibit a wonderful patience in considering everything that might bear on welfare either of body or mind. 'The Mother

tells me,' he wrote to her in 1847, 'that you wish to see Mr. ——, and that you cannot get from me what you want. Tell me what you wish to ask, and I will, by God's help, write or see you very soon. I might be brought up next week; if not, I would write.' The debt cannot be estimated which later religious communities owe to such care bestowed upon the first. The Sister to whom the above was written responded generously to its gentle forbearance with girlish waywardness, and still continues, in old age, the life of devoted service to which she gave herself.

It has been remarked that most of the solid and lasting fruits of the Oxford Movement were 'the outcome of Dr. Pusey's large conceptions and constructive force of mind;' and that, 'even where other men achieved more brilliant results, his had very often been the inspiration.' Never was this more true than of his work at this time. To him and his first band of workers belongs the honour of founding the first home of Anglican Sisters of Charity, and of bringing the poor and their best friends together, while opening to women a possibility of development for dispositions and longings which had hitherto languished.

From this infant community Miss Nightingale chose some of the best in the band of nurses taken by her to the Crimea; amongst them the superior, Miss Langston. In 1852 the Sisterhood moved into St. Saviour's Home, Osnaburgh Street, built (the first house for an Anglican Community) by one of the Sisters.[1]

[1] 'Sister Clara' [Miss Powell, of Foxlease, New Forest], now the senior Sister in the English communion, and, after fifty-three years of service, still working at Ascot Priory Convalescent Hospital. Her father was Captain in the 1st Grenadier Guards. St. Saviour's, Osnaburgh Street, is now

The present venerable and beloved Superior of the Community at Ascot Priory[1] joined the little band at Park Village in 1847, a few months later than Sister Clara; and, having remained faithful to her vocation, was amongst those who knelt by Dr. Pusey's death-bed when, at Ascot Hermitage, he passed to his rest.

occupied by the All Saints' Sisters, to whom it was given in 1892 by Mr. Edward Palmer. He had bought it from the Ascot community in 1877, and it was used for some time by his wife as a Cancer Hospital. Ascot Priory, where those who remain of the first Sisters are established, was not begun until 1861.

[1] The Hon. Georgina Napier, sister of the late Lord Napier and Ettrick.

CHAPTER XV.

THE THREEFOLD CORD BROKEN.

1845.

They parted—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
. . . . .
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE.

THE silence which had fallen between Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman on subjects and schemes concerning which the latter would once have been consulted at every step, is marked by the absence of correspondence between them on the opening of the first Sisterhood in the Anglican Church since the Reformation.

Dr. Pusey had thought that there being no renewed attack on Tract 90, after the Proctor had stopped the proposed censure in February, would seem hopeful to Newman, but he was far past being influenced by outward events. 'Nothing that has happened,' he says in February, 1845, 'has made me go one way or the other from the first (near six years).'

In the previous summer he had written from Littlemore (July, 1844), 'I think of giving up my rooms at Oriel;'

and two months later occurred the death, which so deeply touched him, of his and Dr. Pusey's dear friend, Mr. Bowden, over whose coffin, as he tells us, he sobbed, to think that he was gone, leaving him still uncertain as to his course. 'I think,' he wrote to Dr. Pusey a few days after this loss, 'you do not put yourself enough in my position, and consider how a person would view things, and at the end of nearly five years.' A few days later, writing of one who thought he could take Orders, accepting the Articles in Mr. Ward's sense, he says, 'I certainly do not think he can properly sign our articles—but he thinks he can. He goes with Ward; I cannot.'

Every note was written evidently with real anguish in causing pain to Dr. Pusey, and he caught at an occasion of giving him a gleam of pleasure.

I think you will like me to transcribe you a passage from a letter which has been shown me.

'I have got Pusey's letter. It affected me much. How differently he speaks of those who are troubled at our Anglican state from the generality of persons; all those who are inclined to go to Rome are generally treated so roughly as almost to drive them over; as if such feelings belonged only to crack-brained young men. I love him more than ever for his kindness.'

Also I have seen a letter from B. Smith, of Lincolnshire, who speaks in such a pleasant way of the news of the Bishop of L. having spoken kindly of him, and of some other things of the kind, as to make it clear *very* few men would be unsettled, if we had only sympathy, and *were set to work*.[1]

Not all his real veneration for Newman for one moment shook Dr. Pusey's convictions. Troubles might and did

[1] This note is undated, and was probably written rather earlier than this time.

deepen his own penitence, as, with Daniel of old, he acknowledged the sin of his people as his own, and set his face to the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplication with fasting.

'I am, indeed, in earnest that all my sorrows are the fruits of my own sins, and all my chastisements so many mercies,' he wrote to Mr. Keble; and, in another letter:—

I am more ashamed than I can say when you so ask my opinion, and take it as you did yesterday. . . . I had been thinking whether all this storm upon our Church was for me, and whether I could do anything by way of humiliation or confession, if this might mitigate it. I cannot but feel that I have reputation far other than I deserve. Yet the storm seems to be circling round others than me, which made me think it might not be so, and that it was no indication for me, and I was to go on as I have. . . . I could not say all I would about your question. I have good strong hope about our Church (unfit as I am to have any), both from God's outward dealings with her, and from the way in which He is awakening and deepening individual consciences, and again, that He is drawing not this person or that, but leavening the whole. . . . All these large designs seem to me to do a great deal of good. They seem a fruit of the Holy Spirit, and tend, I hope, besides their immediate object, to bear people above all the petty turmoils and strifes and little ends, and, as being great efforts, I hope they make us more pleasing to God. . . . Coleridge[1] seems to be going on with a full tide of success. But I do very much deprecate misgiving language, such as D.'s, and want of faith as to our Church. Surely, when God is so acting upon people's minds, we may hope everything.

An undated letter to Dr. Hook must have been written about this time:—

In what I say of N., I speak not from himself, but from

[1] The Rev. Edward Coleridge, who was at the head of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, for training missionaries.

my own convictions, and those partly or chiefly arising from my belief that he is very specially under the guidance of God, and also that God will not allow one who has in so many respects the marks of being an instrument in His hands to be lost to our Church. I know him to be very despondent about our Church, owing to all the manifestations of evil of late; that he has a very keen sense of heresy; that things have for years past distressed and do distress him exceedingly, but that his one object is to know what is God's will, and to do it. I had been, until of late, more sanguine that in the amended spiritual state of the Church there would have been such tokens of God's Presence that people could not doubt of it. But we have been under a heavy cloud for some time: love has been waxing cold, and since that is the token of His disciples, since 'He maketh men to be of one mind in an house,' and 'a house divided against itself falleth,' how are we to be surprised if any see not in us the tokens of a Church? I cannot speak harshly of men who went into Dissent formerly, when there was more earnestness in Dissent than among ourselves. I cannot be surprised that people see not these tokens now, when nothing is repudiated except the truth they hold, and if they believe the Real Presence, they are told that they are Papists, and had better be gone.

As I said, I cannot think the Roman Church all darkness, and we all light; I see in them deep devotion for our Lord, and burning zeal for God's glory, and so many fruits of the Spirit; and when we have so much darkness of many sorts around ourselves, I dare not apply 1 John ii. 19 to all who part from us. We must have more tokens of His light and Presence before leaving us can be such a proof of blindness, much less could I of one whom I know to be one of the holiest of our Church's sons. Were I to conceive of myself as divided off on the opposite side from him, I should believe myself to be among the goats.[1]

He could not give up occasionally consulting Newman,

[1] 'Pusey never let the separation from Newman be a real separation, and would not understand it as one,' the Rev. T. T. Carter writes in a letter of 1899.

when the latter's altered mind would not interfere with his judgment on certain points. On March 12 Newman wrote to him :—

Persons in a state of grace have to pray concerning past sin in a very different way from those who are not in a state of grace—not that it may be forgiven unto justification, or, in popular language, 'forgiven,' but that it may continue forgiven; that we may not fall from a state of grace; that we may receive higher measures of justification; that the remaining consequences of sin, temporal or moral, may be forgiven, etc.

—— says, then, I suppose, she cannot pray to be admitted into a state of grace (nor do I see that she is bound so to pray). Can she pray that she may *continue* in a state of grace—that He Who has 'pardoned all the past' may give her perseverance, may pardon it in the hour of death and in the day of judgment? . . .

I have been thinking of you a good deal lately. Three Sunday mornings I have been in Oxford, but have not had the heart to call on you. I would I knew how least to give you pain about what, I suppose, sooner or later will be. . . . I suppose Christmas cannot come again without a break up, though to what extent or to whom I do not know. It is better to tell you this at this season than to wait for a more joyful time.

All blessing be with you, my dear Pusey, prays

Your affectionate friend,

J. H. N.

Two days later he writes from Littlemore :—

The unsettlement I am causing has been for a long while the one overpowering distress I have had. It is no wonder that through last autumn it made me quite ill. It is as keen as a sword in many ways, and at times has given me a literal heart-ache, which quite frightened me. But in proportion as my course becomes clearer, this thought in some respects becomes more bearable.

And now what have I to say, but to express a trust that

where so much is at stake, Divine mercy would reveal to me, unworthy clearly, what is His will about me, and what is not?

Ever yours very affectionately,

J. H. N.

What you and others urge upon me, and what I feel myself, the *unsettlement* of mind I should cause, would, I suppose, make it a clear duty to state, as best I could, my reasons. As far as I see, I shall resign my Fellowship by November.

Dr. Pusey turned the more, in his deep sadness, to Mr. Keble :—

35, Grosvenor Square, Easter Friday [March 28], 1845.

. . . I hear that he is not at the Oriel election this year. I did not expect it. It looks like an approaching parting. I fear, whenever it is, the rent in our poor Church will be terrible ; I cannot conceive where it will end, or how many we may not lose. Those who have been won to holiness by his writings would feel it unnatural not to follow him. So, since our rulers could not use the instrument God gave into their hands, her very gain will turn to loss. It makes one dizzy to think of it. For N. himself, one can well imagine that He Who formed him as so special an instrument, may will to employ him as a restorer of the Roman Church. It too is quite powerless to meet its difficulties, and some in it look to N. to give some new impulse in it. . . . They who remain will have to think how the fragments may be gathered up ; for I fear we shall lose much of what is most devotional and deepest. And yet God is so working on people's inmost minds within our Church . . . that we cannot think that there is nothing in store for her. But she has a terrible crisis to go through.

God be with you, that you may guide us.

Ever yours affectionately,

E. B. P.

Again he writes (April 27)—

I should like to know what you think could best be done by any in that terrible shock awaiting us. I am hoping that people

may come to think that he has a special mission and call, and so that it may not be looked upon as an example to all who have learnt of him; but it will be, I fear, a most fearful rent, draining our Church of so much of her strength.

Cardinal Newman has recorded that even as late as the Commemoration of 1845 Dr. Pusey said of him to a friend, 'I trust after all we shall keep him.'[1] But this could only have been a passing gleam of hope. 'If anything *could* be done to lessen that fearful blow you speak of,' Mr. Keble wrote to him on April 30, 1845, 'but nothing special occurs to me. I am utterly perplexed and bewildered when I think of it.'

The Long Vacation was again spent by Dr. Pusey with his children at Ilfracombe, where he was much occupied in preparing for publication the translation of the *Paradisus Animæ Christianæ*, adapted for use in the English communion. A great number of letters passed between him and Mr. Keble on this subject, showing markedly the extreme care and thought which both gave to every passage or even word about which there was a doubt.

I know you will kindly go on giving me your opinion about the *Paradisus* (Dr. Pusey writes from Ilfracombe, July 12, 1845). My difficulty is still on the same subject. Since the Saints do pray for us, we, it should seem, would be undergoing a loss if we do not wish for their prayers. Then this wall between us and the R. C.'s can never be broken down unless we admit what we can of their system. Then, too, I suppose, this indiscriminate way of practically passing by whole doctrines, as the intercession of the Saints, may be doing harm to our faith. Yet, of course, one ought not to give our people what would necessarily be misunderstood.

[1] Apologia (ed. 1873), p. 225.

But the uppermost thought in the friends' minds was concerning the coming separation—the breaking of that threefold cord which had bound great hearts not less tenderly than strongly. Dr. Pusey consulted Newman about passages in the *Paradisus*. He replies:—

LITTLEMORE, July 22, 1845.

I have *myself* felt that such passages as you point out cannot be recommended by members of our Church. The question is not about their abstract propriety, *i.e.* non-contrariety to our Articles, but they are novel; and so very momentous a novelty cannot, I think, consistently be introduced except with the sanction of authority. I do not recollect that I have ever thought differently from this. What strong bits occur in my 'Sermons for the Day' do not amount all together to above half a page, and were added on publication, after I had given up St. Mary's, with a view that people should be prepared for what was likely to happen.

In this letter he entirely rejects the notion of his case being an exceptional one as regarded his approaching change.

Very unwilling indeed am I and distressed that they should act *because* I act; but if it is right for me it is right for others. It is no special dispensation with me certainly.

Mr. Keble had written (June 20, 1845), mentioning to Dr. Pusey a thought which, he says, had occurred to Manning and others, 'whether what we are waiting for would not be in some small degree modified if N. were to go to Rome, and there make the move instead of here,' hoping it would have perhaps less effect in checking

growth in the English communion. It is very characteristic of Mr. Keble that he adds:—

I am with them, as far as I can judge, in wishing that it might be somewhere at a distance, but I hardly know what to say to Rome. It seems to me that, in his place, I should feel as if going there for such a purpose was making the step as public and important as possible. . . . One's feeling, I seem to guess, would be to find some very good, retired, holy priest, in the Tyrol, or Upper Germany, or Lombardy, and put one's self under his wing. But, of course, this is very ignorant talking; but I write to know what you think of the matter; and, if you think well, will you communicate with N. on it, using my name, if you think best, as concurring with you?

E. B. P. to Rev. J. Keble.

Ilfracombe, July 8, 1845.

My dear Keble,—I had an opportunity almost immediately of speaking to N. on the subject of your note. . . . He said . . . that he had thought of it almost unceasingly, but that the difficulty with him was, that the only ground why people were anxious for him not to join the Roman Church here, was to veil his only ground for joining the Roman communion, viz. the conviction that we are in schism; that, by joining elsewhere, he should be encouraging what he felt to be wrong principles, as if people might join Rome from preference, or taste, or feeling, or [on] any other ground than the only right ground, the conviction, if any were so convinced, that our Church being in a schismatic state, it was unsafe for him, with this conviction, to remain in her. I did not know what to say in answer. I had heard some rumour of his going abroad, and so had hoped that he would have transferred himself, as it were, to some other part of the vineyard, not taking part against us (as, I fear, he must by his very presence here, if not with us), but simply leaving us to the mercy of God, himself not abiding with us, as not considering himself safe here. If he should be sent back here, that, I thought,

would be a different thing. I hinted this to him, but he said, with much feeling, 'I did not think any would ask this of me,' so I said no more. . . . People have been very anxious that you should in some way do something to cheer and reassure people at such a time as this. They are so discouraged that it would seem as if some would join Rome out of mere hopelessness. They resign themselves as by a sort of fascination, as though it must be sooner or later; 'why then not at once? and so the step would be taken and all suspense at an end.'

I have myself looked upon this of dear N. as a mysterious dispensation, as though (if it be indeed so) Almighty God was drawing him, as a chosen instrument for some office in the Roman Church (although he himself goes, of course, not as a reformer, but as a simple act of faith) . . . at least, I have come into this way of thinking since I have realized to myself that it was likely to be thus. But others who look at a distance think it is only the beginning for us all; that N. is only in advance; and so some despond of our Church, others are tempted to despair of our principles, as though they would never hold.

It would be a great gain if people would, at least, be calmer for the present; for while they multiply these fears to themselves, they are incapacitating themselves from judging or acting aright; and so, while the storm is upon us, are looking in dismay at one another, instead of giving themselves each with double earnestness to his own work.

After mentioning a suggestion of Sergeant Bellasis that the 'Evangelicals' might be asked in this crisis to cease from strife and 'work with us for the good of the Anglican Church,' and that others 'thought a letter from Mr. Keble, speaking of his attachment to the Church of England, would do much to settle many people,' Dr. Pusey adds—

You must be the best judge; but as Almighty God, amid these varied troubles, does seem to have a great work of mercy

still in store for our Church, it seems a special time now, for all who can, to do something for her in her distress. You will be pleased to hear that the little Sisterhood is going on very nicely.

It is remarkable that at no time was Dr. Pusey's attitude more devoid of bitterness towards the Roman communion than when his heart was wrung at the thought of his friend passing over to it. He writes to Archdeacon Manning, July 29, 1845 :—

Thank you for your Charge. While it is in a cheering tone, is there quite love enough for the Roman Church? 'If one member suffer,' etc. . . . We are so far worse off than our neighbours if we suffer both ways; [if we] cannot by the vitality of the Church retain many who are good, or turn bad into good. However, you do put forth strongly that we are sick; and what you say of chastenings must do good. I only desiderate more love for Rome. When the battle with infidelity and rebellion comes, we must be on the same side.

Of the two friends, it was the one who wrote fiercely against the Roman communion who joined it; while he who pleaded for more love to Rome remained steadfast under hardest trials—reproached, slandered, proscribed—in the English branch of the Church. Of the sinfulness of bitterness against any part of the Church, or against any individual, he ever spoke strongly, and of the injury which it diffuses in the moral and spiritual atmosphere. 'I suppose,' a clergyman wrote to him at this time, 'that it is lawful to lose one's thoughts of a particular Church in one's thoughts of the whole Body;' and though Dr. Pusey firmly believed that devotion to the communion in which he had been placed would best advantage the whole Body, he also realized too vividly that, 'We being many are

One Body, for we are all partakers of the One Bread,' not to be filled with love towards every part of the Catholic Church. He was also at this time feeling strongly the great debt which we and the Greek communion owe to Rome, in the devotional writings of the numberless saints trained by her. 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church' (not in any one branch of it) was to him a reality. But, as Dr. Liddon has truly said—

> It was precisely because Pusey had no misgivings respecting the claims of the Church of England that he did not cherish the fierce feelings or use the fierce language towards Rome which more respectable divines than the Puritans have sometimes deemed a necessary feature of Anglican loyalty.[1]

It was like him that, while writing so strongly to Mr. Keble of his faith in the Anglican communion, he took the opportunity of a letter from his old friend, Mr. B. Harrison, the Archbishop's chaplain, suggesting some anti-Roman utterance, to put the other side strongly forth in his reply (September 16, 1845)—probably knowing that it would pass to the Archbishop; and dwelling on the many causes of distress and unsettlement here. Amongst these he mentions:—

> The plague of division following us everywhere, the direct and unrebuked denial of fundamental truths of the faith, the toleration of all heresy, while truth has been impugned by different authorities in the Church, and no one protested against it, our fraternizing with Protestants, . . . our proud contempt for everybody except ourselves, and the hatred of Rome so general among us.

In the same letter he writes:—

> I ought to say that I can only take the positive ground of love and duty to our own Church as an instrument of God for man's

[1] Life, ii. p. 454.

salvation, in which He is present, and gives us the gifts of life, His Body and Blood, and all which is needful to salvation—as descended from that Church which He planted here to save souls. I cannot any more take the negative ground against Rome. I can only remain neutral, . . . and whether you think it right or wrong, I am sure it is of no use to persons who are really in any risk of leaving us. . . . The most effectual way to relieve them I have found, in combination with our succession, is to point out how God has owned and is owning our Church, His good providence over her, His gifts in her, the life He is giving her. These encourage people and give them heart.

The severance which came at last can only be told in Newman's own words.

Rev. J. H. Newman to E. B. P.

Littlemore, August 22, 1845.

My dear Pusey,—I do not like this day to pass without sending you a line to show my remembrance of it, though I have nothing else to say. May you have, as you will have, a succession of them, increasing, as the year comes round, in usefulness and all good, till you have finished God's work upon earth as far as it is committed to you, and have no reason for remaining. He surely is working through you and others in His Own way, and will bring out all things happily at last. . . .

How quick the season is going. I am glad Charles Marriott is with you. My love to him and to the children, and believe me,

Ever yours, my dear Pusey,
Most affectionately,
J. H. N.

P.S.—St. John and Dalgairns both send their best and kindest remembrances of the day.

Littlemore, September 28, 1845.

My dearest Pusey,—No time is the right time to tell what you will feel to be painful news. But I must not delay to tell you.

Dalgairns left us yesterday. His father and mother come into Oxford in a few days, and he thought it best that it should be over before he saw them. . . . Of course what he has wished has been to do what was lightest for them.

Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. N.

LITTLEMORE, October 3, 1845.

MY DEAR PUSEY,—I have written to the Provost to-day to resign my Fellowship. Any thing may happen to me now any day.

Anyhow, believe me, my dear Pusey,
Yours most affectionately ever,
J. H. N.

On October 9 he was received into the Roman communion. A long letter from Dr. Pusey appeared in the *English Churchman* of October 16, from which the following extracts are given, as they embody his own thoughts and feelings on the event.

The first pang came to me years ago, when I had no other fear, but heard that he was prayed for by name in so many churches and religious houses on the Continent. The fear was suggested to me, 'if they pray so earnestly for this object, that he may soon be an instrument of God's glory among them, while among us there is so much indifference, and in part dislike, may it not be that their prayers may be heard, that God will give them whom they pray for—we forfeit whom we desire not to retain?' . . .

In my deepest sorrow at the distant anticipation of our loss, I was told of the saying of one of their most eminent historians, who owned that they were entirely unequal to meet the evils with which they were beset, that nothing could meet them but some movement which should infuse new life into their Church, and that for this he looked to one man, and that one N. I cannot say what a ray of comfort darted into my mind. It made me at

once realize more both that what I dreaded might be, and its end. With us he was laid aside. . . . Our Church has not known how to employ him. And, since this was so, it seemed as if a sharp sword were lying in its scabbard, or hung up in the sanctuary, because there was no one to wield it. . . . I do not mean, of course, that he felt this, or that it influenced him. I speak of it only as a fact. He has gone, unconscious (as all great instruments of God are) what he himself is. He has gone as a simple act of duty, with no view for himself, placing himself entirely in God's hands. And such are they whom God employs. He seems then to me not so much gone from us as transplanted into another part of the vineyard, where the full energies of his powerful mind can be employed, which here they were not. . . . 'If one member suffer, the other members suffer with it.' And so, in the increasing health of one, others, too, will benefit. It is not as we would have it, but God's will be done! He brings about His Own ends, as, in His Sovereign wisdom, He sees to be best. . . . It is perhaps the greatest event which has happened since the communion of the Churches has been interrupted, that such an one, so formed in our Church, and the work of God's Spirit as dwelling within her, should be transplanted to theirs. If anything could open their eyes to what is good in us, or soften in us any wrong prejudices against them, it would be the presence of such an one, nurtured and grown to such ripeness in our Church, and now removed to theirs. If we have by our misdeeds (personal or other) 'sold our brother,' God, we may trust, willeth thereby to 'preserve life.' . . . But while we go on humbled and the humbler, surely neither need we be dejected. . . . For myself, I am even now far more hopeful as to our Church than at any former period —far more than when outwardly things seemed most prosperous. It would seem as if God, in His mercy, let us now see more of His inward workings, in order that in the tokens of His presence with us we may take courage. He has not forsaken us, Who, in fruits of holiness, in supernatural workings of His grace, in the awakening of consciences, in His Own manifest acknowledgment of the 'power of the keys,' as vested in our Church, shows Himself more than ever present with us. . . . If any one thing has

impressed itself upon me during these last ten years, . . . it has been that the work which He has been carrying on is not with individuals, but with the Church as a whole. The life has sprung up in our Church, and through it. . . . Never was it so with any body whom He purposed to leave. And so, amid whatever mysterious dispensations of His providence, we may safely commit ourselves and our work in good hope to Him Who hath loved us hitherto.

I believe I have not written to you since the thunderbolt fell (Mr. Keble wrote, October 21, 1845), but I consider that I have heard from you through the letter in the *English Churchman*, and many thanks for the comfort it gave me in common with thousands more.

NOTE.—Since this sheet passed through the press, Father Neville has found, and most kindly forwarded, Dr. Pusey's note in answer to one from Dr. Newman of October 9, telling him that his life in the English communion was ended. The distinction of feeling and expression is too characteristic and touching, in Dr. Pusey's reply, to allow of its being omitted.

MY DEAREST NEWMAN,—You will pray the more for us, who are left to struggle on alone in a stormy sea with the winds contrary—altho', I trust, with His secret Presence—for us, both individually and as a body, that we may be visibly, too, one fold under One Shepherd.

I could not wish this to be delayed, when I had heard that you had ceased to communicate. I can only say, 'Tu autem, Domine, miserere nobis.'

Ah, past and future is one intense mystery. God be with you always, and remember me a sinner.

Ever yours most affectionately,

E. B. P.

Oct. 10, 1845.

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, LEEDS.

1845.

> Quivi si vive, e gode del tesoro
> Che s'acquistò piangendo nell' esilio
> Di Babilòn, ove lasciò l'oro.
>
> *Paradiso*, c. xxiii.

ALL through 1844 Dr. Pusey had given much thought to the building and fittings of his church at Leeds, which was approaching completion. Many anxious questions arose concerning the whole scheme, of which the difficulties were not lessened by Dr. Hook's forebodings, who wrote that the exaggerations and falsehoods circulated were extraordinary, adding, 'I really dread the consecration. I think we shall require a troop of horse to keep order.' Everything which would now find place in such a church as a matter of course, was at that time likely to be considered a dangerous novelty. Dr. Pusey had, as usual, to bear the brunt of the battle for what has since been gained, although details of religious art were not in his line.

He had also to nominate the first vicar for St. Saviour's, and rejoiced greatly when, in August, 1844, the Rev. R.

Ward accepted the post; the more so since he had long been known to Dr. Hook, and was entirely trusted by him and Mr. Keble.

As the time for the consecration drew near, troubles increased. The Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Longley, was evidently not exempt from the popular alarm, and made so many objections to designs which had been long ago approved by him, that Dr. Pusey became quite out of heart, writing to Dr. Hook, 'Everything that I touch seems to go wrong.' Still, when Sir H. J. Fust's decision against stone altars was given, in January, 1845, he wrote to Mr. Benjamin Webb,[1] his chief helper in questions of details at St. Saviour's, that 'we must not be unduly downcast with such wretched decisions. If they drive people more into themselves to think more of the Eucharistic Sacrifice we may gain by them.'

Bishop Longley consented to vest the patronage of St. Saviour's in Dr. Pusey, Mr. William Pusey, Mr. Charles Marriott, and Mr. Ward; but still, as time went on, nothing was done, and Dr. Pusey wrote to Dr. Hook, in April, 1845, that his heart was 'quite sick with continued anxieties day after day: a feather taken off would be a relief;' that there was nothing but discouragement, and that it discouraged 'others too that the wish to benefit our Church should be thus met.'

I thank you very much for your kind, cheering note (he wrote to Mr. Keble). I wish people could feel these outward disappointments, as about the symbols, less; I feel them only through other people, as fearing how they will affect them, both knowing that they are good for myself, and then dreading lest I have done harm to others by attempting too much and failing.

[1] Afterwards Vicar of St. Andrew's, Wells Street.

At length Bishop Longley promised to consecrate the church in October, 1845, and Dr. Pusey at once began to consider how the occasion might be made profitable to many.

To Mr. Keble he wrote:—

I have been wishing to write to you about a plan at the opening of St. Saviour's, Leeds, which, I hope, may have God's blessing, and be the beginning of a larger plan for making and receiving holy impressions. It is taken from the French 'Missions.' To begin with, it was proposed to have a course of sermons on very solemn subjects, two on each day, during the Octave of the Consecration. . . . It was wished that they should be earnest sermons, appealing at the close in a more solemn way than usual to people's consciences and affections, mingling love with sternness. . . . I hope that it might be a great blessing in many ways; both in itself, and as showing that what is now at issue is not a question of forms and dresses. . . . Hook is very earnest about it, and wished me to write in his name as well as my own. . . . If you can preach two sermons, it will be the greatest kindness. . . . Thank you much for what you say about the Sisterhood. I do trust that God's blessing is resting upon it. He is giving it increase, I hope, for its number (four) is, according to your wish, to be doubled by Christmas. The fifth comes to-day, strongly recommended by Dr. Mill, a very interesting person, aged twenty-two. They are not in the way to be spoiled; they are all very humble, and live together in so much love. It is a very cheering token. Our young women are the flowers of our Church, and show the presence of very much grace. . . . The Superior is an invaluable person. Only Apostles' days have yet been kept in the Sisterhood; I thought that, at all events, they had better have the ordinary service well fixed in their minds first before they took any additional festivals.

Indeed, please, you must help me (he wrote, September 19, on receiving Mr. Keble's answer). I had written to the Bishop about the plan, and he cordially sanctions it. I mentioned your

name among others whom I had applied to. He 'prays God heartily to bless your efforts to convert and build up souls which will then be made.' So that to give it up would be a disheartening failure now. . . . I do hope it will be useful both at the time and hereafter, as a precedent for like efforts. We have not made half enough use of preaching.

The consecration was to take place on October 28 (St. Simon's and St. Jude's Day). On October 9 Dr. Newman was received into the Roman communion, so that the greatest grief of Dr. Pusey's life (except his wife's death) fell upon him in the midst of troubles about St. Saviour's, when 'a feather taken off would be a relief,' and anxious preparations for its future prosperity.

He at once offered to give up being present at the consecration of his church; but this offer Dr. Hook refused to accept, writing that 'it would be ruin to us, as it would be supposed that you were prohibited by the Bishop.' And amidst every cloud he never lost sight of the guiding star of his life—the duty of persevering work for God's glory and the souls of men—expressing his certainty that 'things distressing around, so far from being any occasion for not exerting ourselves in anything which we hope to be for God's glory, seem the very reason why we should the more.'

Writing about this time to the Rev. and Hon. Arthur Perceval, thanking him for sympathy, he says, 'Life now, as you must well know, is such a succession of heartaches for our poor, rent Church and her children that a "God bless you" comes very comforting to one.'

He went to Leeds with a heavy heart, the hope, from which he had refused to part, finally crushed as to his

dearest earthly friend and stay, and most of those who came next in closeness of friendship and trust—Mr. Keble, Mr. Marriott, and Mr. Isaac Williams—unable to accompany him. He wrote to his son on October 27, at six in the morning:—

. . . You will perhaps have heard in part of my many sorrows; they are thickening upon us. Week by week brings some fresh sorrow; there is no human help for it; something may be done now and then. I have been trying what I could do, and this and the sermons I hope to preach at Leeds have taken up all my time. . . .

I must break off, having been up all night, and having to set off for Leeds soon. I write this line that you may know about our services, and pray God to bless what we would wish to be for His glory. The plate will, I hope, be presented on All Saints' Day. May He ever bless you.

Your affectionate father,

E. B. P.

I am not depressed myself. Things are in God's hands, and so I feel like one who, if I live, am to go through a great deal of pain, not knowing how things will end, but only saying, Thy Will be done, Thy Will be done.

He arrived at Leeds to find Dr. Hook full of nervous apprehensions, and to meet the great annoyance of objections, at the last moment, from Bishop Longley, to several things which had been passed by him when the plans were laid before him, such as the cross over the chancel screen. It was fortunate that he had at this time the affectionate support of the Rev. W. Upton Richards, the truest and warmest of friends, to whom he constantly turned for sympathy, counsel, and help in trouble, and who had come to be with him at Leeds. Mr. Richards,

long after, told the writer that he should never forget the look of suffering on Dr. Pusey's face—the more striking from its still and almost stern composure—when, even as the clergy were forming in procession for the consecration, the Bishop refused to use the Communion Plate offered by Lucy Pusey on account of the inscription on the chalice.[1]

The consecration was completed without any tokens of popular enmity, such as Dr. Hook had anticipated.[2]

He who had made this offering to God preached in the evening, and a continued course of solemn sermons were delivered at the many daily services during the Octave. He was thus the first, as in the case of so many blessings to the Church, to institute what is now common, a course of Mission services and sermons with a special view to arousing and edifying souls. Hardly can any course preached since then have equalled the first for power, and that depth of penitence and love in the chief preachers which reaches other hearts. Dr. Pusey preached in the evening of the consecration-day, and alluded to the church being the offering of a penitent, to whom, he says, it was a joy 'that his penitent love had called forth that of others.' Probably no one guessed that he himself, blameless from childhood, was the nameless penitent and founder of the church. The sermons have been published: there are nineteen in the volume, ten by Dr. Pusey; of the rest only two were preached by their writers, Mr. Upton Richards and Mr. Dodsworth. The remaining seven were

[1] The words objected to were 'Propitius esto, Domine, Luciæ,' etc.

[2] Two hundred and sixty clergy in all were present. . . . The offertory amounted to £985. The Bishop himself was celebrant; there were five hundred communicants; and the service, which had begun at half-past eleven, did not conclude until after four o'clock.—Life, ii. p. 497.

delivered by Dr. Pusey, one of them written by Mr. Keble,[1] whose wife's illness prevented his being present. 'Thank you very much for your sermon,' Dr. Pusey wrote to him on receiving it, 'and for the good it ought to do me, as well as others. It will probably be preached on Wednesday evening; so as you are not preaching it, you will the more pray God to help us.'

You did much good at Leeds (he wrote after the consecration). The sermons became a sort of 'retreat' for people to think in stillness over very solemn subjects. And yours impressed persons much. It was a very blessed time. God's blessing seemed visibly settled there. People came, day after day, to the *three* sermons (mostly), listened very earnestly, and returned home with a deepened sense of responsibility. This was expressed very affectingly. It was a very cheering week. There seemed such a much deeper spirit among the clergy, a greater sense of the need of intercession.

There is a glow of fresh, fervent devotion in the letters of those who took part in those services, which is very striking. One of Dr. Pusey's most valued lay-friends wrote to him, in November:—

I send you the lines which I mentioned in my happy journey from Leeds. I only hope that it was not made so at your expense. I may not venture to say what a blessing that good week was to me there, what warnings, what comforts, what sympathies, what instructions, came one after the other to help my future warfare. I well know that it is to this unseen future that one must look to see whether this is real or not, and so I earnestly again beg your remembrance and prayers that to me and others may be given the grace of perseverance unto the end; deeper humility and patience and penitence as our safeguards, and with these such visions of our good God, such abiding in our Lord, such success in our

[1] Dr. Liddon considers it 'the finest in the series.'—Life, ii. p. 497.

warfare as may be day by day a sufficient encouragement to our hopes. . . . May I remain,

Ever affectionately yours,

ARTHUR H. DYKE ACLAND.

'I am anxious to know about the Leeds movement,' Mr. Keble wrote to Mr. James Mozley (November 4), 'more so from something I have heard this evening, as though things had fallen out rather to Pusey's discouragement.' Mr. Mozley's reply must probably have been entirely reassuring; for to his sister he wrote (November 14, 1845):—

The great event of the term has been the consecration of the church at Leeds. Pusey seems to be quite satisfied and impressed with the way in which it went off, and the good feeling and unanimity among the clergy assembled. Hook was exceedingly hearty, though very nervous beforehand, and apprehensive. He had a declaration against Popery ready to take off the effect of the meeting in that direction, but he gave it up. He was so exceedingly pleased when it was all over, and had passed off well, that his wife thought something was the matter with him; but it turned out to be simply joy and satisfaction. The Bishop, too, was dreadfully nervous, and, in fact, one would suppose Pusey was a lion, or some beast of prey, people seem to have been so afraid of him. The Bishop was afraid of being entrapped into anything, and objected to this and that. Among the rest, he saw on one of the doors the sentence—'Pray for the sinner who built this church,' and required evidence that the sinner was *alive* before he consecrated. What was the greatest pity was, the sacramental plate did not appear at the consecration. There was an inscription on it that implied a prayer for the dead. It was, in fact, the gift of Lucy Pusey, and her name was, I believe, inscribed upon it. The Bishop says he will allow anything that the law allows; and I believe there is nothing against the law in this inscription. The point is not determined. . . . Henry Wilberforce, who was there, says he never saw Pusey come out so before.[1]

[1] Letters of Rev. J. B. Mozley, p. 172.

Amidst all pressure of work he found time to write to a child of twelve in whom he was interested :—

CHRIST CHURCH, November 15, 1845.

It has, indeed, been a great blessing to me to think that God has been moving your heart. . . . It is very good and patient of Almighty God to vouchsafe so to struggle with the heart of a little child, and strive to make it His own. And this not by His great power, but drawing you by His love to desire to love Him above all things Who is the joy of all who can love. And what He wishes to give you is Himself, Who is all Bliss and Beauty and Delight and Love. And for every little thing which you will give up for Him He will give you more of Himself; and so you would have more love, and then He would dwell more in you. For He dwells in us through love; and the more we obey the more love He gives us; and the more love He gives us the more we can obey, and so have still more love. Is not this a blessed interchange between God and the soul? and all of His gift!

This, I hope, has begun in you; but you must be very watchful, within and without, not to hinder this blessed opening of your heart for the inflow of God's grace and love. . . .

Seek that your first waking thought should be of God. It is a very blessed practice that the first word pronounced by the lips should be, *very reverently*, JESUS, but at all events let the first thought be, thankfulness to God for His care of you through the night, and to commend yourself to Him through the day.

May He keep you ever in His holy keeping. . . .

The week at St. Saviour's was a very blessed one, and, I hear, by God's mercy, has been blessed to many souls.

The consecration of St. Saviour's is a notable landmark in the story of Dr. Pusey's life. It is not, perhaps, fanciful to think that that week of prayer, sacraments, and instructions, was granted to prepare and strengthen and consecrate him for the hard years which were coming. The writer of the Preface to Volume III. of his 'Life'

considers that the years from 1845 to 1858 were, as regards the Church, 'the most important portion of his life'—'almost more important than the history of the Movement' itself, Dean Church deems the record of these years.

He found himself in a new position—not only left without the friend who had been as his own soul; an enormous weight of responsibility, correspondence, counsel, suddenly cast upon him, in the task of refitting the storm-tossed ship, but hampered on all sides by the effects of that secession which seemed, for the moment, to justify his opponents, while, to use Dr. Liddon's words, 'a vast mass of obloquy and misunderstanding, taking every shape that could wound a sensitive and affectionate nature, fiercely bade him begone.'

The term of his suspension from preaching in the University pulpit expired on June 2, 1845. He had consulted Mr. Keble in the previous autumn as to the subject of his sermon, should he 'live to have another preaching term.' His own thought was to 'preach the same doctrine over again . . . reaffirming the two doctrines at which people rebel, the Real Presence by virtue of the consecration, and the Eucharistic Sacrifice.'

On turning over in my mind every way the case you put to me (Mr. Keble replied, November 19, 1844), what you should do when the two years are over, I cannot see that anything would be better than to go on in what might be called a natural way, *i.e.* to take up the subject where you left it off, recapitulate it, as you naturally would do at such a distance of time, and, in so doing, of course reassert the two great doctrines of the Sacrifice and Real Presence. This will give them an opportunity, if they think proper, of renewing their censure, yet without undue controversy or challenge on your part. And if they do not take it up, it will

be equivalent to allowing the substance of what they before tried to silence.

Certainly it would be a great point gained (Dr. Pusey wrote, April 11, 1845) if one could reaffirm the doctrine uncensured. I would show you the sermon beforehand. Or would you think it best to go on with my course on Comforts for the Penitent? Only, the subject I wished next to come to—the 'Power of the Keys'—I wished to leave for full Term.

On February 1, 1846, he stood once more in the pulpit of Christ Church Cathedral. The account of the scene must be given in Dr. Liddon's words, himself probably an eye-witness.

At that time a solid organ screen . . . cut off the real choir of the church from the transepts and truncated nave, and left a much smaller area within which it was possible to hear a sermon. Nevertheless, the choir thus shut off from the pulpit was crowded from end to end; the organ loft looked as though it might give way, such was the mass of undergraduates who had got into it; even the triforium had been invaded by eager listeners. Every inch on the floor of the church was occupied. 'Dr. Pusey,' writes an eye-witness, 'had to move slowly through the dense mass on his way to the corner of the cathedral where the Vice-Chancellor and Doctors assemble, visible to nobody but those immediately along the line he had to pass; his perfectly pallid, furrowed, mortified face looking almost like jagged marble, immovably serene withal, and with eyes fixed in deep humility on the ground, formed a curious contrast with the thick, expectant crowd, which the beadles moved aside for him.'[1] The procession of Heads was obliged to pass straight from the transept to their seats, instead of following their accustomed course down the south aisle and then up the nave. When he reached the pulpit, Pusey, as usual, knelt in prayer, disappearing from sight until the conclusion of the hymn. The sermon lasted for a little more than an hour and a

[1] Letter from Rev. J. B. Mozley in *Guardian* of February 4, 1846.

half, and was listened to with perfect stillness until the Blessing was pronounced. His voice showed no signs of nervousness; from first to last it was perfectly clear, even, and strong.

Of his power in the pulpit Dr. Liddon says—

He had no pliancy of voice, no command over accent, or time, or tone; he did not relieve or assist the attention of his audience by a change of pace, from fast to slow . . . or by looking off his pages; his eye was throughout fixed on the manuscript before him, and his utterance was one strong, unbroken, intense, monotonous swing, which went on with something like the vibrations of a deep bell. Nor did Pusey's method or matter supply the defects—if defects they were—of his manner as a preacher. Masses of learning . . . were only relieved by long, reiterated exhortation, to which fancy, or invective, or anecdote, rarely contributed any such element as could modify the reign of a stern monotony. Yet men, old and young, listened to him for an hour and a half in breathless attention; because his moral power was such as to enable him to dispense with the lower elements of oratorical attraction. . . . As J. B. Mozley said, Pusey seemed to inhabit his sentences. Each sentence was instinct with his whole intense purpose of love, as he struggled to bring others into communion with the truth and Person of Him Who purified his own soul; and this attribute of profound reality which characterized his discourse from first to last. . . . at once fascinated and awed the minds of men, and, whether they yielded their convictions to the preacher or not, at least exacted from them the homage of a sustained and hushed attention.[1]

'The Power of the Keys' was the subject of this sermon, the second of a series projected on 'Comforts to the Penitent,' of which the condemned sermon had been the first.

His text was St. John xx. 21–23. Before considering it, he gave a brief summary 'in a few well-chosen words

[1] Life, iii. pp. 59, 60.

of the condemned sermon, which reasserted to the very full its doctrinal position.' But, warned by Dr. Jelf, while exactly restating the doctrine, he did so 'partly in the words of the Communion Service, partly in those of Bishop Wilson's 'Sacra Privata.' 'Take care how you do it,' his friend had said to him when he mentioned his intention of reaffirming Eucharistic doctrine, 'because if they suspend you a second time, it will be in perpetuity. They care nothing about the Fathers ; you had better use the language of English divines.'

He had written to Mr. Keble on January 20, that his grounds for taking Absolution as the subject of his sermon were—

(1) That it was the natural subject; that which came next in my series, 'the Power of the Keys.' (2) It seemed, for any doctrinal subject, the most unassailable, for all our formularies are in our favour; there is nothing against it; nothing, I thought, upon which a question could be raised.

The event proved that he was right in trusting to the strength of his position. However unwelcome his sermon might be to the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Symons, and his friends, they were acute enough to perceive that there was no point in the sermon open to attack.

I have just come from Pusey's sermon (Mr. J. B. Mozley wrote). It was very grand, intense, and impressive, and went on with a great swing, as Pusey's sermons do. . . . The subject was 'Confession and the Power of the Keys.' He had such a huge weight of Church authority with him, that he seemed to occupy the whole ground, and possess the building for himself. He seemed to turn the vast tide of clamour, which has been trying to disconnect us from the Church so long, upon the other side. . . . But that it will create great disgust I have no doubt. . . .

What is said of it in high quarters here, is that 'it is much to be lamented, but not to be complained of.' Pusey is in high spirits —good spirits, rather—and I think a little satisfaction at having silenced his silencers so effectually might a little mingle with his feelings.[1]

I have hardly yet thanked you, as I ought, for all your kind pains about my sermons (Dr. Pusey wrote to Mr. Keble, February 22, 1846). All were of use to me. This escape has been a great and undeserved mercy, and, I trust, has helped to quiet minds.

Dr. Pusey spent Easter of 1846 at Clifton, to be near his little daughter, and wrote from thence in much distress to Mr. Gladstone on April 9, concerning the nomination of Mr. Gobat to succeed the so-called 'Bishop of Jerusalem,' Dr. Alexander, who died on November 25, 1845. It had been agreed between England and Prussia that each should alternately nominate to this vague office, and it fell to the Prussian government to do so on this occasion. Mr. Gobat had been a Lutheran pastor of very doubtful orthodoxy, but had received Deacon's Orders in England. Yet what Dr. Pusey deemed unfitness for the Episcopal office was not the chief cause of his distress.

What a misery it would be (he wrote to Mr. Gladstone) if the ultimate object of the Prussian Government were attained, and they were to receive Episcopacy from us and we were to become the authors of an heretical succession. I should think it would split the English Church at once; it would put one, if one lived to see it, in a most distressing position. To be alive to heresy is a mark of full soundness of faith. To give Episcopacy to Prussia now, or even to prepare for it, is like arraying a corpse or whitening a sepulchre.

[1] Letters of Rev. J. B. Mozley, pp. 175, 176.

Had Dr. Pusey lived, what he so strongly deprecated would probably never have taken place; his influence in England would have prevented the consecration of Cabrera as bishop of an heretical Spanish sect by the late Archbishop Plunket in 1894. But the voice which would have been so powerful against his action was then silent in the grave.

He took his children to Tenby, in South Wales, for the Long Vacation of 1846, after spending a few days with his mother in Grosvenor Square. Here he became very seriously ill. He had thoroughly overworked himself; and, since the Sisterhood began, his visits to his mother were perhaps times of still greater strain than when at Oxford. Besides anxious superintendence of the little community, he was wont to see persons there who, in rapidly increasing numbers, resorted to him for counsel and help. He kept them all in his great heart, and made time to write fully, as was his custom, to individual cases. One such letter the owner kindly allows to be given.

Never mind feeling and thoughts. The less notice you take of them the better. It would be much better, of course, to be full of zeal, to have no tiredness, to spring up with the thought that you are to receive Jesus. But our Lord told the Apostles, 'the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.' I suppose the feeling comes to this: 'I am so tired this morning' (or, 'it is so cold,' or whatever the cause may be which indisposes you to move), 'I wish H. C. were to-morrow.' Or, 'I wish it were not so cold.' This is not indifference. It is not the fire of love which would say, 'My Lord is coming to me, let me not lose a moment in preparing to receive Him;' still, it is sluggishness, not sin. Tell our Lord that you are ashamed of yourself, that you have counted His infinite condescension in coming to you and

giving Himself to you as a common thing, that you have made a wrong use of His making it so easy to you; ask Him to fill you with shame, but not to let you lose any portion of the grace. It may be, if you go to Him, ashamed, He may give you larger grace.

All depends upon the acts in which the feelings issue.

You remember the lines—

> Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
> Where hearts and wills are weighed,
> Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
> Which bloom their hour and fade.

So don't mind whether you seem 'not to care.' If you did not really 'care' you would not trouble yourself whether you 'cared' or no. To fear that one does not love enough (of course one does not) shows that one does love. Only pray and act.

Lady Lucy wrote to Lady Emily of his visit to her:—

Excepting the Sunday when he dined at Mr. Dodsworth's, he did not have his dinner till between nine and ten o'clock at night. He was some days out of the house by six o'clock in the morning; always between seven and eight.

Soon after he left London he wrote a long letter to Mr. Newman, dated Tenby, July 12, 1846, in which he says:—

I did not write sooner, partly because I have been much overworked for a long time, till now, when I am told to recruit; partly because I thought I could hardly write anything which would not pain you. For you have one wish for me, and I am no nearer that than heretofore. I cannot unmake myself; I cannot see otherwise than I have seen these many years; I have come to think otherwise in some details; but as [to] the one point upon which all turns, I am no nearer to thinking that the English Church is no true part of the Church, or that inter-communion with Rome is essential, or that the present claims of Rome are Divine. . . .

You will be kindly glad to hear that poor Philip is going on well in spirit, while in body more crippled, and with more disease.

He has, at last, given up, amid his increasing disorders, the one wish of his heart, to enter Holy Orders, and has now, he says, one only thing to live for, that God's will should be fulfilled in him, and his own will perfectly conformed to His. You will remember him the more for this his wish.

My head is half in a whirl, with all the thoughts of the past, in writing such a letter as this to you.

God be with you ever,

Your very affectionate friend,

E. B. P.

Such letters were not calculated to give him rest. The strain on heart and head had been too long and severe to pass without a breakdown. Some months later, writing to Dr. Hook of the latter having risked his life for 'our common mother, and for her children,' he says:—

I have in the last year. I felt before my illness that I had been overworked. I was worn out; I laboured often night as well as day; I had not a feeling of health for more than a whole year of toil and sorrow. I felt that I could not stand it. But what could I do? God brought me at that perilous crisis work to do, often thankless. I cast away everything, so that I might, by God's mercy, retain children of our Church within her.

Low fever, however, set in, and he became dangerously ill. He wrote in pencil before he became so much worse as to be unable to read or write letters:—

TENBY, July 30, 1846.

MY DEAREST N.,—I am very seriously ill, although not as yet mortally. A low fever has settled in a weak part, the membranes of the chest: it seems to increase, and my strength to diminish. The physician does not think it will end fatally. You will pray earnestly that God will have mercy upon my body and soul, and spare a sinner, and give him true repentance.

Ever yours very affectionately,

E. B. P.

His friend came to Tenby, thinking to see him for the last time. After this interview they had no intercourse for seven years, though their mutual affection was undiminished. 'I have many recollections of that time,' his daughter writes, 'and of reading the Psalms and Lessons to him, and when he got better, of his sitting out on the rocks at the bottom of the garden with Philip and me; and, on his birthday, of our all going over in a sailing-boat to some islands, where a hermit had once lived.'

They left Tenby on September 1, and spent two months at Pusey, where 'almost daily' rides with his brother, Lady Emily, or their girls, and their tender care, promoted his restoration. Not until September 27 does Lady Emily's diary record his going to church, 'the first time since his illness.' He was still at Pusey at the end of October; but his severe illness only led him to think what he could do as to greater strictness and devotion of life.

On Advent Sunday he was able to take his turn as University preacher; his sermon lasting for an hour and a quarter. At Clifton, where he spent the Christmas holidays with his children, he preached at the parish church on Christmas Day, and on the following Sunday for the Rev. H. Richards, at Horfield church. A graphic and striking account of this sermon, by one who was present, which appeared in the *Bristol Times*, is in the *Guardian* of February 3, 1847.

> The incumbent and curate were officiating; in a pew under the pulpit, in a plain black gown, sat the man whose name is known throughout the kingdom—arraigned on the platform of our great cities, and pronounced with something like a supernatural sense of dread by the smallest coteries of the remotest village—

one of no high or haughty bearing, however, with authority in his eye, or commanding intellect enthroned on his brow, but, drooping his head meekly on his breast, he seemed rather to shrink from than challenge observation. Of all the simple people that crowded that simple church, not one looked more humble or more unconscious of self, or of the stealthy or fixed glances which were directed to him from time to time by the stray comers, some of whom, I have little doubt, expected to see the celebrated Pusey (an heresiarch in the eyes at least of half the Church) of some fearful outline, differing from other men in his form and visage: no horn or cloven hoof, however, protruded to reward their curiosity.

While the last psalm was being sung, the Professor left his pew (no officious sexton leading the way) and ascended to the pulpit, on the floor of which he knelt down in private prayer, his upraised hands and grizzled thin hair being the only parts visible, until the singing had concluded, when he rose and prayed in a contrite and almost thrilling tone. Yet was there nothing affected in all this; on the contrary, whatever Dr. Pusey's opinions or doctrines may be, so far as man can judge of man, you would have said his character was that of pious humility and self-abasement.

His text was taken from part of the sixth verse of the twenty-first chapter of Revelation: 'And He said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End.' Never before did I hear so beautifully evangelical a sermon as this from the man who has given a name to a party which is supposed to represent a different principle in the Church. It had but one fault, it was fifteen minutes too long. Nevertheless, it was listened to throughout by that little crowded church—full with fixed and rapt attention, though it was neither declamatory, noisy, nor eccentric; but plaintive, solemn, and subdued, breathing throughout, I may say, a beauty of holiness, and a Christian spirit so broad and Catholic, so deep and devotional, that while the most zealous Protestant could find nothing in it he might not approve, the most bigoted Roman Catholic could not enter an exception to a single expression that it contained. I never recollect so

feelingly apposite a sermon for the close of the year, the very last week of which was then lapsing beneath our feet—we seemed, as it were, to look back with him from an eminence, in serious review upon the transactions of the year, ere it had yet passed from our sight, while ever and anon, in touching recurrence and solemn effect, came the words, 'It is done,' which were every time with some beautiful feature of novelty illustrated and enlarged upon.

He seemed, however, to love to dwell upon the sad and melancholy; and his voice, though clear and distinct, had something mournful, and at times almost wailing, about it. The subject and the season, indeed, would seem to invite such a feeling; and at moments you could almost fancy you were hearing some office for the departing year, at the close of which, as if in mournful cadence, came the word (for in the language in which it is written it is but one word), 'It is done.' There he stood, a plain, and to all appearance, an humble and lowly man, preaching to a simple people, and speaking with the melancholy meekness as of one stricken and tried, yet uncomplaining. The very gloom of the little church (for the four candles by which he had to read his sermon, and which were hardly sufficient to cast a faint reflection on the fixed countenances of the attentive listeners, were all the light which parochial economy could afford) seemed in keeping; yet this plain, and apparently unpretending man, of mild manners and of middle years and stature, who now preached a sermon more perfectly free from controversy than ever I before heard, had himself been foremost in the greatest controversy of the age, so as to attract the eyes of the kingdom to his collegiate retirement.

'Who be that that preached?' said one young rustic maiden to another as we left the church; 'a monstrous nice man, but dreadful long.'

'Don't you know?' replied the other; 'it is that Mr. Pewdsey, who is such a friend to the Pope; but come along, or we'll be late for tea.' And away they trotted.

CHAPTER XVII.

TROUBLE AT ST. SAVIOUR'S, LEEDS.

1847.

No man is given to see his work through. 'Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening;' but the evening falls before it is done. There was One alone Who began, and finished, and died.—J. H. NEWMAN.

'SON, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things,' are words which must often recur with a note of fear to those to whom much earthly joy is granted, even of the purest and highest—the prosperity of schemes and of labour and sacrifices for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. The continual failure of such schemes, disappointment in the instruments chosen and trusted by himself, time and efforts apparently wasted, were among the bitterest sorrows which Dr. Pusey had to bear.

Ever in the forefront of the battle—the line which stood with him frequently wavering, breaking, fleeing—the story of his life must, in the light of this world, be full of sadness. Few things brought him more sorrow and trouble than his noble offering of a church at Leeds.

The Rev. Richard Ward was its first vicar, appointed by the trustees, with Dr. Hook's cordial approval, but probably possessing scarcely sufficient strength of character

for the post; and Dr. Pusey sent to his aid the Rev. R. G. Macmullen, of whom he wrote to Mr. Keble, in 1846, as 'a very valuable person,' and 'a laborious parochial minister.' This he proved himself to be at St. Saviour's, and quickly gained much affection and influence amongst the poor. Dr. Hook, however, soon became uneasy and suspicious; perceiving that the general line taken at St. Saviour's and its religious atmosphere differed considerably from that at his parish church. There was nothing either in ritual or teaching which would now raise any suspicion of disloyalty to the Anglican communion; but it is not wonderful that the secession of Mr. Newman and others should have created a general feeling of distrust and uncertainty concerning his friends.

And Dr. Hook suffered severely from what Judge Coleridge called 'Romaphorbia.' The exhibition of it in his letters to Dr. Pusey is almost amusing, considering how impossible it would have been to the latter to yield to his continual entreaties to 'denounce Popery,' and that many things which he classed under that head Dr. Pusey believed to be sanctioned by the undivided Church. Dr. Hook openly professed himself a strict adherent of old 'Church and State' principles, and of the *via media*, and he could not but perceive the leading *motif* at St. Saviour's to be somewhat out of harmony with these principles. It is equally certain that all the great Missions which in later days have made any real impression on the heathenism of London have been worked rather on the lines of the St. Saviour's clergy than on those of Dr. Hook.

His letters to Dr. Pusey during the autumn of 1846 are of such bitterness and vehemence as must have been

very trying to one overburdened with care, and scarcely recovered from all but mortal illness. He accuses him of establishing 'a colony of Papists in the heart of Leeds,' and of gradually assuming 'the whole direction of the church.' It would have been well could it have been so; after a year of absence, illness, and overwork, the accusation was plainly absurd. The fault was rather the other way; Dr. Pusey always trusted others too much. All through November and December, however, the letters continue at intervals of a few days.

> You are suspected (he writes) of a desire to establish a colony here of persons to be trained in your own views; to form another Littlemore. . . . In Leeds the High Churchmen have confidence in me; and as the clergy of St. Saviour's are sound and consistent Anglicans, things have gone on quietly and well; but still there is suspicion and fear.

Two things especially roused his indignation: one, that the Breviary should be in use at St. Saviour's; the other, that the patronage of the church was practically in Dr. Pusey's hands. He was constantly inveighing against the former, and entreating Dr. Pusey to give up the patronage to the Bishop. Early in November he writes of the 'dreadful work going on at St. Saviour's,' and of the clergy there undoing all he had 'been labouring to do for ten years'; but a few days later he wrote more mildly in answer to a pacific letter from Dr. Pusey, in which the latter had declared his own ground to be 'that of Ken, Andrewes, and Bramhall—the primitive, undivided Church.' Still Dr. Hook protests 'I do not see how the Breviary can be used without creating a Roman tone.'

Dr. Pusey leant much at this time on the support and

comfort of the Rev. W. Upton Richards' devoted friendship. 'Things turn sadly to gall,' he wrote at the top of a letter from Dr. Hook (November 15), which he appears to have sent to Mr. Richards (as well as his other letters), and in which Dr. Hook declares 'We are obliged to denounce St. Saviour's, to tell people that we abhor the Roman tone of the place, and that they whom we took to be allies are our enemies.' And so the letters continue, bitter invectives against the Breviary, against the whole Roman communion, against St. Saviour's, and, in no measured terms, against Dr. Pusey, to whom he signs himself at one time 'yours most affectionately,' at another 'yours truly,' until the forbearance, calmness, and sweetness of his friend's answers brings a reaction of warm feeling in his impulsive and affectionate heart.

I do hope well (Dr. Pusey wrote) and that you will find hereafter that St. Saviour's has taken from you a heavy weight, 6000 souls, and will not prove a thorn to you. It makes my heart bleed to see all this division; when I had hoped that much good would be done both by this and the Church of All Saints, and another, which will be the fruits of St. Saviour's. 'O pray for the peace of Jerusalem,' and, I speak in deep, real earnest, that God will forgive me those sins for which what I had hoped to be to His glory, seems to become an occasion of further division.

He was, however, at a distance, and thought the minds of the St. Saviour's clergy to be rather as he wished than as they were. There are thousands of churches now far more 'advanced,' both in teaching and in outward observances, than was St. Saviour's at this time—but, also, where there is no danger of the pastors abandoning their flock for another communion. Dr. Hook, being on the spot, was right in his judgment of what was likely to happen.

'A blessing to you this Christmas,' he wrote to Dr. Pusey, December 24, 1846. 'Depend upon it, you are mistaken in Macmullen.' On January 1, 1847, Mr. Macmullen was received into the Roman communion, and, not long after, Mr. Ward, by Dr. Pusey's and Mr. Marriott's advice, resigned St. Saviour's.

Dr. Pusey could only write to Mr. Keble, in February, 1847:—

> St. Saviour's is a complete wreck: the daily services given up, and [the services] only precariously supplied on Sunday by a clergyman of another church, who must be soon worn out if this goes on. Now the sick are not visited; the children not taught; no one can take charge of them.

The terrible strain under which men had to work in those days who were in charge of any 'advanced' post, ought not, in fairness, to be forgotten. The history of the English Church during the fifty-four years which have passed since the consecration of St. Saviour's has proved that all, and far more than all then done or taught is fully sanctioned by the Prayer-book, and is accepted as a matter of course by even moderate Churchmen.

Mr. Ward and his colleagues knew that they were working entirely within their rights—that their work was singularly successful among the poor—and yet they found themselves the mark for reproach, distrust, invective, suspicion, even from such as Dr. Hook. They could not give up what they believed, but their faith that it was a part of the heritage of the English Church failed, and hope gave way; perhaps all the more because, from the beginning of the revival, the doctrines which had long been obscured or forgotten, and on which, therefore, the minds of men

trying to teach them were mainly fixed, were just those which had not been obscured in the Roman communion.

'Ward will be very thankful to come to H[ursley],' Dr. Pusey wrote early in 1847 to Mr. Keble. 'His is a very different mind from Macmullen's, although his, too, was one which should not have been lost. I have now applied to Williams (King's), Pollen (Merton), Hinkley (Trinity), Lowe (Chichester), none of whom can come.'

In the end, by Trinity Sunday, the Rev. A. P. Forbes[1] became, for a time, Vicar of St. Saviour's. The trouble there was one amongst many in which Dr. Pusey was through life involved, from over-hopefulness about individuals, trust in them, and desire to do what seemed to him the best he could for them; which sometimes prevented his perceiving the risk to great undertakings of placing them in positions needing the utmost firmness and discretion, as well as zeal and piety. He knew that Mr. Macmullen had not been without misgivings as to his position in the English Church; but he wrote, early in 1846, to Mr. Keble, that he 'has, I believe, been more tranquil and reassured of late; and I do not apprehend anything, although one never can answer for the future.'

The immense difficulty of finding fit men for any work must also be remembered. In the upheaval of hearts and consciences caused by Newman's secession, who was there that could be surely said to be without misgivings, save Dr. Pusey himself?[2] Two other motives impelled him to run risks, the gravity of which his sanguine nature may have hindered his fully estimating. One was his

[1] Afterwards Bishop of Brechin.

[2] He told the writer, in his old age, that at no time did he ever have a doubt as to our position.

persuasion that employment and congenial work would often be the best cure for doubts; the other, his perfect trust that the public teaching of any one to whom he committed a charge would be in accordance with that of the English Church.

In this, at least, he was not mistaken at St. Saviour's. On Mr. Ward's resignation, a petition signed by 322 of his communicants was sent to the Bishop, praying him not to accept the resignation, in which they declared that—

> During the whole period that Mr. Ward has had the charge of us, we have never heard from him, either in public or private, any teaching which would induce us to join the Roman communion, or tend in any degree to shake our confidence in our Mother the Church of England.

When, three years later, he joined the Roman communion, Dr. Pusey wrote to Mr. Keble that Mr. Ward might perhaps say 'You sanctioned my going back to Leeds to help there, after you knew what my state of mind was,'[1] and adds:—

> All I could say, would be, I did. Under the circumstances, as far as I was concerned, I thought it the best thing for him, and I trusted to his not teaching special Roman doctrine, or troubling others. Indeed, he stopped some from going over for some time before the last crash.

In the same letter he said:—

> The fact is, that I have gone great lengths (though, of course, I thought honestly) in keeping people on their own terms when I could not on mine.

He leaves it to Mr. Keble's judgment whether a letter

[1] Comparing other notices, this visit of Mr. Ward to St. Saviour's was probably in 1848.

(enclosed to him) to the *Morning Chronicle* stating the above should be sent or not.

I see by Tuesday's *Guardian* (he says a few days later) that you sent it whole to the *Morning Chronicle*. I hope that you approved of it. I do not know what fresh attack it will bring forth, but, anyhow, since it is true that I did go a great way in making allowance for people's difficulties, and still persuading them to remain, it is right that it should be known, if God wills. Ward, etc., seem to wish to set one's bed on fire, in order to make one get out of it.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XVII.

The following letter, written in 1847 or 1848, to the Rev. E. T. Richards, of Farlington, is given as expressing Dr. Pusey's mind concerning a Sister's life and work.

You asked me the other day about the employment of your great treasure, C——, in the parish. You will perhaps have observed that I was silent. In truth, I could not speak out my whole mind. Of course, as long as you have adequate employment for her, and still more while you want her, as you expressed to me the other day, she will be happy in her domestic duties, for I need not say how very deeply she loves you. But ever since I really knew her, I have felt an inward pang, like one who might one day have to suggest the cutting off of more than a right hand.

But imagine her to have been a son, and think of the matter, not as something pressing, or for the time, but in itself.

Suppose then a son to have been very anxious to go out as a missionary, as S. Francis Xavier or any other, to the East Indies, so that you, in all human expectation, would never again see him. Sharp as the pang of the parting would have been, you would have thanked God, and, with pious Hannah, lent him for a little season unto the Lord, from Whom you had received him, hoping through His mercy to receive him back, not for a season only, but for ever, to love him with the deeper love in the Presence of God, Whom, by your mutual sacrifice, you had both learned to love more deeply.

Now, whenever the time should be, this is my feeling for you and your dear C——. I feel like one running a knife into you, by speaking of it; and I cannot but love you, and this makes it the

harder, and I feel in a measure what all your pure feeling must be for such a child. . . . It makes one's heart overflow with thankfulness to feel what a work of grace has been going on within her. . . .

Now with regard to her future, (1) as to her inner life, (2) as to her work for God.

1. It is difficult to convey the idea of the effect of such a life as that of the Sisterhood in forming the mind. One must be in it in order to feel it. But there are these two great prominent points: (1) in what great degree it is a sacramental life; (2) (with the exception of recreation) it is one even daily round of devotion and charity, not broken in upon by anything, day by day and month by month. Trial only shows how helpful this is for deep devotion. But the sacramental life is that which, under present circumstances, cannot be replaced elsewhere. You know that for a long time H. C. was daily in the church. It is almost an angel's life. We were saying last night how much the idea of the sacramental life was lost among us. The very thought of it as Daily Bread is gone. Yet it is something that in the one or two churches to which the Sisterhood is or would be attached, H. C. is weekly; during Lent and Easter twice in the week; in Easter-week daily on all other festivals; besides the opportunities of communicating with the sick, which may make it twice in the week all the year round. Now, believing that our Lord does in communions impart and unite Himself to the soul, it is inconceivable how much love a person may not gain who, receiving thus often, desires earnestly that 'He would dwell in us, and we in Him.' . . . One can hardly imagine the state of things or of our own soul when communions were four times in the year. It seems strange when two years back they were monthly with one. I can well imagine what a gain this would be to your C——.

2. As to the work for God. If anything is ever to be done for our great cities, it must be through devoted women, in addition to the clergy. They get at their minds, which we cannot. The great reason why the Roman Catholic poor are so much better taught, and know the faith so much better than ours, is that they are taught through Sisters of Mercy. Our own Sisters feel and are

felt to have a hold over the minds of the young which others have not. Children whom they take out of the streets . . . are far better formed than far more promising children under the best of other systems. For they are under the insensible, daily influence of persons devoted to God. But these are the very children who are now left to themselves or to Satan, who, after a few years, . . . run rapidly through a brief course of shame and sin. . . . Over how many tens of thousands could we not read the Burial Service, and can only imagine that some few may have had penitence given them in the end of which man knows nothing, and to which he contributes nothing. . . .

It is but to picture ourselves a few years; (you, as well as I, shall soon be declining); and if I had them I would gladly give fifty children to help to rescue these little ones of their own sex from misery in both worlds, thinking how blessed it would be to see them on the Judgment Day with those whom they had won for Christ.

As I said, while you have more to do than you well can do, and Purbrook is a difficulty to you, C——'s place is plainly with you, and I need not say how happy she is to be of any service to you (love to whom has been in earlier years a great treasure of God to her). But some time or other, I felt that I ought to set the other picture before you, and I felt that I could not speak to you, and yet, wheresoever I saw you, it has been a weight on my mind, because I had thoughts as to your child which I could not in speaking tell you. And now, having said this much, I could more readily speak, though my object was not to speak, but to put these thoughts before you, for you to weigh before God. May He ever bless you. In Him,

Yours ever affectionately,

E. B. P.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HAYLING ISLAND.

1847–1849.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds.
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet cxvi.*

IN these days, amid the changed conditions of feeling which have passed over men in the last half-century, it is difficult to realize the *animus* against Dr. Pusey which existed fifty years ago, and which, in the estimation of his biographer, made the ten years after Newman's secession the most isolated of his life.

'During this time he was an object of widespread, deep, fierce suspicion. Some Heads of Houses would not speak to him when they met him in the street. The post brought him, day by day, from all parts of the country, various forms of insults, by letters signed and anonymous. . . . If Pusey was visited by Oxford friends, it was more or less by stealth; if acquaintance with him was avowed, it was, at least in some circles, in a deprecatory and apologetic tone.'[1]

He had to bear pain—of the sharpest to a heart so warm and sensitive as his—the loss of love where yet he could not cease to love. In public he must have schooled himself to

[1] Life, iii. pp. 137, 138.

keep an unmoved expression, which may account for his eyes being frequently cast down. Men thought of him as of an ascetic, unmoved by ordinary emotions, when, in truth, he had far keener feelings, and therefore suffered more than most. To the last, in private, his countenance shone, with an almost childlike glow of sudden pleasure, at any mark of love or thought for him, and saddened at the contrary, which yet he took as his due, and love as an unmerited ray of the Eternal Love on which he rested. He used to tell the story of a good man who, when many excuses were made to him for discomfort caused by another's neglect, replied, 'He is the only person who knows how I ought to be treated'; and his way of referring to it revealed his own sincere feeling that, though for the love he had to many, they now took his contrary part, he counted all to be but his due deserts. Still, this could not hinder ever-present pain, but rather increased it, from intensifying self-reproach. 'C'est le ton qui fait la musique'; and even where there was no active antagonism, change in the tone and relation of friends towards him had power to wound him deeply. He said once that that sort of thing took more out of him in half an hour than ten hours' work; and his frequent collapses of health were probably rather caused by heart than head strain. 'This is nothing else but sorrow of heart' might have been said of many of his illnesses; for there was a wonderful power of work in him if he was happy, while the failure of some spring of gladness told upon him to an unusual degree in a character of so much force.

My poor father comes in for the usual accusation of sternness and austerity (his daughter writes of some published notice of

him): the one of all others with the most tenderly sensitive nature, wounded over and over again, where he felt things most keenly, and misrepresented all his life.

Still, however sorrowful and in a way broken down, he was unshaken and strong in hope. Writing at this time to a friend of the bright days, before the troubles of the last few years 'threw all things into confusion,' he adds :—

The same great work is going on now, and a far deeper work than in more prosperous days, and far wider. It must have its fruits. The seasons are in God's hands. But when the harvest ripens, Rome must own us as a Church; and God, we may trust, will make us healthfully one.

Public feeling, however, ran very wide of the truth, and amongst those who wished for some anti-Roman utterance from Dr. Pusey was Mr. Gladstone, who wrote to him, giving expression to the wish of many friends.

13, Carlton House Terrace, May 3, 1847.

My dear Dr. Pusey,— . . . My knowledge is very imperfect, both upon the facts and the rights of the case; but I have great doubts whether the world at large understands the strength of disapproval with which you regard both the secessions and the formation of the desire to secede. . . . If you are practically misunderstood upon these questions—a matter on which I have no title to speak except with diffidence from my imperfect information—I hope you may consider whether you can do anything to dispel what certainly, if it exist at all, must be a very dangerous misunderstanding.

Had Dr. Pusey so willed it, he could probably have made himself even popular at this time. His immense learning, his power of marshalling historical facts to illustrate and defend his position, were weapons which he

could have so used against Rome as to set himself right with Englishmen. But never for a moment did he swerve from the lines he had laid down for himself.

If I did say anything publicly about the Church of Rome (he had written to Mr. Gladstone two months earlier), it would be that no good can come of this general declamation against it, without owning what is good and great in it. . . . Our protest can, I think, be only healthful [and] effective, if we allow what we ought, and what, if people acquainted themselves with the good side of the Roman system, they would. . . . So you see I am not a physician for these days, and my medicine is stronger than people would take, so I had best keep it to myself.

He feared also to give a wrong impression. In an undated note to Mr. Keble, he wrote:—

The Bishop of ——'s letter is just what I expected. He is a strong anti-Romanist, and he is committed to the view that our Articles are opposed to the *decrees* of Trent, which, as an historical fact, I do not believe. I believe that both Churches were hindered from forming decrees against the decrees of the other."

In another undated note to Mr. Keble, he says:—

I suppose that people who profess themselves 'attached to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England,' really mean that they do not wish anything changed. I am quite content to work on, as far more than I am fitted for; but I cannot profess to be pleased with the Articles, and not to wish that they had been less negative and more positive.

In all this Mr. Keble was entirely of one mind with Dr. Pusey; indeed, the latter tells Mr. Gladstone that he had partly come to his present position of 'public neutrality as to the Church of Rome,' through one whom he loved as a father, 'not J. H. N.' In 1845 Mr. Keble had written to

him of some measure suggested for mixed schools in Ireland, where both Anglican and Roman Catholic children might receive religious instruction from the same teacher—

I don't think it would appear revolting, because it would be [an] instance of that which *I* am rather apt to dream about—a kind of neutrality between England and Rome. Both being branches of the Church, as our theory asserts, they cannot really be enemies to each other: neither need hesitate to educate the other's children, if need so require.

Dr. Pusey's own position was clearly expressed by him in a letter written this year to the *Morning Herald* to correct some mis-statement as to his advice to one who had joined the Roman communion:—

My argument was, 'It is a matter of absolute certainty that we have the Apostolic succession. This is a fact which can be proved in a narrow compass. Since, then, the Church of England has this, and also the true faith "once for all delivered to the saints," there is nothing to impair her authority over us, and we, in her, have the Sacraments and whatsoever else we need to be saved.' It is sometimes of use to narrow the grounds of controversy; and it is to me a mystery how persons who are persuaded and know that we have the Sacraments and the Presence of Christ among us, can go elsewhere to seek Him Whom we have.

He turned from public controversy, though none will ever know the amount of his private labours to keep individuals in the English communion, and threw himself with renewed hope and vigour into his most cherished scheme (next to the revival of religious communities), a commentary of the whole Bible, in accordance with Patristic and Catholic teaching, aided by all that modern scholarship and research could

contribute to the work. His letters at this time, especially to Mr. Keble, are full of the subject, which he presses earnestly on his and others' consideration, sending lists of those on whom he thought he could reckon for help. One list, in which he had portioned out all the Old Testament to different friends, ends with 'Minor Prophets—I.' 'It puts me into good heart to think of it,' he wrote in Lent, 1847. 'It is a great work, if God give us strength.' His own part of it was the only one that was to be accomplished; others had not his enthusiasm in the matter, or the invincible perseverance and industry which prevented all the troubles and manifold calls on his time which were at hand, from putting an end to the task he had set himself. That his whole plan should have failed was in the end a bitter disappointment: he did not give up the hope of carrying it out through others until late in life; and, in his seventy-seventh year, actually began a Commentary on the Psalms.

Of the Long Vacation this year Mrs. Brine writes:—

We spent the summer vacations of 1847 and 1848 at Hayling Island. The island is about five miles round, and was approached from Havant by a ferry-boat. Its chief attraction was the perfect quiet; but my father had many visitors coming and going. Lord Stavordale, Lord Ilchester's eldest son, was constantly with us. He died while quite a young man. Also the Laprimaudayes, and the present Superior of the 'Convent' at Oxford, Miss Hughes, niece of my father's fellow canon, Dr. Bull, stayed with us for some time. She was making arrangements for her future work, and discussing plans with my father about beginning a religious community at Oxford.

My father preached on St. Bartholomew's Day in the quaint church on Hayling Island; and a large party of friends came over

for the day and stayed to luncheon. But we saw more of the family of the Rev. E. T. Richards, Vicar of Farlington, near Havant, than of any one. They were a large family of young people, and constantly came over to spend the day with us, or we went to them. One daughter, Charlotte, became a Sister of Mercy at Plymouth, and died two or three years later, from overwork and a too ascetic life. Another, Laura, married Mr. Huntingford, the clergyman at Littlemore; and a younger sister, Mary, became a Sister in 1878, and is still working at Ascot Priory Convalescent Hospital.

The household at Hayling Island, of which Mr. Marriott was a member, observed regular hours of devotion, the Day Hours from Prime to Compline, besides morning and evening service, and frequent celebrations.

I wonder whether Mary Brine remembers the clock at Hayling Island when we were all there (the Superior of the Oxford Sisterhood, Miss Hughes, wrote at Christmas, 1898); or rather the order that everybody should keep their watches an hour before the real time; so we got up for a celebration in the house Dr. Pusey had at seven by our watches; by the real time at six.[1] Then on Saturday there was a grand fuss to get the right time for Sunday, when Dr. Pusey often celebrated at the parish church and preached.

There is an old man still living (in 1899) on Hayling Island who tells the story of the congregation in church being kept in a state of repressed laughter while Dr. Pusey was preaching one summer evening, by an owl which, after flying several times round the church, perched on the sounding board over the pulpit and remained there during

[1] He said in after years that the device of putting on the clock was to convince some who were in his house that it was a mere fancy that they could not rise early in the morning.

the sermon, peering over at the preacher, who asked afterwards what he could have said or done to amuse the congregation.

Dr. Hampden's appointment to the Bishopric of Hereford occurred soon after Dr. Pusey's return to Oxford. 'Such things,' he wrote, 'I suppose did unsettle dear Newman more than anything, a strong principle of heresy living and energizing in the Church.' It was determined by him and Mr. Keble, who felt, if possible, even more strongly on the subject, to institute a suit against Dr. Hampden in the Ecclesiastical Court on the charge of 'teaching and maintaining doctrines against those of the Church of England.' Letters of Request were needed from the Bishop to carry the case into the Court of Arches. Bishop Wilberforce actually signed these letters, on December 16, 1847, but withdrew them, on the plea that he was told, legally, that the act expressed 'a judgment adverse to Dr. Hampden's orthodoxy.' The Bishop's change of front was a bitter grief to Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble, and the former wrote to Mr. Marriott:—

> Dodsworth was greatly troubled at it. He said, 'It makes one ask, Can this indeed be a part of the Church of Christ which, while it is so jealous of any sympathy with the other branches, tolerates anything on the side of heresy?' This strictly for yourself, that *you* may not undervalue the effect of the Bishop's letter. I agree with D. that it is far more injurious to the Church than Dr. Hampden's appointment. An act of tyranny hurts not the Church; a betrayal by her own guardians does.

All was done that could be done—Mr. Keble making himself responsible for the legal expenses, estimated at £2000. But the last appeal, made in the Queen's Bench,

failed, the judges being equally divided. 'I trust,' Mr. Keble wrote, 'that by God's blessing we have gained something by this move, though the day of H.'s (so-called) consecration will be a bitter and humiliating day.'

A few weeks later Mr. Keble wrote (March 10, 1848):—

> I cannot see that appointments made under our present circumstances can at all affect the being of the Church of England, except, indeed, indirectly, by leading to a change in her formularies. They are sad tokens of a complete want of *discipline;* but her doctrines remain, as far as I can see, the same.

There appears to have been some attack on the Sisterhood about this time, for Dr. Pusey wrote (February 18) to Mr. Keble:—

> The threatened storm is withheld for the present from the Sisterhood. The difficulty seems how it is to be recognized by the Church; it is growing, and seems likely to grow more, by God's blessing. The only point which I am afraid of is their services. They have been framed, through Dodsworth's judgment, pretty strictly on the English Prayer-book. Not even 'May the souls of the faithful' is said at the end of the services. There is nothing which the Bishop could individually object to. . . . Still, their services, to which they are very much attached, are taken from the Breviary. Singly, of course, everything could be defended. They use nothing but Psalms, responses from Holy Scripture, or the selections from the Fathers, whom our Homilies so praise. Yet the name of the Breviary will condemn in the mass what in detail could be defended.
>
> As it stands, the Bishop is, of course, to know whatever he wishes, whenever he asks; meanwhile things go on, upon our responsibility that there is nothing at all contrary to, or at variance from, the doctrine or discipline or ἦθος of the English Church.

After consulting Mr. Keble as to the best course to take, and saying that his own wish would have been that Mr. Dodsworth 'should go to the Bishop, lay all before him, and ask for his direct sanction,' he continues :—

The Sisterhood seems likely to grow yearly. We become yearly responsible to more persons that they should not be turned adrift on the world; and they become yearly more unfit for it. But in this way it is consolidating. The time must come when the Church must take notice of it. Should we wait, without any act of our own, with the tacit acquiesence of the Bishop, until the sanction comes from without?

It is a token of the slow and gradual growth of all which he most desired he writes (June 2), to tell Mr. Keble that Mr. Upton Richards 'is going to have an early Communion on Thursdays weekly, and also proposes to give notice that there will be Holy Communion on any morning, if due notice is given to the clergy the evening before . . . thinking of persons sailing for the colonies, etc., who might be anxious to have Holy Communion the last morning.'

The Long Vacation was again spent at Hayling Island, whence Dr. Pusey and his children went to stay at Farlington Rectory for rather a long visit with Mr. and Mrs. Richards. One of their daughters, now a Sister, writes :—

As little children we looked upon him as our own especial friend, who would play with us, and talk to us as one of ourselves. Hayling has always been associated in our memory with him, whom we were taught to revere more than any one else. I can remember his calling us 'my little ones' and gathering us closely round him, with his arms round us, to tell us stories. On one occasion when we asked for a story of lions and tigers, he told us

one about the wild beasts who refused to touch a martyr. During those summers he continually invited us to spend a day with him by the sea.

Mr. Charles Marriott was there, and one day took three of my brothers and myself for a long walk to 'the Church sands' where the old church had been submerged. A heavy downfall of rain overtook us; and he put us all under his long cape, and brought us home perfectly dry, saying he had tried to be a good hen to the chickens under his wings.

As a tiny child, when shown the frontispiece in the 'Spiritual Combat' of the angel, I thought it was a likeness of Dr. Pusey, and throughout life I have looked at it, feeling that it brought back his face to me in those early days.

The four little Richards children were between the ages of four and eight; one of them, now Colonel Stuart Richards, writes (July 2, 1899) :—

I can just remember his taking us on his knee and showing and explaining to us the picture of the Good Shepherd taking the lamb out of the thorn bush.[1] I, and no doubt you, too, thought him the 'goodest' person we ever saw, but of course this was taught us also by our elders in the family. My impression of his appearance is that he had a particularly good and kind face and gentle manner, that he spent most of his time in writing a Hebrew Commentary, or something about the Bible, and that he wore a shabby old coat and hat, not being able to afford good ones, because he gave all his money to the poor.

The Christ Church 'lodgings' were brightened by the return this year, to live at home, of Dr. Pusey's young daughter. She was seriously ill at Christmas, and was ordered to Torquay, where, she writes :—

We had part of a lovely house, Abbotsford, on the heights above Torquay, near some great friends, a Mrs. Majendie and her

[1] It always hung on one side of the fireplace, close to where he used to write. It is seen in the frontispiece.

step-children, the Du Boulays, the eldest of whom, Susan, afterwards joined the Church of Rome, and died in a convent. There again, as I got stronger, I remember the scrambles down the hill to St. John's Church for Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday services. These walks were such a delight to us when we could get my father away from books and letters, and have him to ourselves. I remember the pleasant drives to Bishopstowe, old Bishop Philpotts' seaside residence, a lovely place on the road to Battiscombe, where he often went to see the old Bishop and talk over matters with him, turning me loose into the beautiful grounds reaching down to the sea.

My strongest impression of my father's tastes was his intense love of the sea. To him, I am sure, it spoke volumes. From my earliest childhood he used to quote the Greek expression of Æschylus, and explain to us children what it meant, 'the many twinkling smile of ocean;' and I am sure that it was true to him that—

> Such signs of love old ocean gives,
> We cannot choose but think it lives.

The ocean did live to him in a way I have never observed in any one else. I cannot fully express what I mean; but I used to watch his face as he gazed out at the sea, and feel that it was to him what it was not to others. He often spoke to me in after years of the waves tossing themselves in wild fury against the boundary God had set them. 'Thus far and no farther shall thy proud waves go;' likening it to the impotence of human rebellion against the will of God.

He had also a love and enjoyment of beautiful scenery as God's handiwork, His finger tracing all and imparting to them their beauty.

His favourite poems were Walter Scott's. He was never weary of quoting them. They were so dear to him, because he had read them over with my mother during their prolonged wedding-tour amidst the scenes to which they referred.

The Rev. Alexander P. Forbes, the second incumbent of St. Saviour's, Leeds, had resigned it in January of this

year, on becoming Bishop of Brechin, and Mr. Minster, a former curate of Dr. Hook's, accepted Dr. Pusey's offer of the difficult charge, and quickly won the affection of his flock.

I never met with a people in which there was so much seeming promise (he wrote to Dr. Pusey). . . . That it [St. Saviour's] must eventually rise and be a model for the working of other manufacturing towns there cannot be a doubt. . . . There are signs even now of an abundant harvest in future years, if labourers only can be found to gather it in.

The founder of St. Saviour's had need of such comfort; for fresh troubles arose where he had hoped to rejoice in the evangelization, through the teaching of the whole Catholic Faith, of masses sunk in ignorance and sin.

But the confession of sin, when consciences were stirred, caused difficulties, as commonly happened at that time, with the Bishop, and Dr. Hook unhappily took the same line. In a letter to Dr. Pusey (November 23, 1848) Mr. Minster says:—

I wrote to him [the Bishop] some time since, giving him a full and very particular account of the work going on at St. Saviour's, and the awful depths of sin we had to contend with in very many of the people who came to us, at the same time claiming his sympathy and advice. . . . He simply said in answer that he was sorry for the difficulties I had to contend with, passing by altogether the strong picture I drew of the state of morals amongst my people, and concluded his letter by regretting that the *sins* of former incumbents of St. Saviour's should so strongly operate against my usefulness. In truth, anything colder than his lordship's letter could not well be imagined.

Mr. Keble, who had been at St. Saviour's for the Dedication Festival, and had gone into the matter with Mr. Minster and Dr. Hook, reported to Dr. Pusey (November 4), that as the latter did not 'specify any evil practices,' the whole thing, as far as he could see,

resolves itself into an attack on the principle of private Confession and authoritative Absolution. I reported all this to Moberly to-day, and he wondered both at Hook and the Bishop, but says, if they were to attack Catholic doctrine, it is well they should have chosen this point, it is so impregnable, according to the Prayer-book. I was, as you may suppose, delighted with St. Saviour's and with the kind and earnest people there; surely they and their work will be blessed.

But the Bishop had been strongly prejudiced against the St. Saviour's clergy, and as time went on the breach became wider. The clergy felt that they had lost his confidence, and could expect from him no fatherly consideration. Rebuked and hindered where they could not but know they were acting within their rights, they yielded to despondency. Mr. Pollen, one of the curates, was inhibited for applying the word sacrament in a sermon to other rites than Baptism and Holy Communion; Mr. Crawley, another curate, was suspended for an unguarded quotation from St. Cyril of Jerusalem, with reference to the Presence in the sacrament, in a sermon preached eight months before, and for saying the prayers with his face to the east.

Another bad illness was the result to Dr. Pusey of all this trouble; and his friend, Mr. Richard Cavendish,[1] persuaded him to try the air of Eastbourne, where he spent

[1] Afterwards Lord R. Cavendish.

three months, probably, from his daughter's notes, the Long Vacation of 1849.

He was quite an invalid when we went to Eastbourne, at that time quite a small place, but gradually recovered his strength; the air revived him wonderfully. He used to see a great deal of Mr. Cavendish, who had a house of his own not far from us. My father's great delight was to drive to Beachy Head, and there enjoy the breezes and glorious open view. There were splendid sands at Eastbourne, on which we sat and walked, and where he heard the problems of Euclid, which my brother and I had to learn in the mornings. We used to draw them out for him on the firm sands, and then say our problems over. I have often wondered whether the sands were ever utilized before or after for such a purpose.

He was ordered by his doctors so spend the winter of 1849 abroad, but Lady Lucy 'was so averse,' Mrs. Brine writes—

to my father leaving England, that Mr. Edward Herbert,[1] Aunt Emily's uncle, lent him his shooting box at Asherne, close to Dartmouth, for the winter. We spent five months there, some of the happiest of my life. They were months of intense enjoyment to my father. He was working very hard.[2] There were verandahs all round the house, on which every window opened; he had the upstairs drawing-room, and his bedroom next to it. The enjoyment of the life at Asherne to him was its perfect privacy; large grounds stretching out in every direction, and right down to Start Bay, the whole of which could be seen from the house—from Start Point, with its revolving lighthouse, to the entrance to Dartmouth harbour. The climate was so mild that

[1] Hon. Edward Herbert, brother to the third Earl of Carnarvon, the father of Lady Emily Pusey.

[2] There is a long letter from him to Archdeacon Manning dated (in December, 1849) Asherne, Dartmouth. It was a time of very great anxiety as to the impending 'Gorham judgment.'

my father could work the whole day out-of-doors on his balcony; Mr. Herbert had left his carriage, horse, and boat for our use, and my father used to enjoy going up the Dart in a steamer to Totnes. The Kerrs, friends of his, lived at Dittisham, of which Lord Henry Kerr was rector, and we saw a great deal of them. He and his wife afterwards joined the Roman communion—a great grief to my father.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GORHAM JUDGMENT.

1849—1852.

Poi con dottrina e con volere insieme,
Con l'iuficio apostolico si mosse,
Quasi torrente ch'alta vena preme.
Paradiso, c. xii.

FOUR years of labour, anxiety, and sorrow to Dr. Pusey followed an event which occurred at the end of 1847—the presentation by the Crown of the vicarage of Brampford Speke, in the diocese of Exeter, to the Rev. G. C. Gorham. From the immense mass of documents and correspondence concerning 'the Gorham case,' the facts here given have been gathered in order to make Dr. Pusey's principles and action in the matter intelligible to those not already acquainted with Church annals during those years.

The Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Philpotts, deemed it necessary, from his knowledge of Mr. Gorham's opinions, to examine, before instituting him, whether he held the faith of the Church as to baptismal regeneration, or whether his belief was incompatible with the teaching of the Prayer-book. The result of an examination, lasting altogether eight days, was a refusal on the Bishop's part to institute him to the living of Brampford Speke, being convinced

that he held and taught that in baptism infants are not made members of Christ and children of God. Mr. Gorham carried the case into the Court of Arches, and it was not until August, 1849, that Sir H. Jenner Fust, the Dean of the Court of Arches, pronounced the decision of the Court that the Bishop of Exeter had shown sufficient reason for not instituting Mr. Gorham, since the Church of England held the doctrine of spiritual regeneration of infants in baptism, and that Mr. Gorham 'did oppose this Article' of the Church. Thereupon Mr. Gorham appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

From the first Dr. Pusey of course perceived the gravity of the situation, and the serious consequences which would probably ensue, especially in the unsettling of many minds. Yet he also said from the first, as he wrote to Archdeacon Manning, that he did not see

> that the decision of the Privy Council need involve any principle at all. . . . If it should seem to go beyond the powers of a lay tribunal, then is the time for the Church to consider what is to be done.

For the ultimate appeal being to the Sovereign in Privy Council, he took his stand upon the declaration in the Supremacy Bill of Queen Elizabeth that

> no persons shall be authorized by the Queen, her heirs or successors, to exercise any spiritual jurisdiction, shall have any authority or power to determine or judge any matter or cause to be heresy, but only such as had been heretofore determined, ordered or adjudged to be heresy by the authority of the Canonical Scriptures, first four General Councils or any of them, or any other General Council wherein the same were declared heresy, etc., or such as should hereafter be adjudged to be heresy,

by the High Court of Parliament, *with the assent of the clergy in their Convocation*, anything in this Act to the contrary notwithstanding.[1]

He looked upon the State as the ultimate administrator of justice, in which sense he stated that he had taken the oath of the supremacy of the Crown; and he held that supremacy, as exercised in the Privy Council, had no power to determine what was heresy or not, but only whether, in certain cases, the assent to certain doctrines required for the cure of souls and enjoyment of temporalities attached to such cure, had been so contravened as to give just cause for the forfeiture of the cure and its temporalities. But he also saw that, practically, there was great danger of this 'exercise of jurisdiction' involving 'the power of determining doctrine to be heresy or not to be heresy,' and that, in the Gorham case, as he wrote to Judge Coleridge (January 9, 1850), 'a right decision may be worse than a wrong. A wrong decision might rouse people to oppose the whole system. A right decision as to doctrine might induce them to acquiesce in a wrong principle, which might issue in most disastrous consequences.'[2]

Perhaps these words give the key to the consequences of the wrong decision when it came. It caused the second great wave of secession to Rome amongst those who regarded it as determining the doctrine of the English Church as to baptism. It did not alter the position of

[1] See Life, iii. pp. 209, 210.

[2] 'Henry Wilberforce . . . dreaded a favourable decision . . . more than an heretical one; the latter might lead to resistance to the secular Court; the former might tempt Churchmen to overlook the real character of the Court in their satisfaction at its action.'—Ibid. iii. p. 211.

Dr. Pusey and of those who held with him that a mistake had been made, in that 'the pleadings went on the supposition' that the Judicial Committee was 'to adjudge what is and what is not the doctrine of the Church of England,' and that the business of Churchmen was to consider how the mischief to the Church, under the present state of things, could be remedied.

I suspect (he wrote) that in maintaining the right of the temporal Sovereign to have any subject righted, without his going to a tribunal abroad, the State overlooked that in matters of faith they were aiming to combine things necessarily incompatible, *i.e.* that they did not see that the judgment of the individual in a matter of faith might involve what they disclaim, the determining of the faith itself.

The answers to numerous letters from the Bishop of Exeter, who applied to Dr. Pusey for help and advice, entailed an enormous amount of work; but, as usual, he shrank from no labour laid upon him, although he had regretted the Bishop's refusal to institute Mr. Gorham, thinking that allowance ought to be made for the long abeyance into which the teaching of sacramental truth had fallen, that 'the recovery of spiritual truth or health, after a long interval of disuse or error, is necessarily slow,' and that Mr. Gorham might have been won by kindness, but 'would only be exasperated by law.'[1] 'The Church seems to me like a sickly person recovering (were his own words to Mr. Keble); one would watch his strength returning and not put it to any decisive trial one could help, which one did not feel morally sure it would stand.'

'You have doubtless heard that the judgment is to be

[1] Life, iii. pp. 217, 227.

against us,' Bishop Philpotts wrote to Dr. Pusey (February 14, 1850). As the certainty of this grew, so did forebodings as to its effect.

There is one matter on which I am very anxious (the Bishop wrote on February 20): to do what I can to prevent eager Churchmen from renouncing our Church, if the judgment be what is expected—and still more if such functionaries as the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London have declared in favour of it. That no such men, or any individual man, can commit the Church, is certain; yet I much fear that many will act as if it were otherwise. Pray tell me what you would think it best to say, in order to stop them.

'It will not, I hope, be felt by R. W.[1] as affecting his position,' Mr. Keble wrote; 'but how about our other restless friends?'

It was this, more than anything, which brought trouble to Dr. Pusey, of which his long letters to Archdeacon Manning at this time are a token; for he believed that if men would but be patient, a way would be found for the true voice of the Church to be heard; and even now he sent the Bishop a letter from Mr. Keble suggesting a Diocesan Synod being called by the Bishop, in which the whole diocese should 'move synodically, protesting, setting forth the true doctrine, and demanding a Provincial Council to settle it.'

The Bishop took up the suggestion thankfully and heartily. 'The very step would indicate vitality,' he wrote, 'and might tend to rouse other portions of our Church.'

It was on March 8, 1850, that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council delivered its judgment that Mr.

[1] Rev. Robert Wilberforce. He passed over to the Roman communion in 1854.

Gorham's opinions were 'not contrary or repugnant to the declared doctrine of the Church of England as by law established, and that Mr. Gorham ought not, by reason of the doctrine held by him, to have been refused admission to the vicarage of Brampford Speke.'

On March 25 Bishop Philpott's[1] Letter to the Archbishop appeared, 'a document that belongs to history,'[2] and in which he entreated the Primate to 'call together his comprovincial bishops, and invite them to declare what is the faith of the Church on the Articles impugned.' The letter concludes with a solemn protest against the Archbishop instituting Mr. Gorham within his diocese. From this time until the end of May the Bishop brought pleas before one civil Court after another to stay the effect of the judgment, but in vain; and on August 6, 1850, Mr. Gorham was instituted by the Dean of the Arches, under the *fiat* of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Bishop made a solemn protest against this act, in which 'he pointed out the difference between that statement of Mr. Gorham's teaching which the Judicial Committee had framed as the basis of its decision, and those statements of Mr. Gorham himself which the Bishop held to be contrary to the doctrine of the Church.'[3] He therefore argued that Mr. Gorham had been refused institution for reasons which had not been considered by the Judicial Committee.

[1] See Life, iii. p. 230.

[2] Few documents of the kind since Law's Letters to Hoadley rank in importance with this famous protest. Deep conviction and common sense, trenchant logic and indignant irony brought to bear with triumphant effect on the judgment of the Judicial Committee.—Ibid. iii. p. 229.

[3] Ibid. iii. pp. 232, 233.

No adequate notion can be given, within the limits of this memoir, of the labour which events caused by the Gorham judgment entailed on Dr. Pusey. There was a 'London Church Union,' but, in those days, neither Diocesan Synods nor Convocation, and all expression of Church feeling had to find outlets through irregular channels, and influenced by many who were themselves too shaken and bewildered to be wise leaders. Almost daily letters to Mr. Keble through the month of March reveal perplexities and the burden of responsibilities, especially in organizing the immense meetings at St. Martin's Hall and Freemasons' Tavern, where all the leading Churchmen who could be present met, and old friends, who had latterly fought shy of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble, once more rallied round them, and hung upon their words in the great speeches which were as trumpet calls to those who had come together to reassert the faith of the Nicene Creed, and to order the coming battle for synodical action and freedom in the exercise of 'the divine office of the Universal Church.'[1]

But, before long, many of the standard-bearers showed tokens of fainting hearts, nor took heed to Mr. Keble's warning of the 'long delay which must ensue before such questions could be satisfactorily settled.' Pamphlets by the Rev. W. Maskell, chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter, and the Rev. T. W. Allies, only tended to increase difficulties and make the restless more uneasy; and, amidst all the overwhelming pressure of the time, Dr. Pusey brought out his book on the Royal Supremacy, which he had

[1] For a fuller account of this memorable meeting, and of various important measures, see the Life, iii. pp. 240–260.

written on scraps of paper, as he could, on journeys by rail and by coach, in moments snatched from other occupations at home, 'thinking,' as he wrote to Mr. Keble, 'that I had something which might help to set some minds at rest. But I found that I needed more knowledge and more books to satisfy myself that I was accurate; and more books gave me more things to say; and so some is rewritten, and some rearranged, and all is confusion.' It was written to show, from the history of the Ancient Church and of General Councils, that Mr. Maskell was mistaken in his theory that 'any control over Church doctrine or discipline on the part of the Crown, even though exercised purely through the Episcopate, was indefensible.'

'Though I have not had time to read so much or so carefully as I wish, yet I have read enough to make me feel that it is worthy of you. Higher praise I need not give to it,' Bishop Philpotts wrote.

It did not influence those whose hearts had failed them. Mr. Dodsworth's influence through sermons had of late greatly troubled Dr. Pusey, since the Sisters attended his church; and a public letter from him to Dr. Pusey, attacking him for seeming to 'shrink from the front rank,' increased difficulties. A real and painful difference had arisen amongst those who had so long fought together—Mr. Dodsworth and his friends emphasizing all that divided them from their opponents, Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble believing that 'many, not the least devout and earnest of the so-called Low Church, are not opposing the truth of baptismal regeneration, but an untrue imagination of it.'

The next attack was a joint letter from Mr. Dodsworth,

Mr. Maskell, and Mr. Allies, denying the right of English clergy to hear confessions without 'jurisdiction' given by a distinct act of their Bishops, and the validity, in consequence, of their ministrations. This letter stirred the wrath of even the gentle hermit of Hursley, especially as coming from men who could no longer have cared whether such ministrations were valid or not.

> Either they have made up their minds or no (he wrote, Whitsun Eve, 1850). If they have, let them say so at once, and state their case, if they think it dutiful, publicly, without attacking an individual. If they have not, they are cruelly trifling with tender spirits, and wantonly trifling with that Truth which they say so much of.

The attack was of use in being the occasion of a 'Letter'[1] of great 'historical and theological value' from Dr. Pusey.

On one hand he was suspected, dreaded, and disliked as a 'Romanist, even Jesuit, in disguise;' on the other, attacked, in Mr. Dodsworth's words, for hiding himself 'under soft assertions of truths which,' it was said, 'not six men in the Church of England will be found to deny.' Both sides could not but perceive that he had become, in spite of himself, leader in the fight. His immovable convictions, deep devotion, simplicity of aim, and immense force of character, strengthened by his learning, were the great defences of each separate fort on the field, which he held and maintained until the fire slackened and the enemy drew off rather quietly, as men awoke to find that the justice of his position was generally acknowledged, or

[1] The Church of England Leaves her Children Free to whom to Open their Griefs. A Letter to the Rev. W. U. Richards. Oxford: Parker, 1850. See the Life, iii. pp. 264–270.

that at least it was felt to be only fair that others should be allowed to maintain it without attack. But that time was still far distant, and now the struggle and confusion only increased. Some of the chief amongst those who afterwards laid down their arms in despair were still with him, such as Archdeacons Manning and Wilberforce, but distrust of their ultimate action was in the air. An important 'Declaration touching the Royal Supremacy in Matters Ecclesiastical' put forth by them and Dr. Mill, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, was entirely approved of by Dr. Pusey, expressing as it did his view that the Royal Supremacy 'is a supreme civil power over the temporal accidents in spiritual things.'[1] Still, it was asked by many who scrupled to identify themselves with any one of whose absolute antagonism to Rome they were not certain, 'If the points contended for are not conceded will these men pass over to Rome?' Dr. Pusey had been elected, without his seeking it, a member of the Bristol Church Union, and the Vice-President, the Rev. W. Palmer, brought forward at this time a resolution very strongly worded against Rome, and against 'reconciliation or inter-communion' with her under existing circumstances. To this Dr. Pusey could not think of agreeing.

There are faulty and unfaithful approximations to Rome (he wrote to Mr. Keble, September, 1850), and yet the general feeling against Rome includes in it so much that we all believe and all love. I do not see why we should not make faithfulness to the English Church the basis of union. . . . If we speak generally,

[1] Two petitions to the Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury, praying that doctrine might be determined by a synod, of which the ruling should be binding on temporal Courts, 'were headed by the venerable name of Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen.'—Life, iii. pp. 244, 245.

as Palmer does of 'corruptions,' we should not all mean the same thing, and *I* should be thought to mean more than I do.

Again, the English Church has never said anything of the kind about non-intercommunion with Rome. Some of our apologists, at least, say that Rome separated from us, not we from her.

Mr. Keble, who was also a member of the Bristol Church Union, was not so decided. He had expressed even more strongly than his friend his feeling that neutrality was the only position he could maintain; but he now feared simple people might be perplexed if there were not some '*very moderate*, but *quite real*, disavowal of Rome,' and that those who wished to act with them had a 'fair claim to it, after what has happened.'

Dr. Pusey could not give in, even to the friend he most revered. It was ever in his mind that the bitter and aggressive opponents of Rome had not been amongst those steadfast in the English communion, and that such bitterness was in itself unchristian, and could never work for good. Mr. Keble felt he was right. 'I cannot join in any anti-Roman declaration that I have yet seen,' he wrote finally, 'not even in my own, now I find the terms of it are equivocal.'

The result of his and Dr. Pusey's influence was that Mr. Palmer's resolution was lost at Bristol, September 30, 'by an overwhelming majority;'[1] and when brought on again in another form at the London Church Union meeting (October 15), at St. Martin's Hall, Dr. Pusey's great speech against 'the impropriety of making antagonism to the Church of Rome the basis of *religious* union,' caused the mover of the amendment to withdraw it.[2]

[1] See Appendix.

[2] The address was listened to throughout with intense interest. . . . There

Mr. Allies and Mr. Maskell had passed to the Roman communion, soon to be joined by Mr. Dodsworth and Mr. Henry Wilberforce, and, in April, 1851, by Archdeacon Manning.

I send you a letter (Dr. Pusey wrote to Mr. Keble, September 23), to illustrate my question as to whether I should notice Dodsworth's statement about my Roman teaching. It dogs me wherever I go; at St. Barnabas, Freemasons' Hall, Torquay, Plymouth.

He had preached on the octave of the consecration of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, Tuesday, June 18, 1850. Writing of 'the contumely that the earlier Tractarians went through,' Mrs. Brine says:—

When as a young girl I drove with my father to St. Barnabas, Pimlico, where he was to preach one of the octave sermons, we were met at a little distance from the church by some of the clergy, who begged him not to drive up to it in my grandmother's carriage, with her livery servants, lest it should be the signal for a disturbance and for violence. My father and I were hustled, or rather smuggled into the vestry, through which I was brought into the church. I never shall forget the breathless state of tension which seemed to prevail during the whole of the sermon, or the general startled movement if there was the least sound at the door.

The decision in the Gorham case in 1850 had worsened matters at Leeds; Mr. Minster, whose health had broken down, and who had obtained leave of absence for a year, returned to find his curates inhibited and suspended, and resigned the living. Dr. Pusey went to Leeds to see

was a minute of hushed silence; and then the meeting burst into loud cheers, which expressed better than any words the love and confidence which it felt for the speaker. . . . The mover of the amendment rose, and in a few well-chosen words asked permission to withdraw it, expressing at the same time a hope that Pusey would give to the world the speech to which they had been listening.—Life, iii. p. 282.

what could be done, and wrote to Mr. Keble on his return home (March 23, 1851):—

I had a sad visit to St. Saviour's. It has again to be built up from the foundation. The Bishop has cleared everything away; and I fear that two at least will (private) come back as Roman priests with a Roman mission. One can only hope that among the 7000, mostly poor and beset by temptation, there may be room for both.

Before the end of the following month, all the St. Saviour's clergy, with one exception, had been received into the Roman communion. Dr. Pusey and Mr. Marriott went to Leeds, and found the Rev. F. Beckett, one of Mr. Minster's curates, alone at his post, but the mass of the communicants unchanged in their loyalty to the English communion. It was Passion-week; and on Palm Sunday Dr. Pusey was to preach to the congregation; but heart and strength had been too sorely tried, and before the sermon he fainted away, and had to be carried out of church.

He did not despond.

I am well again (he wrote to his son), and amid much sorrow have had much comfort. It has been a new scene to me. Boys, mechanics, and mill-girls using confession; kneeling thankfully for the blessing, and bound to the Church by a stronger bond than that which bound them to their late pastors.

The Pope's Bull, in the autumn of 1850, 'establishing a new Roman Catholic Episcopate in England,' did not make things easier for Dr. Pusey and his friends. This 'Papal aggression,' as it was called, roused the whole country to fury, and caused a ferment as fanatical as it

proved short-lived. But, while it lasted, the storm blew fiercely against the Tractarians, and the Bishops took the popular side—with one noble exception, the gallant old Bishop of Exeter. He wrote about this time to Dr. Pusey:—

> Pray come to my house *freely*. I will not submit to the humiliation of not receiving gladly a friend whom I so highly value, because of the unjust clamours which ignorant or malicious persons may raise.

Bishop Blomfield, in his Charge on November 2, 1850, in St. Paul's Cathedral, made almost the words his own, in which Dr. Pusey had been misrepresented by those who had seceded to Rome, and though not mentioning him by name, did not deny, in answering a letter from Dr. Pusey on the subject, that he had him in his mind in what he had said, especially on the subject of confession. The Charge came as a heavy blow at a time when he was already wearied out with all that the Gorham case, the St. Saviour's troubles, and secessions to Rome had brought upon him. In Dr. Liddon's words:—

> Old friends were distant, and he met with hard words and cold looks in quarters where a more generous and just estimate might have been looked for. . . . His letters at this time are full of expressions which show how thankful he would have been, as he said in later years, had it pleased God, to be allowed to lie down and die.[1]

Bishop Blomfield's Charge, however, was the occasion of his great letter to the Bishop, which Dr. Liddon considers 'the most complete account and defence that he has

[1] See Life, iii. pp. 292, 296, 297.

given to the world of those features of teaching and practice which are popularly associated with his name,'[1] and which, patiently and in detail answering the charges brought against him, and vindicating his teaching, contains passages eloquent in strength, and in nobly restrained passion.[2]

Everything is against us now (he wrote November 21, 1851), in answer to a letter of attack from Bishop Wilberforce. Every one's faults are visited upon us. Lord John Russell, Presbyterians, all who hate the Church, are stirring up the mob against us.

Now his own Bishop (Wilberforce) joined in the outcry against him, writing to him on the very day of Bishop Blomfield's Charge, accusing him of effecting, through his teaching, 'more than the labours of an open enemy, to wean from the pure faith and simple ritual of our Church the affection of many of those amongst her children, whose zeal, tenderness, and devotion would, if properly guided, make them eminent saints,' etc., etc.

Dr. Pusey's letter in reply, in which he maintained that failure on the Bishops' part to reaffirm the Church's teaching after the Privy Council's decision in the Gorham case was the chief cause of secessions to Rome, had no effect; and Bishop Wilberforce actually inhibited the man pre-eminent in England for learning, piety, and entire devotion to the English communion, from preaching in his diocese, except

[1] See Life, iii. p. 297.

[2] No summary can give an idea of its theological or spiritual strength, or of the light which it throws on the temper and aims of its author. Pusey states, with absolute freshness, all that in his teaching and practice was made the ground of popular invective; and he claims his right to do and teach all that he avows. He brushes away with a strong but tender decision the misrepresentations of fact or of motive which had gathered around his work and life.—Ibid. iii. p. 298.

at Pusey. On November 25 he wrote to Mr. Keble that 'after a long negotiation the Bishop of Oxford yesterday consented to let me preach at Littlemore,' on the occasion of his daughter's confirmation.

Bishop Wilberforce's chief grievance against Dr. Pusey concerned his teaching and practice as to confession. It was true, as he wrote for the Bishop's information, that he 'never sent away any who asked his advice,' but he added that 'if he had to reproach himself, it was on the score of being unable to give people who applied to him the spiritual assistance they required.'

The following extracts from a letter written in 1853, kindly placed at the present writer's disposal by one who had consulted him on the subject, show how entirely Bishop Wilberforce's accusations as to the 'minuteness and details' of Dr. Pusey's 'direction' were founded on figments of his own imagination, or mis-statements accepted by him.

With regard to confession to man, it plainly cannot be *wrong*, since Holy Scripture says, 'Confess your faults one to another,' and our Lord says, 'Whose sins ye do remit, they are remitted unto them.' The Church has always understood this of remission through the priest. It seems at first only to have been used in cases of very grievous sin. But this affects the necessity of it, not its validity if used. Our Church does not think it necessary in all cases, because the Church of old did not use it at all. She leaves it free to her children because it was left free of old. . . .

Our business is to teach people to walk, not to be crutches to them. But if they want a crutch, we must be that crutch, until they can walk. There is, I fear, an inclination among some to talk too much about their not 'doing anything without their spiritual guide,' whereas I suppose those who so talk please themselves the most. But there is no necessary connection between

what is called 'guidance' and confession. A person confesses his sins in order to obtain authoritative forgiveness of God, and grace through absolution. He naturally receives advice how to set about subduing his sins. But then he is free to ask or not to ask about other things, as he likes; and our business is to give people principles, by which they should guide themselves, or to answer cases of conscience, not to regulate the details of a life, which, after all, a sensible person can regulate for herself. . . .

I would not recommend the use of confession as 'discipline.' Its object is forgiveness of sins, not training, or a deep sense of sin. Above all things, avoid any acting upon your own feelings, or thinking much of them. People harass themselves very much by this, and even hinder what they wish. A deeper sense of sin, a deeper repentance, are the gifts of God. He will give them if we pray for them, and as we turn away more resolutely, by His grace, from what displeases Him. He gives them in some degree, as we meditate on His love and holiness, and view our sins in detail, as contrary to that holiness and love, or in meditating on the Passion of our Blessed Lord. But even then our object must not be to obtain sensible devotion, but to gain, through His grace, deeper love of Him—which He will enlarge, even though at the time we see it not—and a deeper aversion from all sin.

To the wife of a very dear friend[1] he wrote on the same subject :—

Be assured that I have real interest in you and in all who are in earnest about their souls, and would gladly help any one in any way that I can, and you especially, since I have now been so much with you and your children and those you love, and love your husband much. . . .

It is a great work to look through a whole life, and requires much time. When a person has earnestly set about it God accepts it. Delays, which are in order to do it better, are approved by Him. All should come from Him. I do not suggest it to persons,

[1] Letter undated, but must have been written a little earlier than the one which precedes it.

except to the sick. It is best when the desire comes from Him. People then feel the want of it most deeply. They long more for His grace and favour, and He gives it them. . . .

As for those definite thoughts such as that 'one so insignificant as I cannot be meant for immortality,' the best way is not to think of them as doubts, but to turn to God, as St. Paul does, 'O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and the knowledge of God!'

The love of God is too great to understand and to grasp, for it is infinite. It would be too great to believe, only He Who is the Truth has said it. Let us then wonder and be amazed at it, while we believe in it. This is the feeling God would work in you by it. '*Can* it be?' might be the question of wondering love at the infinite and unutterable love of God, or it might be doubt. When the question comes, let us thank God that it *is*, and then the feeling will be, not doubt, but admiring love.

By no means keep away from Holy Communion. Do not account it unbelief. You are not responsible for thoughts darted into you. But turn them all into a brief momentary prayer, and at Holy Communion pray that our dear Lord when He comes under your roof would give you deeper love of Him. You will find it altogether one of the greatest changes of life to learn—it will be slowly—to turn everything into occasions of momentary prayer, just lifting up the thoughts to God. It will be fresh light and life to your soul.

Whatever you want, pray God for it. We cannot give ourselves repentance or faith or love. Pray God again and again, and He will give them to you.

Repentance is shown by watchfulness not to fall again into the sins which we repent of.

I do bless God for the work which He has begun in you. It makes one's heart glad, and the holy angels also. Pray God, and He will complete it and carry it on to the end.

In vain Dr. Pusey asked many times to be heard by the Bishop, and at least to be told the facts which had caused the inhibition. A personal interview was refused, and Mr. Keble came forward to defend his friend. To

him the two causes of offence mentioned categorically by the Bishop were, the 'adapted' books of devotion, and 'the tone of Dr. Pusey's spiritual direction.' The correspondence continued for more than a year. In noticing a letter of the Bishop's to Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble wrote (June 2, 1851):—

There is no end of the mischief it may do. I mean, if I can write, to write him an expostulation to-night. . . . I shall tell him my strong opinion of the falseness of his position on three points: confession, the Eucharist, and penal satisfaction. . . .

I own to you, his letter appears to me perfectly scandalous in point of learning and theology, yet so adapted, lawyer-like, to the state of men's minds, as to be capable of doing very great harm.

Ever your most loving,

J. K.

I wish I was a fairy to send him a rosary, on which he should be *forced* to say the 119th Psalm (which he calls a choral hymn) every day of his life.

Look at the 23rd and 161st verses of it, my dearest Pusey.

In the letter which Mr. Keble wrote to the Bishop on the following day, June 3, 1851, he goes to the outside of what he felt his age made fitting of strong remonstrance from a priest to a bishop—

If I were not, as I am (he says), compelled to differ from your lordship on almost every one of your statements and opinions on these matters, I should, I am sure, be made very sad—excuse me, I am now in my sixtieth year—by the tone into which you have fallen in dealing with them. . . . What I wish to do is, most earnestly to beseech your lordship to reconsider the matter before you make it a condition of the ministry that a person shall deny all real Presence in the Eucharist, except in the faithful receiver. . . . Again, with regard to auricular confession; with all due respect, I wholly dispute and challenge the legal right of any

bishop or synod of bishops to limit the discretion of English priests as to whom they shall admit or move to confession in the way now claimed.

In a letter to the Bishop ten days later Mr. Keble expresses his conviction that Dr. Pusey had been—

the greatest drag upon those who were rushing towards Rome, . . . as by other ways, so especially by showing them that all their reasonable yearnings are sufficiently provided for in the English system rightly understood.

It is no answer to this (he added) to say that a great many of those who go attribute their going to Pusey and his teaching; they must do so for the credit of their logic; it is but another manner of saying that antiquity led them that way. And some of them, I believe, make it a point of duty to drive him up, if they can, into a corner, expecting that he will be forced to follow them. But whether I am right or wrong in these opinions, it is plainly unjust and cruel to inflict such a disgrace and disability upon him without giving him the chance, so far as it may be done, of clearing himself.

Over and over again Dr. Pusey urged upon the Bishop that if tendencies or doctrines were imputed to him contrary to the Articles, the only just course was to bring the matter into an ecclesiastical court.

If (he wrote) your lordship would be hindered by the expense —having so many other calls upon your income—I would offer to pay your expenses were you to prosecute me. If I have taught anything contrary to the Church of England, I have no wish to avoid being convicted; but I do deprecate any extra-judicial condemnation.

He maintained that 'if the Bishop was not prepared to say that his doctrine and practice were opposed to that

of the Church of England, the inhibition ought to be removed.'[1]

Time has vindicated him. It would never then have been believed, when his name was cast out as evil, when the powers of Church and State alike denounced his teaching, that—even as these pages are written—the leader of the House of Commons should, in an important speech in Parliament, have mentioned his name as representing the 'great body of moderate opinion in this country,' during 'the great High Church movement associated with the names of Mr. Keble and Dr. Pusey.'[2]

The result of Mr. Keble's letters and of an interview with him was that the Bishop determined not to publish a pamphlet he had written in the form of a letter, announcing publicly the inhibition (which had hitherto been supposed to be private) and justifying it. He had some months before stated that 'it extended to all public ministrations,' but that, 'for the present it would be removed as an inhibition,' on the understanding that Dr. Pusey would 'respect his wishes.'[3] Nothing could be less satisfactory to Dr. Pusey.

I understand (he wrote July 9) your lordship's proposition now to be, that I should remain without officiating in the parochial churches in your lordship's diocese, in compliance with your lordship's *wish*. But I suppose, my Lord, that you do not mean by a 'wish' an expression which I am at liberty *not* to comply with. So then it would only be an 'inhibition' under a gentler name.

[1] Life, iii. p. 319.

[2] See Right Hon. Arthur Balfour's speech in a debate on Ritual, the *Times*, April 12, 1899.

[3] See Life, iii. p. 307.

One wonders how he can stand against it[1] (Mr. Keble wrote to his friend, July 8, of the Bishop). As far as I can remember, what I said to him in the train was, in substance, that the less he did, the less mischief, and so far, that secret inhibition was better than public, but that I did not know how it might strike you. Now it appears there is no chance of secrecy. I found people . . . rather full of the subject.

Bishop Wilberforce found, apparently, that in Mr. Keble, Mr. Gladstone, and Judge Coleridge, there were stronger advocates against his line of action than he had expected —the latter especially urging him to consider before it was too late 'the danger of proclaiming by his inhibition that Pusey's teaching was incompatible with membership in the Church of England.' Writing to Mr. Keble, Mr. Gladstone entirely agreed with him in feeling that '*the Bishop's interest and influence for good were mainly at stake*,' and that 'Dr. Pusey's influence would be increased, but increased in a sense (despite of himself) from which mischief and danger' were 'inseparable.' Through all, Dr. Pusey maintained firmly the principle which he expressed to Mr. Gladstone, in a letter of July 25, that, while 'any bishop has a right to forbid any clergyman from officiating in his diocese,' Bishop Wilberforce, if finally expressing a wish he should not preach, 'ought to say publicly what he says privately, that he does not think that I exceed the bounds allowed by the English Church.'

The Bishop evidently became aware that to maintain his position was a more serious task than he had expected, and that he could not safely carry matters with so high a hand. The adapted books were the great offence in his eyes.

[1] A letter of Dr. Pusey's.

Avillon's 'Guide to Lent' was out of print, and Dr. Pusey had not intended to reprint it; but of the 'Spiritual Combat' and 'Paradise of the Christian Soul,' Mr. Keble wrote to him (July 29, 1851), 'You must on no account withdraw those two books;' and Dr. Pusey replied to Mr. Gladstone, who had suggested some compromise on the subject, that he could not be a party to a scandal against himself which he believed to be unfounded. To his elder brother he also wrote, '*I do not retract anything which I have published*,' and that to do so would 'unsettle hundreds of minds who use the books, and would not know what to believe and what not.'

The Bishop was too acute not to perceive that he must lower his colours. He did not accede to Dr. Pusey's entreaties for an interview, but he did not refuse, when they met at a Confirmation, in August, to confer with him on the subjects at issue between them. Nor did he publish his inhibition, which had, however, become very well known; and, in his Charge in November, 1851, expressions of disapproval of principles and work which plainly applied to Dr. Pusey, were 'kindly and respectful.'

In April, 1852, Dr. Pusey sent him a lengthy reply to certain passages regarding himself in the Appendix to the published Charge, ending with the appeal:—

> And now, my dear Lord, after making this explanation, I would ask whether I may not be left free as to the office of preaching within your lordship's diocese. I have publicly said that I did not and would not preach against the expressed wish of a bishop.

The answer to this letter was that 'in view of Pusey's recent University sermons, his private assurances to the

Bishop of the nature and strength of his anti-Roman convictions and efforts, and the large liberty allowed to our clergy in an opposite direction, the Bishop did not feel that he could do otherwise than set Pusey free as he requested.'[1]

It is impossible, in telling the story of separate events, that they should not occasionally overlap each other as to dates; but it must be remembered that the troubles caused by the Gorham judgment, by the secessions at St. Saviour's, Leeds, and by Bishop Wilberforce's proceedings, were all going on at the same time, from the beginning of 1847, when Mr. Macmullen joined the Roman communion, until the end of 1851.

[1] Life, iii. p. 326.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XIX.

In 1883, Sir W. Palmer, as he then was, wrote:—

I must confess that Pusey's proceedings as the self-constituted leader of the Tractarian party often caused to me very great uneasiness. . . . I should have gladly seen Pusey attempt to reform mistakes introduced by Newman, and endeavouring to correct, instead of seeming to go along with, the ultra-Tractarian mistakes. . . . But in the end I became satisfied that the position he occupied was for the good of the Church. He advocated and allowed of nothing that was actually wrong, nothing which was not open to considerations of expediency. He had to control a very uncertain party, open to Newman's influence for some time—a party which was unsettled in principle and might easily be driven into secession. I believe that under Divine Providence his work was overruled to the great purpose of gradually steadying in the faith, and making available for the service of the Church, abilities and energies which, if harshly and rudely treated, and cut off from sympathy (as many sincere Christians desired), would have proved a source of weakness to religion, instead of a source of strength; and under these impressions I cannot but regard in Pusey a great benefactor of the Church of England.[1]

[1] Supplement to A Narrative of Events, etc., etc., by Sir W. Palmer (Rivingtons), pp. 240, 241.

CHAPTER XX.

HOME JOYS AND SORROWS.

1852–1858.

Uomini furo, accesi di quel caldo
Che fa nascere i fiori e i frutti santi.
Paradiso, c. xxii.

AFTER the return of his young daughter from school, in 1848, to live at home, the vacations were generally spent by Dr. Pusey at his old home, where she could enjoy Lady Emily's motherly care.

The visits to Pusey were always my happiest days (she writes). Besides spending vacations there, Uncle Philip often sent over his phaeton and pair of cobs to fetch my father and me for a visit from Saturday to Monday. He always seemed a different person as soon as Oxford streets were left behind, enjoying driving himself (being quite at home with the reins) over the old twelve miles of road to his boyhood's home, knowing every stick and stone on the way. Then, when we arrived at Pusey, and settled in our own dear special sitting-room, looking out on the terrace, his delight was to throw open the window, and listen to the cawing of the rooks, recalling his boyish days. It seemed always to make him ten years younger at once; it was *home* to him always. The room on the second floor, which had been his in his Eton days, was kept ready for his use, and was *always* called 'Mr. Edward's room.' It is shown now to visitors.

He used to look so much less careworn when seated by Aunt

Emily at dinner, talking quietly to her. She was very quiet and dignified, possessed singular tact and perception, and knew how to draw him out, thoroughly understanding, loving, and reverencing him. I remember that the chaplain at Buckland[1] used to be asked to dinner to meet my father; and my uncle always asked others, whom he cared to see, to meet him; but I liked Pusey best when we were alone, and that he could enjoy the complete *abandon* of home life. Then he sometimes became quite boyish in his intercourse with Uncle Philip; the brotherly *badinage* that used to go on did my father good.

Uncle Philip was a most untidy, careless carver; the old family servants were privileged to express opinions, and I shall never forget my father's amusement, one day when there was a sucking-pig at table, and that a request came up to him, which had been whispered by the butler to my uncle, 'might Dr. Pusey carve the pig, as it is so much better and more neatly carved if he does it?'

During the spring of 1852 Dr. Pusey was much occupied with the question of lay representation in Synods. He was consulted about it by the Bishop of Exeter and others; both with regard to the revival of Convocation (which met in November, 1852, after an interval of 135 years), and to proposals as to extension of power to the laity in the Scotch Church.

His principles on the subject were very clear, founded, as usual, on those of the undivided Church, and ought to be briefly summarized in his own words. Writing to Mr. Keble, he says: 'A bishop would be wise who should not order anything throughout his diocese without ascertaining the mind of the laity.' He then quotes St. Cyprian's celebrated words to his laity: 'I have determined ever

[1] Sir Nicholas Throckmorton's chaplain. The Throckmortons, an old Roman Catholic family, were close friends of the Puseys.

since the beginning of my Episcopate to do nothing without your judgment had,' and adds, '*i.e.* nothing of a practical nature, for, at the same time, all principles of discipline or matters of doctrine were ruled without them.' Again, he writes of the absence of ancient authority for majorities binding minorities, which would issue in 'the Bishop himself' being 'governed by them (the shepherd by the sheep).'

To Mr. Gladstone he wrote (January 19, 1852):—

I look with perfect dismay at the prospect of lay legislation in matters of faith. . . . The laity ought to have a voice in the nomination of the bishops, which is now political, in the hands of the Prime Minister. They ought clearly to have a negative voice. But it is an ill compensation to give them direct authority in matters of faith (which they never had), because they have not the indirect influence [over appointments] which they ought to have.[1]

On the question of admitting laymen to Synods without allowing them to vote as to doctrine or discipline, he wrote to Mr. Keble:—

To admit them into Synods, and then exclude them from what is to both parties of most real interest, will, I am persuaded, never hold. . . . I look with terror on any admission of laity into *Synods*. It at once invests them with an ecclesiastical office, which will develop itself sooner or later, I believe, to the destruction of the faith.

To Dr. Skinner, the Primus of Scotland, he wrote (May 15, 1852):—

I would rather burn my right hand than sign or have any part in that resolution. . . . It is a known fact that, however laity

[1] In a letter from Mr. Keble to Dr. Pusey (August, 1850), he expresses his feeling that in a non-established communion the laity ought to have some 'constitutional' influence. 'Only,' he adds, 'it should not be in Convocation, but in election of bishops.'

were admitted to be present at Councils on the faith, they were never (whether emperors or others) admitted to have a voice as to the decisions on the faith. . . . If the Church of the United States has admitted the laity to a voice in deciding on matters of faith, I believe that her bishops have abandoned a trust committed to them, and, sooner or later, they must suffer by it. . . . I believe no abandonment of a trust can be without evil consequences, sooner or later. . . . There is not only the negative evidence of the absence of the laity from the Synods, but the positive declarations of those most in authority, the Emperor, that *they*, as being *laymen*, had no voice in matters of faith.

Time brings many opportunities for generous revenges; and when, in April, 1852, the Report of a Royal Commission, appointed to 'inquire into the state, discipline, studies, and revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford,' came out, the Heads of Houses found that they had done themselves no good by their proceedings seven years previously with regard to Dr. Pusey's condemned sermon, and that the best thing they could now do was to fight behind his shield in resisting a measure which, 'as a whole, was regarded as designed to make over the control of the University to a body in which Crown nominees would exert a preponderating influence.'

'I have read the Report of the Heads of Houses,' Dr. Newman wrote after it came out, 'and smiled to find that, after all the rubs they had given you, they were at last obliged to have recourse to you as their best champion.'

Dr. Pusey was at one with the Heads in believing the changes recommended in the Report of the Royal Commission to be mischievous, although this was not the case with many of his best friends—sanguine as to the result of

liberal measures, and unable to 'understand Pusey's effort to save the Hebdomadal Board,' which 'had checked so triumphantly the progress of Puseyism by sentences of suspension and degradation at the same time that it allowed Rationalism full swing, by accepting without a word the Bampton Lectures of 1851.'[1]

But Dr. Pusey saw deeper into the heart of things, and perceived 'that the two really important questions raised by the Report were whether Oxford education should be collegiate or professorial, and whether it should be lay or clerical.'[2]

He contributed, as he wrote to Mr. Keble, 'a long, elaborate essay of 170 close octavo pages' to a Report adopted by the Hebdomadal Board, in answer to that of the Royal Commissioners,[3] being persuaded, from his intimate knowledge of German Universities, that the professorial system issued in the lectures of their greatest Professors being 'successively illustrations of influences which had only existed to die away;' and that 'nothing had remained beyond the impression that nothing was certain.'

Yet the system (he wrote in his 'Evidence of Professorial Lectures in Theology')[4] had been going on since the Reformation; year by year, lectures had been given in all the different Chairs of Germany: but wave had followed wave, and all had disappeared. I recollect the mutual surprise when the more thoughtful among them learnt from me that in England we studied chiefly old books, and I learnt from them that they used

[1] Life, iii. p. 393.

[2] Ibid. iii. p. 381.

[3] Men who did not sympathize with its drift and object could not but acknowledge the proof it afforded of vast and varied knowledge, of intellectual acumen, and of a grasp of the main points at issue.—Ibid. iii. p. 381.

[4] In Report of Hebdomadal Board.

none. If they asked of me how we studied theology, they were surprised to hear of standard, solid writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as Hooker or Bull, Butler or Pearson, and they said, 'That is something beautiful.' It was to me, at that time, something strange and mournful that they had no past.

He held, however, very strongly that it was right that Oxford 'should enlarge her studies, by taking in, in their order and degree, those parts of study which can be combined with her system, and which may help to expand, cultivate, strengthen, consolidate, and, if rightly used, elevate the mind.' Only, as he wrote in reply to Professor Vaughan's strictures on his 'Evidence'—

> The intellect . . . has its trials as well as the moral powers of man. Pride of intellect, or self-confidence, is a more subtle evil than the coarser passions. People have justified intellectually the indulgence of their passions, . . . they *cannot* mistake as to the *existence* of their passions, or the fact that they give way to them. People *are* very commonly mistaken and ignorant as to their intellectual faults or sins.[1]

To the end of his life he never ceased to remind his friends of this truth, counting the yielding to outward temptations less evil than an interior habit of self-conceit or self-confidence. 'The one,' he was wont to say, instancing over-indulgence in food or drink, 'was through poor human infirmity;' the other, a lifting-up of the spirit of the creature, taking to itself the honour belonging to the Creator. 'What hast thou that thou hast not received?' seemed always in his mind, both with regard to himself and others.

He was at Asherne in the autumn of 1852, preparing a

[1] Collegiate and Professorial Teaching and Discipline, p. 73.

University sermon on the Holy Eucharist, not now as 'a comfort to the penitent,' but, he wrote to Mr. Keble, 'to set forth to young men the greatness of the mystery, that they may be more careful to live as they should, to whom such gifts are vouchsafed.' As to the probable attitude of the authorities towards the sermon, he says in a letter from Asherne, October 16:—

> If Dr. Faussett, etc., let it pass, then there is a gain, not for myself (which does not matter), but for the doctrine. At the same time, they put Dr. F., etc., in a trying position. If they pass it, they own that they were wrong before in not giving me a hearing, whereby I might have cleared whatever in my sermon seemed to them unsound.

He wrote again to Mr. Keble on December 15, that, in his opinion,

> —those at Oxford are a good deal more accustomed to the doctrines than they were. When it was preached, too, we were a strong, concentrated, aggressive body, and they had settled to put down some one! And now, truth is more widely spread; but we are weak and broken and forsaken by so many; and I do not think that they wish to attack us.

On January 16, 1853, Dr. Pusey preached in the University pulpit, restating all the doctrine taught, ten years previously, in the condemned sermon, and defining it with even greater distinctness. But he wrote next day to Mr. Keble—

> No bad report as yet about my sermon, so I hope all good. Harington, Principal of B. N. C., said, 'They cannot attack him this time. He has guarded himself too well.' . . . If they are peaceful, may I not look upon it as a retraction of their former attack?

In August, 1853, he replied to a letter from Mr. Keble, written in much anxiety, about the Rev. Robert Wilberforce, who, a few months later, joined the Roman communion.

He has not shown that it[1] was reserved in order to be adored, or was adored when reserved. It was 'reserved' for the sick only. The only mention of adoration is just before reception. 'The adoration of Christ present in the Holy Eucharist' when communicating is very different from the reservation of the consecrated elements in order to maintain a special presence of Christ that He may be so adored.

But, in any case, the Church of England plainly only maintains that our Lord did not institute it for this end, and the Council of Trent admits the same. . . .

In Art. 31 the *animus* of the Article seemed to me the more directed against abuses from the very strength of the words. It is all one sentence down to 'pain and guilt;' and surely it is a fact that people often did and do trust more to the saying of masses for their souls when departed than to diligence in using the grace of Christ when alive.

Moreover, at the first election of the new Council (under the University Reform Act), in October, 1854, which was to consist of six Heads, six Professors, and six members of Congregation, Dr. Pusey's name was second on the list of Professors; and henceforth, for more than twenty-five years, he gave himself to the duties which his seat on the Council involved, in spite of the serious inroads on his time: Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from one to four o'clock being 'occupied by Council.'

'I have made a discovery,' said Dr. Jeune, the Master of Pembroke, 'since I have been in Council. I always

[1] The Blessed Sacrament.

thought of Pusey as a mere theologian; I find he is an admirable man of business.'

Dr. Liddon records that all the time in Council 'was not lost to the work of his Chair and theology generally. He always went to the meetings of Council armed with a packet of letters to be answered, or slips of proofs to be corrected; and when any subject was being discussed in which he felt no strong interest, or rather to which he could contribute nothing, he at once began to work as though he had been in his study at Christ Church. He had a remarkable faculty of concentrating himself on such work, and yet all the while keeping a vigilant outlook on what was going forward. . . . Many of his spiritual letters to Sisters of Mercy and others were written in Council.'[1]

One, which the writer is allowed to give, may have been written in moments thus rescued:—

I do not fear your want of repentance, as I do lest you should waste His present mercies. I hear that you have been suffering much from ill health. God knows, alone, whether your life will be one of active or of passive service. But service it must be from a creature to its God. Ill health has often more acceptable, more edifying, service than strength. In action self readily mixes itself up; in suffering we have but to lie still and wait on God. They say 'an ounce of well-suffering is better than a pound of well-doing.' Only, whichever is your lot—or the suffering first, the doing afterwards, perhaps—make God your End, whether in suffering or doing for His sake. . . . Live for God and for eternity. Time is too precious and too short to waste in regrets. Every minute as it passes comes loaded with fresh mercies, fresh grace, fresh means of being acceptable to God, and being prepared for His everlasting love. Never mind how you feel, what you think of yourself. Give yourself to God as His, in whatever condition

[1] Life, iii. pp. 405, 406.

of life He wills. . . . I suppose the question with you is, Do I repent enough, or will God accept this dry repentance? He has and does. He loves you with all His infinite love. . . . He does not wait for us to be good, to love us: He loves us bad, to make us good. It would be far better not to analyze your repentance at all . . . but to tell your Father that you desire to be sorry, *for love of Him*, that you ever offended Him. Think of all the love He had for you, in creating—redeeming you—which He has now for you. Dwell not on the past, or on yourself, but on His amazing love, and thank Him and bless Him for it. . . . Think of the infinite love of God for you, and fear not.

Early in 1854 Mary Pusey was engaged to the Rev. J. G. Brine, and her father wrote to his son:—

April 15, 1854.

So you and I are to be alone soon, my dearest Philip. We must see what will be best to be done. It will be strange in that large house, so often so full, to be two solitary beings. However—

> Who hath the Father and the Son
> May be left, but not alone.

She was married, by her father, at Christ Church Cathedral, on July 13, 1854.

Dr. Pusey believed, at this time, that his own life would not be a long one, and he had always looked to his beloved sister-in-law, Lady Emily Pusey, to take a mother's place to his child, should he leave her unmarried. But before the end of this year Lady Emily was at rest. All through this summer and autumn Dr. Pusey was in constant attendance on her who had been more to him in sympathy and fellow-feeling than any other relation. 'It is impossible to say how great a comfort I have in him,' she wrote in her diary, on September 6, 1854, and

two days later, 'At half-past seven Dr. Pusey gave us the Holy Communion, and was obliged to return to Oxford at eight o'clock, before breakfast.'

Through October there are notices of her in his letters to Mr. Keble.

I am still lingering on here: our good Lord has still something for my dear sister here: she loses strength so gradually that no one can think when the close will be, though it does not seem far off. . . . From her I hear nothing but thankfulness.

Of her husband he wrote:—

I cannot speak to him about the sorrow which is hanging over him. I can only hope that God will prepare him gradually.

Early in November he reported:—

My stay here is prolonged: Emily is staying longer with us than seemed likely a little while ago. I suppose that it may even be until the close of this year. It is the gentler parting for my poor brother: he too was giving way physically, which makes me the more anxious to be with him.

On November 13 he wrote to his son:—

She fell asleep gently this morning at 8.30. She had been dying since two o'clock; but said, 'Death has no pain. It is, indeed, swallowed up in victory.' A most peaceful end of a holy, blameless life.[1]

After her death,[2] Dr. Pusey 'was in constant attendance day and night' on the widowed husband, who, in a desolation and grief more than ordinary, clung to and leant upon him entirely, and 'could hardly be persuaded to allow him

[1] Life, iii. p. 413.

[2] To Pusey the death of his sister-in-law was a great personal sorrow. Her distinction of mind and character, but especially the earnestness with which she had thrown herself into the cause which he had most deeply at heart, had made her very dear to him.—Ibid. iii. p. 413.

to go into the next room.' Mr. Pusey returned, after the funeral, with his brother to Oxford. All who knew Dr. Pusey's Christ Church home will remember the large and beautiful drawing-room, and the adjoining bedroom, which had been his wife's apartments, and which he never entered. He overcame this feeling in order to be with his brother, who occupied them for nine months, but as a dying man. A week after he came to Oxford, a paralytic stroke, from which he never recovered, laid him low; there was a second stroke in June, 1855, and on July 9 he was at rest.

During this sad summer Dr. Pusey also lost the invaluable help of the Rev. Charles Marriott, suddenly struck down by paralysis in June, the same month that Mr. Pusey's second stroke occurred. From the time of Newman's secession he had been Dr. Pusey's trusted counsellor, helper, and most intimate friend, contributing more than any one, except Mr. Keble, 'to enable him to sustain the burden of his position.' He appears to have possessed a very unusual degree of sweetness, with calm and strong judgment, self-devotion, and self-effacement. His initials took the place of 'J. H. N.,' in conjunction with those of Mr. Keble and Dr. Pusey, in short prefaces to devotional books, etc. He lived, an invalid, until September, 1858, but was no longer able to work.[1]

In the Preface to St. Augustine on the Psalms, Dr. Pusey writes of him :—

> Full of activity in the cause of truth and religious knowledge, full of practical benevolence, expending himself, his strength, his paternal inheritance, in works of piety and charity, in one night his labour was closed, and he was removed from active duty to

[1] He had given invaluable help in editing the Library of the Fathers.

wait in stillness for his Lord's last call. . . . To those who knew him best, it has been a marvel how, with health so frail, he was enabled in such various ways, and for so many years, to do active good in his generation. Early called, and ever obeying the call, he has been allowed both active duty and an early rest.

It was a great interest and pleasure to Dr. Pusey to take a father's place to his brother's children—Sidney, who was fifteen, and his sisters, Edith and Clara.[1] The two latter came to live at Christ Church.

From the moment of our father's death (the younger wrote), and ever since, he was a father to us, and such a father as falls to the lot of few. As time went on, and the mourning for my father was over, my uncle became very anxious to make it a cheerful place, and encouraged us to give little parties in the drawing-room, at which Mrs. Liddell or some other lady presided. Sometimes we had music and choruses, etc., which delighted my uncle; and he would say next day, 'You were very lively last night; I could hear the voices.' Nothing ever disturbed him or came amiss.[2]

He was also unbounded in hospitality to their friends, some of whom were, of course, his own old neighbours and friends at Pusey. Amongst the most intimate and valued of these were the Throckmortons of Buckland, which was about a mile from Pusey House. Miss Throckmorton has kindly sent some recollections of a visit to Christ Church about this time, though uncertain of the exact date.

My father[3] was much attached to Dr. Pusey, as well as to his eldest brother at Pusey, and probably saw him often when I did not, though I occasionally saw him at Oxford, as in those days we often drove there, either with guests, or to lunch with some of the

[1] Miss Clara Pusey married, in 1862, Captain Fletcher (of the Fletchers of Saltoun).

[2] Life, iii. p. 414.

[3] Sir Nicholas Throckmorton. He died in 1863.

young men of our acquaintance, the many Herberts among others. I stayed at Dr. Pusey's for Commemoration week in, probably, 1858, when Clara seemed to do the honours. He was wonderfully pleasant and genial with us, young and gay as we were in those days, and inquired about our balls and gaieties so kindly and genially. We did not return from the great ball of the week till nearly six o'clock, in broad daylight, and had breakfast very late that morning, when he came into the dining-room and asked with interest about our doings, saying that he heard us all come home. I expressed regret that we should have disturbed his sleep, but he laughed and said that he was already up and reading.

One thing I have always recollected; on our arrival he came to the door to receive me, with Clara; escorted us upstairs, opened the drawing-room door, ushered us in, and remained for a few minutes talking, and giving a sort of programme of the hours and festivities. Clara told me afterwards that she was quite dazed on seeing him go into the room, which he never entered since the death of his wife.[1] It must have been a great trial, and required much self-control; but his courtesy did not allow him to evade it. My impression was, and has always remained, that we were received like royalty; the courtesy, the anxiety that everything should be as we liked, and his personal care of our comfort, was far more than common civility.

Amongst recollections which the writer is kindly allowed to use, one writes:—

I remember, when staying at his house, returning from a dance or some party, and his meeting us, and taking me, with my uncle, to see that picture of our Lord's Head crowned with thorns, which always, to the end of his life, stood on a sideboard at one end of what was then the dining-room, and had folding-panels which covered it. He opened them, and told us he had always had a wish to possess one really good painting, and that his elder brother

[1] Mrs. Pusey had died in that room. Dr. Pusey had, however, watched there over his brother during the few months he lived after Lady Emily's death.

had brought this to him from Spain; my uncle, a good judge of painting, admired it much. I used to run about his house in those days, climbing out of the attic windows with Mary to sit on the roof, and going to parties with her; but was never in her dear father's presence without a feeling of intense reverence and considerable fear, in spite of his kindness in spending time, money, and trouble in arranging things for our amusement. How little we knew the burden of anxiety then pressing on him! Still, I always flew off if a *tête-à-tête* seemed likely: one day, however, when escaping out of his study after morning prayers, he called me back, to my intense terror. Then he talked to me as no one ever had before, and tried to make me talk to him. He used to take it for granted that young ones must want to learn about the spiritual life, and you know how he would try to draw them out, and to make them feel there was only one thing of importance in the world, and that they must naturally wish, above all things, to learn about that, and to seek to those who could tell them about it. He made me feel (like Don Abbondio with Cardinal Federigo Borromeo) as a chicken might whom a hawk had seized, and soared with it into air where it could hardly breathe. Yet he made one long to be able to breathe freely in those regions. No one ever made quite the same impression on me; he made me always think how much he must love God—he seemed to think of nothing else.

The very young are apt to take kindness without wonder at it; I did not marvel then, as I do now, thinking, 'Who but he would have sought out and tried to win the confidence of a silly, ignorant child—sparing neither time nor trouble if only he might do her good—urging her to write to him,—at a time when he must have been bearing an immense pressure of cares and anxieties, Dr. Newman having long left us, and the chief burden resting upon him.' He never changed—it was the same to the end—no time grudged, not only in trying to make one better, but even to anything that might give greater comfort and happiness. He could not bear to see one in any trouble or unhappiness. He says in one of his earliest notes:—

'Nothing should cloud your soul. God made you in all that infinite love. It is not a long passage. It is but to serve Him,

surrounded by His love, for these few years, and then, for Jesus' sake, to enter into that everlasting love whose depths no creature, in all eternity, though ever perceiving more and more, would ever reach; nay, from whose depths it would be as far removed as ever. For they are infinite. Lift up your heart, then, my dearest child. Now you seem to have domestic duties. Cheerfulness in weakness and suffering is a great channel of grace, and dutiful love to your mother, the first commandment with promise.'

It was the same, as you know, with others; he was always on the watch to help any one. A few years after Mr. Keble's death, one having been mentioned to him whom Mr. Keble had taught, and who needed help, he wrote at once: 'I should be very glad to carry on, in what degree I might, dearest J. K.'s work towards any one, much more to one of your or H——'s belongings. Tell your friend so, please.'

Of his ways with children, the daughter of one of his closest friends writes :—

February 17, 1900.

It has been written of Dr. Pusey that he was not fond of children.

As a child it was one of the greatest treats of my life to go to tea at his house. This must have been somewhere in the fifties, when Clara, Edith, and Sidney Pusey were a great deal with him at Ch. Ch.[1] Clara, now Mrs. Fletcher, used to blindfold us and carry us, one at a time, to Fairyland, as she used to call it, upstairs and downstairs and round about, until we were completely mystified, and then our bandages were taken off and we found ourselves in Dr. Pusey's study.

He had one delightful entertainment for us, an amusement which never failed. He provided lumps of sugar on pins, and we used to make sugar drops on his cards, melting the sugar in his candle. Often have I sat on his knee to do this, and I well remember once, when the lump of sugar having become very small, my fingers were burnt, how tenderly he tied them up for me and bid me not to cry.

[1] In the later years of the fifties, since Mr. Pusey died in 1855.

I cannot think that any man who was not fond of children could have done this. When we went to tea with him we always had thin bread and butter with jam on it. Now, at home in our own nursery we had thick bread and little butter—and, if jam, only that, and no butter, so that we always thought what a wonderful man Dr. Pusey must be to have thin bread and butter with jam on it.

The same kindly interest that he showed for us in our childhood followed us as long as he lived, and for our father's sake he was always glad to see us.

A letter (September 28, 1899) from the son of Dr. Pusey's friend, Mr. Richards of Farlington, tells somewhat of his ways with young men :—

As I can recollect him, from 1850 to the end of 1855, he was a slight middle-sized man, with brown hair and a rather pale and grave but very kind face, and a very gentle and quiet manner, which inspired confidence, so that I was never afraid of him. During my six years at Magdalen, I spent the day many times at his house at Christ Church, but do not recollect his speaking about religion, except on one occasion, when he showed me and, I think, Stuart, or it may have been Philip, or his nephew Willie Pusey, who was often there, a picture of Christ crowned with thorns, which always stood on his study table, though it was generally closed, the frame being fitted with folding doors. He gave us his blessing after talking to us about it for some time. Sixteen years afterwards, in 1870, when I saw him for the last time, he again showed it to me, and again gave me his blessing. At that time he did not seem to me to have changed much from what he was when I knew him before.

CHAPTER XXI.

EUCHARISTIC DOCTRINE.

1854–1858.

Tu vuoi ch'io manifesti
La forma quì del pronto creder mio,
Ed anche la cagion di lui chiedesti,
. . . . .
Ed a tal creder non ho io pur prove
Fisice e metafisice, ma dalmi
Anche la verità che quinci piove
Per Moisè, per profeti, e per salmi
Per l'evangelio, e per voi che scriveste.

Paradiso, c. xxiv.

THROUGH the spring and summer of 1854, while Dr. Pusey was daily watching by Lady Emily's death-bed, he was in much anxiety as to the issue of a fresh attack on the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist through the prosecution of Archdeacon Denison, Vicar of East Brent, in the diocese of Bath and Wells. He had preached three sermons, in Wells Cathedral, on the Holy Communion, in the autumn of 1853, and on May 14, 1854. They would, probably, now not provoke any controversy, but a formal charge of false doctrine was brought against him by Mr. Ditcher, Vicar of South Brent. The case was tried at Bath by a Court constituted by the Archbishop of Canterbury,[1] and

[1] The Bishop of the diocese could not legally hear the case, as he was patron of Archdeacon Denison's living, East Brent.

where, through Dr. Lushington, he adjudged certain passages in the sermons to be contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England; and, on Archdeacon Denison stating in writing his reasons for being unable to 'make the revocations required by the Court,' Dr. Lushington pronounced sentence upon him (October 22, 1856), depriving him of all his preferments.

The Archdeacon appealed to the Court of Arches; and, in April, 1857, the Dean of the Arches 'reversed the decision of the Court at Bath, on the technical ground that the suit on which the Archdeacon had been deprived had not been taken against him within the time required by the Church Discipline Act.'[1] This decision was confirmed, on Mr. Ditcher's appeal against it, by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council (in February, 1858), and so the matter came to an end without any decision in the two courts of appeal on the question of whether the sermons attacked contained doctrine opposed to that of the Church of England.

The case had thus hung on for four years, causing greatest anxiety and trouble to 'all Churchmen who believed that the Church of England rejected no portion of the Sacramental teaching of the ancient Church,'[2] and especially to Mr. Keble and Dr. Pusey. The latter thought it denoted that the Low Church meant a 'war of extermination against us.' 'Every fresh attack hems us in,' he wrote, 'and increases our difficulties, and mows down those whom we can ill spare.'[3] The great book (of 722 pages)

[1] Life, iii. p. 445.

[2] Ibid. iii. p. 434.

[3] Archdeacon R. J. Wilberforce joined the Roman communion in October, 1854; upon which the Archbishop of York stopped the proceedings about to be taken against him on account of his book on the Holy Eucharist.

on the Holy Eucharist by Dr. Pusey appeared in May, 1855 (just two months before Dr. Lushington's judgment), in the form of 'Notes' on his sermon preached in January, 1853.[1]

One closing passage is too beautiful to omit.

Yes! along the whole course of time, throughout the whole circuit of the Christian world, from East and West, from North and South, there floated up to Christ our Lord one harmony of praise. Unbroken as yet, lived on the miracle of the Day of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit from on high swept over the discordant strings of human tongues and thoughts, of hearts and creeds, and blended all their varying notes into one holy unison of truth. From Syria and Palestine and Armenia; from Asia Minor and Greece; from Thrace and Italy; from Gaul and Spain; from Africa Proper, and Egypt, and Arabia, and the Isles of the Sea; wherever any Apostle had taught, wherever any Martyr had sealed with his blood the testimony of Jesus; from the polished cities, or the anchorites of the desert, one Eucharistic voice ascended; 'Righteous art Thou, O Lord, and all Thy words are truth.' Thou hast said, 'This is My Body,' 'This is My Blood.' Hast Thou said, and shalt Thou not do it? As Thou hast said, so we believe.

Truly, O Lord, 'Thy holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee.'[2]

[1] This form was adopted from his 'sense of duty to support by adequate authority the most deliberate doctrinal utterance he ever made on the subject of the Holy Eucharist in the University pulpit.' . . . The closing note is a 'massive accumulation of witnesses to the positive side of the doctrine as held by the ancient Church, namely, that after consecration, our Lord is objectively present in the Holy Eucharist.'—Life, iii. pp. 431, 432.

[2] Sir John Coleridge thought that the question of authority in respect of the doctrine of the Eucharist would be settled by Pusey's work. Archdeacon Churton was of opinion that . . . Pusey had gathered such a mass of authorities as well-nigh to exhaust the subject, and had cemented them together with such arguments as to leave nothing out of consideration. Bishop Philpotts described the book as containing a triumphant statement of the doctrine of the Church.—Ibid. iii. p. 443.

'I fear,' Dr. Pusey wrote to Mr. Keble (August 28, 1856), 'that the belief in the Real Presence is very often something very undefined, and, among a large class, the presence of the elements is a ground against adoration, as though, in adoring our Blessed Lord in the flesh people hesitated because of the dress under which it was veiled.'[1]

The strain of the last few years had entirely overtaxed his brain, and he was forced by suffering to have recourse to Dr. Acland, who imperatively ordered entire rest and abstinence from writing and from all business for several months, in order to avert serious and fatal disease, of which there were premonitory symptoms. He yielded 'to the voice of his wise physician' with the cheerful submission which often did much for his restoration to health.

'My father has been overworked, and suffers now from very sleepless nights, but the last account is better,' his daughter wrote early in 1857; 'and I hope that we may very soon have him here, to try what sort of a nurse I can make; and he always enjoys the quiet and peace of our little country parsonage.'[2] . . .

'He was very ill in the winter. I got so frightened that I could not be happy here, and I spent nearly a month at Oxford (in Lent). He was much better then, and he tells me he is not at all worse now, in spite of newspaper reports. He is gone to Malvern, to try the effect of change of air.'

[1] This controversy produced two books which will be remembered and read when all the incidents connected with it are forgotten—Mr. Keble's 'Eucharistical Adoration,' and Dr. Pusey's treatise on the 'Real Presence.'—Life, iii. 437.

[2] All Saints', Axminster.

In August she could write:—

My dear father is really better, cheerful, and in such good spirits. He will never, so the physicians say, be able entirely to throw off the effects of this severe illness; but, with care and prudence, there is no reason to fear that it will tend to shorten his life.

He himself wrote to Mr. Keble from Oxford in December:—

Knott has, privately, resigned St. Saviour's, so I am in my old sea of troubles about an incumbent. . . . I am, by God's mercy, better than when I returned. My head feels stronger, though as yet I have only had Council and Chapter business; and in my Commentary have got only to Hosea iv. I hope, however, to begin printing before Easter.

'The sea of troubles' did him no good; he probably went to his mother for Christmas, for he says a few days later:—

I have found the noise of London rather hurt my head; so I consulted Dr. Latham, as I felt myself rather retrograde. He says that he is not anxious about my health now; for had there been anything really amiss in my head, it must have become worse in the course of the year. He advises me to make the best use of the vacation, so I am going to-morrow morning to try whether the light and dry air in the neighbourhood of Paris will do me good. I have heard of its affording great relief in other cases. . . . Dear Philip is going with me. He had set apart this latter part of the vacation for some work at St. Cyril in the Paris Library. I have been with my good mother, who is wonderfully well, though she walks less strongly. . . . I take with me materials for my Commentary (sundry folios). For I find that this quiet occupation suits my head.

Dr. Pusey remained near Paris during the winter of

1857–8, while his son was at work in the Bibliothèque Impériale; and knew nothing, until his return home before Lent, 1858, of another storm, which had arisen in the autumn of 1857, with regard to the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, before that concerning Archdeacon Denison's sermons had come to an end.

The Primary Charge of Bishop Forbes, of Brechin, in which he dwelt upon the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and the adoration due to our Lord, mysteriously present in His gifts, was attacked; and at a Synod in Edinburgh (December, 1857) three bishops signed a document condemning the doctrines taught by Bishop Forbes. The brunt of distress and work caused by this to English Churchmen fell upon Mr. Keble, both on account of Dr. Pusey's illness, and because he took the Episcopal declaration to condemn his own book on 'Eucharistical Adoration.' 'I am so sorry this storm has reached your ears,' he wrote to Dr. Pusey (February 14, 1858). 'It is in vain to ask you not to be anxious about it; but I do hope you will not be tempted to hurt yourself—by *working*.' However, on April 13, he wrote to Bishop Forbes of thankfulness that 'our dear friend at Christ Church should be so far restored as he is,' and 'enabled to give good advice to a friend like yourself.'

It was much needed; for at the Edinburgh Synod in May, 1858, all the Scotch bishops, except Bishop Forbes, signed a document censuring the teaching of the latter in his Charge as to the Holy Eucharist.

Although Mr. Keble could not regard this document as having any canonical authority, but 'simply as the result of counsel gravely taken by those six individual bishops,'

it caused great distress and anxiety to Bishop Forbes as to his right course; and it is needless to say that Dr. Pusey threw himself warmly into the question. It is strange, considering the present state of things at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, to find him detained there at this time, when he would fain have gone to Hursley to talk matters over with Mr. Keble, by an effort made to have Holy Communion in the Cathedral on Trinity Sunday (May 26, 1858). The desire that this should be restored was, if possible, intensified by the fact of his wife having passed away on Trinity Sunday, which he ever kept as the anniversary of her death.

The Scotch trouble continued and increased all through the summer and winter of 1858, and through 1859. In October the Bishop was 'formally presented before the Episcopal Synod of the Scottish Episcopal Church' on the charge of having held and maintained doctrines contrary to the Articles of religion, the Word of God, the formularies of public worship, and the Scotch Communion Office.

In the grave anxiety felt by Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble as to the result of this trial, it was a great support to them to have the warm sympathy and support of such men as Mr. Gladstone and Sir John Coleridge. The latter, in a letter to Dr. Pusey (December 4, 1859), expressed his opinion that Bishop Forbes 'may safely say that no judge in England would try a charge under the same circumstances.'

I suppose (Dr. Pusey wrote to Mr. Keble, December 29, 1858) that this controversy will bring to light that there is no medium between real absence and Real Presence; and that those who refuse to believe the Real Objective Presence 'under the

form of bread and wine,' really hold nothing more than Calvin, 'a presence of virtue and efficacy.'

From October, 1859, until the trial in March, 1860, a great part of Dr. Pusey's time was taken up in helping Bishop Forbes, who consulted him at every step in preparing his defence. The judgment of the Bishops was given on March 15; and relieved Bishop Forbes' friends from their worst fears, for, although the Court found two of the charges in the presentment proven (the third not proven), the Bishops contented themselves with limiting their 'sentence to a declaration of censure and admonition,' entreating 'the Bishop of Brechin to be more careful in future,' etc.

It was a great mercy that Dr. Pusey was able to return to England, and in partially restored health at this time, for the end of his mother's beautiful life was at hand. During this spring of 1858, her strength visibly declined, though, 'true to her character, she still never allowed herself to lie down during the day, or even to lean back in a chair.'

Among the mass of letters placed at the writer's disposal for this memoir, there are none which reveal greater beauty of character than those of Lady Lucy Pusey. In almost every sentence there is something which expresses a certain distinction of mind, great humility, tender affection, a striking consideration for others, and—even in the delicate and beautiful handwriting — the perfect high-breeding of a *grande dame* of the old school.

Since the original sources of information as to her last days (from letters at Pusey House, talks with Rev. William Pusey, etc.) are no longer accessible, it may be

permissible to extract the following from Dr. Liddon's biography:—

On the fourth Sunday in Lent [March 14, 1858] she received the Holy Communion for the last time at Grosvenor Chapel, Dr. Pusey kneeling at her side. He had returned to Oxford, when, on the day before Palm Sunday [March 28], he was summoned by telegraph to London. Her son's presence roused her for the time; she exclaimed with animation, 'Dear, dear Edward;' she told him that she was quite well, and begged him to 'go to your books.' She apologized for the trouble she was giving: and her last hours were throughout marked by the simple forgetfulness of self which had characterized her whole life. As she could not swallow, it was impossible to administer the Blessed Sacrament to her.

I said (wrote Pusey to his brother William on Good Friday [April 2], 1858) some short prayers by her, and repeated texts which were prayers, and she thanked me. A little while before she ceased to breathe she said, 'Now I wish to be quite quiet, that there should be none but you [I] and Dr. Cotton.' I saw her hands put together in prayer, and then I was silent, because she would best know how to pray. I told her she was going to God, when I saw that she was dying. She answered, in that humility which you know as the characteristic of her life, that she was not fit. I answered you will suppose how.

When all was over Pusey wrote to Keble: 'She died in that deep humility which had been the characteristic of her whole life, feeling herself unworthy to enter into His Presence. . . .' The end came at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon of Palm Sunday. . . .

Pusey often used to say that a mother's death makes the world a different world to all of us. He was speaking from his own experience. She had been more to him than most mothers are to the best of sons; and no mother, she used to say, could have had a better son than God had given her. . . .

Lady Lucy's death affected Pusey in other ways. From that date Pusey practically took leave of the two homes of his childhood. The house in Grosvenor Square soon passed into other hands. Pusey House was partly shut up during the minority of Dr. Pusey's nephew: and he only visited the place on two occasions after that on which he stood by his mother's grave on the Easter Eve of 1858. He shrank from visiting scenes, houses, and rooms which were associated with those whom he had loved in past years: he used to call them, generally, 'cities of the dead.' He dreaded the dissipation of energy which is sometimes caused by the reanimation of old sorrows: life, he would say, is too short to be spent on anything but the work which God has given us to do.[1]

[1] Life, iii. pp. 415–419.

CHAPTER XXII.

HARVEST AND HOPE.

1859–1865.

He was so interpenetrated with the moral idea, that neither felicity of expression nor daring originality of outlook, blinded him to the fact that true greatness involved in some very deep sense, true goodness.—*R. H. Hutton, A Monograph.*

'WHILE we who would love Christ are thus engaged in attack and defence,' Dr. Pusey wrote in his treatise on the Real Presence, 'infidelity finds its way undisputed, the Old Testament is given over to unbelievers, our Redeemer is blasphemed, His Godhead, His Atonement, and even His Existence are denied.'

The last twenty-two years of Dr. Pusey's life were chiefly occupied in battling against the infidelity of which, when a youth in Germany, he had marked the advancing tide, and knew that the Evangelical school was powerless to check.[1]

And now, in 1860, the young undergraduate, of whom Dr. Pusey had written to his wife, in 1837, with sympathetic

[1] In Tract 73 Dr. Newman argued 'that the Evangelical appeal to the heart alone shared the fatal defect of one-sidedness that belonged also to that exclusive appeal to reason, against which the early Evangelicals had nobly revolted.'—Life, iv. p. 3.

admiration,[1] was Dr. Stanley, and the most marked man in the new school of Liberals, which

> —was much bolder and more independent than the older forms, less inclined to put up with the traditional, more searching and inquisitive in its methods, more suspicious and daring in its criticism; but it was much larger in its views and its sympathies; and, above all, it was imaginative, it was enthusiastic, and, without much of the devotional temper, it was penetrated by a sense of the reality and seriousness of religion.[2]

The writings and influence of the Rev. B. Jowett, Professor of Greek, brought increased and trying work to Dr. Pusey, who felt that they sapped the very foundations of faith; and the proposal to increase the endowment of the Regius Professorship of Greek to £300 a year caused him perplexity as to the right course, since he felt that the Professorship ought to be adequately endowed, and yet shrank, as he wrote to Mr. Keble, from voting for a grant which might seem to make the University 'indifferent as to Professor Jowett's misbelief.' Difficulties were increased by the publication, in February, 1860, of 'Essays and Reviews,' by seven different writers, of whom Dr. Jowett was one. 'I should have no objection to the endowment,' he wrote, in January, 1860, 'if it could be made apparent that it was not personal.'

In this difficulty he proposed a most generous scheme, to increase the endowment of the Regius Professorships of Greek and of Civil Law to £600 a year, if the Government consented that the Crown should appoint to these two Chairs not only on the recommendation of the Prime Minister, but on that of the University, represented by

[1] See p. 116.

[2] Oxford Movement, p. 338.

Boards. Lord Palmerston agreed heartily to this plan, and it was a bitter disappointment to Dr. Pusey that, in May, 1861, it was rejected by ninety-one votes to seventy in Convocation. For his plan made clear that it was the Greek Chair, not the present occupant of it, of which the income was (adequately and rightfully) increased, while securing to the University a voice in the appointment of any future Professor, instead of, as was afterwards proposed, to endow the Greek Chair tenfold out of the funds of the University, and then to place the nomination, without reservation or without check, in the hands of the Prime Ministers.

Your proposal . . . seems to me in every respect for the best (Bishop Wilberforce had written, November 1, 1860). I should myself greatly lament any act of the University which could imply any vote of confidence in Professor Jowett as a teacher of theology, for I think that the school he represents would subvert all our objective Christian truth, if left to carry to their proper conclusions what appears to me to be their principles.

He felt the defeat of what he had worked hard for the more, because, while Dr. Stanley warmly supported it, many of his own friends, too short-sighted to see its advantages, or to separate the Professorship from the Professor for the time being, voted against it.

My own friends, Bright, Liddon, etc., turned against it (Dr. Pusey wrote, May 8, to Mr. Keble). . . . Stanley instantly followed up the failure by notice of a motion for the *direct* endowment of Jowett. . . . You know my measure was to modify the Crown patronage, give the Crown a *quid pro quo* in the form of endowment, not exclude Jowett from the benefit, because that would condemn him *indirectly;* at the same time, not to favour him directly and personally.

The detailed account of what followed ought to be studied in the 'Life.'[1] For, as its writer remarks, there is nothing in Dr. Pusey's life 'which is more frequently remembered against him, and hardly one which suffers more from incomplete remembrance.'[2] The publication just at that time (February, 1860), of 'Essays and Reviews,' complicated matters, and confused the judgment of many who could not perceive the principle of justice to which he held throughout; although convinced, he wrote, 'that by making a *direct* grant to Professor Jowett we should have been endorsing his religious scepticism.' That a definite charge of heresy should be made against Professor Jowett in the proper court, as his friends demanded, seemed right to Dr. Pusey, since, as he said, 'prosecution is not persecution.' He must have thought of his own condemnation, unheard, when he added, 'There is real persecution in that against which one cannot defend one's self.'

I used to maintain (he says in a note to Mr. Keble, alluding to Bishop Colenso's teaching), and do maintain, that the Church must bear with much, for fear of worse evils. But she must not bear with this naked denial of our Lord the Atoner, and of God the Holy Ghost, Who spake by the Prophets. . . . I never felt so desponding as I do now, not at people's attacks (these we must expect), but at the acquiescence in them on the part of religious men.

The case against Professor Jowett was brought before the Chancellor's Court of the University of Oxford, but was withdrawn on account of a legal doubt whether the court had jurisdiction in the case, while yet it was decided

[1] Vol. iv. pp. 18-37. [2] Ibid. p. 37.

that it was the only court open to the promoters of the suit.

But Dr. Pusey was incapable of injustice. 'There has been no time in the Church,' he wrote, 'when its teachers would have been allowed to deny such truth as Professor Jowett has.'

And again, in a letter to the *Times*:—

> I cannot imagine anything more demoralizing than that clergymen should profess their belief in great fundamental truths, and assert the contrary; that they should affirm to God, as the mouthpiece of a congregation in prayer, what they should contradict in their sermons or their writings. No sect in England would tolerate this.

All this he held, and more—

> We are at the beginning (he said, in a speech at the Hebdomadal Council) of a deepening and widening struggle for life or death—for the life or death of the University as a place of religious learning; for the life or death of the Church of England as an instrument of God for the salvation of souls.

But he also held to his conviction that the Greek Professorship ought to be adequately endowed, and his speech at the Council was to introduce another scheme for that purpose. He carried it; but it was rejected by Convocation. Other schemes fell through; Dr. Pusey remaining unmoved by any arguments of his friends, and believing Professor Jowett unfairly treated. It was not until February, 1865, that the matter was finally settled, by the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church raising the endowment of his Chair to £500 a year, as it was supposed by some that they 'held certain lands under conditions which

made it obligatory upon them to augment the emolument of the Greek Chair';[1] and, though 'convinced that no legal claim could be made against them,' they decided to do so, 'rather than rest under the slightest suspicion of unfairness.'

Of 'Essays and Reviews' Dr. Pusey wrote to the *Guardian* (March, 1861):—

> The well-known passage in the unbelieving *Westminster Review* states the extent to which the truth has been attacked. Look at the list.
>
> 'Now, in all seriousness we would ask, what is the practical issue of all this? Having made all these deductions from the popular belief, what remains as the residuum? In their ordinary, if not plain, sense, there has been discarded the Word of God, the creation, the fall, the redemption, justification, regeneration and salvation, miracles, inspiration, prophecy, heaven and hell, eternal punishment, a day of judgment, creeds, liturgies and articles, the truth of Jewish history and of Gospel narrative; a sense of doubt thrown over even the Incarnation, the Resurrection and Ascension, the Divinity of the Second Person, and the Personality of the Third. It may be that this is a true view of Christianity, but we insist, in the name of common sense, that it is a new view.'[2]

Yet, as he said in the same letter, in reply to the demand made throughout England on her bishops and great theologians for an answer to this 'new view'—

> How can such an undigested heap of errors receive a systematic answer in brief space, or in any one treatise or volume? or why should these be more answered than all the other attacks on the same subject, with which the unbelieving press has been for some time teeming? People seem to have transferred the natural panic at finding that such attacks on belief could be made by those

[1] Life, iv. p. 36.

[2] *Westminster Review*, October, 1860, vol. xviii. (New Series), pp. 304, 305.

bound to maintain it to the subjects themselves; as if the faith was jeopardized because it has been betrayed. With the exception of the still imperfect science of geology, the 'Essays and Reviews' contain nothing with which those acquainted with the writings of unbelievers in Germany have not been familiar these thirty years.

To Mr. Keble he wrote at the same time, enclosing a letter from Archdeacon Denison, pressing him to take part in answers to the 'Essays'—

My own to the *Guardian* will have shown you why I do not take part in the volumes. I am satisfied that I can do more good, by God's mercy, by going on with the Commentary. I am now revising what I wrote on Jonah. I feel deeply that God's Word will speak for itself in a way which no man can speak for it; but I believe that such a work as one's drawing out some portion of its meaning will enable people to understand its voice better. All this fog and mist which Jowett and Co. are so busy in supplying out of the 'striking parts' (in the favourite metaphor of the school) of human traditions (for unbelief has become a tradition now) will be absorbed by the Sun and the Sun only.

Your affectionate and grateful

E. B. P.

Oh that our people could have learnt (he says, in another note, March 11, 1861) that our wisdom lies in prayer, in works of conversion, labour for the poor, promotion of faith and truth and love of God, without making organic changes! This is the rock I have ever dreaded from Oakeley's line.

The alarm and distress of Churchmen, High and Low, was aggravated by the result of proceedings taken against two of the essayists, Mr. Wilson and Dr. Williams, Vicar of Broad Chalke, the suit against the latter being instituted by his Bishop (Hamilton of Salisbury). The decision given against them, in June, 1863, was reversed in

February, 1864, by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to which they had appealed; and, under these circumstances, High and Low turned alike to Dr. Pusey for help in their desire to express adherence to the great truths which they held in common, and their sense of the dishonour to God through their denial. The strength of this feeling had not diminished in England during the four years that had passed since 'Essays and Reviews' were published, and amongst those who appealed most eagerly to Dr. Pusey was the Bishop (Wilberforce of Oxford) who, in 1851, had inhibited him from preaching in his diocese, and refused to grant him an interview. 'What I am most anxious about,' he wrote to Dr. Pusey, 'for the present is that you should do your utmost to weld together for this purpose the two great sections of the Church, High and Low, and that at all events the protest and declaration should be numerously signed.'

I thought to make a summary of this (Dr. Pusey wrote, August 13, 1864, to Mr. Keble) as soon as Liddon and I can, and then wrote to the *Record* to say that the clergy of England ought to rise up as one man against the judgment, and that the two great parties who love our Lord as their Redeemer and their God ought to unite. What think you of this? The *Record* admitted a letter of mine signed 'Senex,' though I told the editor privately who I was. I do hope that this common bond of sacred truth might the rather dispose them to receive other truths which we hold and they not, or, at least, not to be so prejudiced against it. Then might it not be best to form an association for this common object? . . . Without something organic, whose business it shall be to agitate year by year, it would be but an explosion on the surface.

August 14.

What I meant was, that we must have something more of systematic acting than we had in the Gorham case, when there was one great explosion on the surface which became *vox et præterea nihil.*

What I meant was organic acting within the Church. I do not look forward. I do not see my way. But I wanted some organization which should habitually and yearly keep up the demand. I am sure that nothing can be done without organization.

September, 1864.

Men make up their minds to the ills of the Church, except those who leave it and go, some about their ordinary duties, some to their farms, others to their merchandise.

This Declaration, reaffirming truths attacked by the Essayists, was drawn up by 'a representative committee,' of which Dr. Pusey was one, and evidently the leading spirit. 'The Declaration is wonderfully uniting all but the Rationalists,' he wrote to Bishop Hamilton. Eleven thousand clergymen signed it.[1]

It was a great pleasure to Dr. Pusey, in the midst of his anxious work, to receive a letter from his cousin, Lord Shaftesbury, who had often bitterly attacked him.

You and I are fellow collegians and old friends (he wrote, February 26, 1864). Time, space, and divergent opinions have separated us for many years; but circumstances have arisen which must, if we desire combined action in the cause of our common Master, set at nought space, time, and divergent opinions. . . .

[1] At the same time he was cheered by a letter from Archbishop Longley, telling him that he was waiting for the presentation of the Declaration as the most suitable moment for a public assertion of his belief in the doctrines with which it dealt. . . . In the next month it was followed by a synodical condemnation of 'Essays and Reviews' by both Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury.—Life, iv. pp. 56, 57.

For God's sake, let all who love our Blessed Lord and His perfect work be of one heart, one mind, one action, on this great issue, and show that, despite our wanderings, our doubts, our contentions, we yet may be one in Him.

E. B. P. to Lord Shaftesbury.

Christ Church, Oxford, Feb. 28, 1864.

My dear Shaftesbury,—I thank God for your letter, and for the renewal of old friendship. I always sought to live in peaceful relations with those who love our dear Lord and adore His redeeming mercy. Those few lines in the *Record* express what has for thirty years been the deep longing of my soul, that we should understand one another, and strive together against the common enemy of souls. . . . I have ever loved the (to use the term) Evangelical party, even while they blamed me, because I believed that they loved our Redeeming Lord with their whole hearts. So now I am one heart and one mind with those who will contend for our common faith against this tide of unbelief.

Yours affectionately,

E. B. Pusey.

In the midst of all this heavy public anxiety, he wrote to his son (April 1) from Plymouth, where he went, not to rest, but to work during the Easter vacation :—

I have been preparing three unbaptized penitents for baptism. It is so happy to be able to tell them that all their sins will be forgiven them, and that they will have no more to do with them than if some one else had done them, if they will but, by the grace of God, be faithful hereafter.

There was work for Dr. Pusey to do at this juncture, far beyond anything in which Lord Shaftesbury could have a part. He had, as we have seen, spared himself nothing, whilst still a youth, that could sharpen his

weapons for the combat of which he saw the approaching shadow.

'Daniel is out, thank God, and 1000 sold,' he says to his son (September 17). The mental labour in youth, the long hours of study—sixteen and seventeen out of the twenty-four—entailing severe bodily suffering, had left him equipped as probably no one else was at this time, to meet and repel attacks on the Old Testament. A declaration of belief in the Bible, in which learned and unlearned could join, was well; but he came forth from the ranks as a champion prepared to foil specific assaults on that belief. His 'Lectures on the Book of Daniel,' begun in 1862, were published in the autumn of 1864.

I am just now writing some lectures on Daniel (he had written to Newman, in a note which the latter has marked in pencil '1861?') because the Rationalists think their attack on him very triumphant. So I hope that an exposure here might open the eyes of those who wished to have them opened, as to the nature of their attacks in general.

Dr. Pusey has stated in the Preface, that he selected the Book of Daniel,

—because unbelieving critics considered their attacks upon it to be one of their greatest triumphs. . . . The exposure of the weakness of criticism, where it thought itself most triumphant, would, I hoped, shake the confidence of the young in their would-be misleaders. True! Disbelief of Daniel had become an axiom in the unbelieving critical school. Only, they mistook the result of unbelief for the victory of criticism. They overlooked the historical fact that the disbelief had been antecedent to the criticism.[1]

The publication of this book had a marked effect upon

[1] Daniel the Prophet, Preface, p. vi.

religious thought in England. Dr. Pusey alluded himself once to the 'brief season of popularity' which it brought to him. Men could not but perceive how far greater, and deeper, and truer was his whole line of argument than that which he combated. They saw that he shirked nothing, but had marshalled, in defence of his lines, all the forces which learning and scholarship, with immense study of Semitic literature, had put at his disposal; and to which he had added with inimitable patience and industry, by fresh research in every field which could yield him material. Not his to condescend to the poor work of his opponents, or to spare himself any pains in keeping his weapons bright and keen-edged. 'I will not offer to my God of that which shall cost me nothing:'—this spirit can seldom have found truer expression than in the noble book on 'Daniel the Prophet.'[1]

His University sermons during these years, 1860–1866, also dealt, directly or indirectly, with the doubts and difficulties raised by the Essayists and other rationalistic writers, not only pouring out to his hearers arguments reinforced by scholarly knowledge and research of no ordinary kind, but pleading with them, entreating them to yield their whole heart to Him Who made and loved them, and Who would surely lead each soul that turned to Him into

[1] At the time one or two writers ventured to impugn his knowledge of Hebrew; but some very pointed retorts to them in the postscript to the Preface of the second edition showed clearly the side on which the ignorance lay. . . . Pusey indeed was determined to make the defence as thorough as possible. He resented most deeply the manner in which some English writers had transcribed from foreign critics arguments against the ordinary view of the Bible, not only without showing any independence of thought, but sometimes even betraying their failure to understand the argument that they reproduced.—Life, iv. pp. 72, 73.

His truth. At his own house he had begun, in November, 1863,

—a series of informal meetings of undergraduates and Bachelors of Arts to discuss difficulties which have been raised about the Old Testament, inviting his guests to send in notice of the difficulties which they felt; and at the next meeting these were dealt with, partly in the form of a lecture, and partly in the way of question and answer.[1]

To all this large and varied work in defence of Christian doctrine were added strenuous efforts to procure an alteration in the constitution of the final court of appeal in ecclesiastical cases.[2] The correspondence on this subject was immense—with Mr. Keble, Mr. Gladstone, Bishop Wilberforce, Sir Roundell Palmer, Judge Coleridge, etc.; and, besides the labour which it involved, he was occupied with a powerful pamphlet on the subject, published in September, 1864.

I will send it you, please God (he wrote to Mr. Keble), not as committing you to it, but to ask whether you think it would be positively mischievous. I wrote it on the idea that unless one said strong things about the unprincipled character of this decision, and of any future probable decision, one might just as well write nothing at all. I have no hesitation about saying the things themselves; but what it is politic to say is another thing.

Thank you; what I thought the worst symptom, a slight affection of the tongue, is gone. I do a little at intervals, but not so as to tire myself. I seem to be in a chronic state, not suffering

[1] Amongst subjects sent in were: 'The Mosaic Account of the Creation,' 'The Deluge,' 'Plagues of Egypt,' etc., etc.—Life, iv. p. 74.

[2] Sir George Prevost, when sending his name to be appended to the Declaration, had written (February 27, 1864): 'But something more is wanted. This court of appeal must not be suffered to exist in the form it is now. It is leaving the ultimate keeping of our most precious jewels in the hands of those who have no sense whatever of their value.'

from anything acute, doing a little work gently. . . . I am revising my old Commentary on Micah gently, and printing some University sermons.

Again his health broke down seriously, and his physician ordered him to leave Oxford. He went to a small house, 'The Hermitage,' in the grounds belonging to Ascot Priory, to which a beautiful and airy room had been added for his accommodation.

He wrote to Mr. Keble in July :—

I was so jaded at the end of last term, from overwork (partly about those Middle-Class Examinations), that from some symptoms I thought my brain was injured, but in this excellent (Ascot Heath) air and with the pines, they are diminishing, and I hope to be at work soon. At present I work a little at intervals, which this excellent, invigorating air helps. I find the smell of the pines refreshing to the brain. One does not find out until one is poorly, how that common gift of smell refreshes the brain, please God.

Of his pamphlet he says (September 1) :—

My ground for writing in so unusual a style was the conviction that nothing would be effectual except what is very plain spoken, and therefore I went as near to incurring the penalties of the law of libel, and of treason, as I thought I might without sin.

This is also my ground of incurring the expense of sending round the pamphlet to the 11,000 clergy. I do not expect good to come of it . . . if it fails I shall have done my part, and I too may have done.

My only hope is in the working of God the Holy Ghost, that He will not abandon us.

A few words in the Preface to his pamphlet on the last Privy Council judgment as to the feelings of English Romanists towards the Anglican communion brought a

reply (November, 1864) from Dr. Manning, in the form of a pamphlet addressed to Dr. Pusey, challenging and dissenting from his view; and the latter decided to answer it in the form of a letter to Mr. Keble. 'My printed letter to you,' he wrote (February 19, 1865), 'in reference to Manning has been delayed by various mishaps. There are about one hundred pages in type, and there must be more.' It grew into his famous 'Eirenicon,' in which his object was to plead for union between Rome and England, arguing that the obstacles to it were not insuperable, if each side were willing to present them in the least aggravated form possible, and to examine dispassionately what was really *de fide* on either side, when much of popular teaching and prejudice had been put aside.

He mentioned Cardinal Wiseman's words, laid down as a principle, 'We must explain to the utmost,' and thought that,

> —it may be that the Church of England might offer such explanations of the Thirty-nine Articles as the Roman and Greek Churches would accept, such as are suggested by Bossuet; . . . or, according to the precedent of the Council of Florence, the Thirty-nine Articles and the Council of Trent (which was so largely directed against errors of Luther) might pass away and be merged in the Eighth General Council of the once more United Christendom.[1]

As a first step towards this end, he determined to reprint, with Dr. Newman's permission, Tract 90, and to publish it in one pamphlet, together with Mr. Keble's 'Letter to the Hon. Mr. Justice Coleridge on Catholic Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles,' and a Preface to both by himself.

[1] Eirenicon, part i. p. 268.

Could Tract 90 be republished without committing you (he wrote to Newman)? It is, of course, a considerable historical document. But its value in my eyes is its theological value, in rolling off a mass of pseudo-traditional glosses which had encrusted over the Articles.

Dr. Newman consented to the reprinting of the Tract; Dr. Pusey writing in another note that there was still 'the old prejudice hanging about it,' created by 'the four tutors, the Heads, and Ward and Oakeley, with Ward's term "non-natural."' 'No one doubts your honesty,' he added, 'but the doubt about Tract 90 is not rolled off yet.'

Tract 90 is in the press, as also J. K.'s letter to Coleridge (he wrote later); I am writing a Preface, in which I quote largely from your letter to Jelf. . . . You have cleared yourself amply; but to me it seems essential to vindicate Tract 90 itself, and this is what I am doing.

On Christmas Eve, 1864, he mentions to Dr. Newman his 'Letter,' which grew into the 'Eirenicon,' as being 'in fact a real awakening of Tract 90, which, though its principles have sunk deep, is not much known by the rising generation.'

Thus, in the last year of Mr. Keble's life, it so fell out that the great names of the 'first three,' to whom no other leaders of religious thought in England had attained, appeared once more together. And while the book was in the press the three friends met, for the first time for twenty years, and for the last time on earth. 'I am going early next week to see Keble' (Dr. Pusey wrote, September 4, 1865, to Newman, without any thought of meeting him); 'they seem to be aweful times everywhere; would to God

we were not spending our strength, but could fight against the common foe of souls and of the faith.'

After mentioning his 'Eirenicon,' just published, he continues:—

But now as to sending it to you. I have not in all these sad years sent you anything which had any controversy in it. . . .

I should be sorry that you should have anything of mine from the booksellers; but still more sorry to be the occasion of your writing anything against it by bringing it under your notice.

For myself, I am glad to escape again to bring the force of Nahum's prophecy before people. The Commentary on Micah is, I am thankful to say, printed.

Ever yours most affectionately,

E. B. P.

My line is yours (he says in another letter), that we have no right to lay down interpretations which are not those of Scripture itself or the Church, as to be certainly received. . . .

I hope that it is a good time to make a distinction as what is of faith and what is not.

THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM, September 5, 1865.

MY DEAR PUSEY,—I shall be very much obliged by your sending me your book. Somehow, outright controversy is more pleasant to me than such uncontroversial works as are necessarily built on assumptions which pain me.

For myself, I don't think I have written anything controversial for the last fourteen years. Nor have I ever, as I think, replied to any controversial notice of what I have written. . . . And that on the principle that Truth defends itself, and falsehood refutes itself; and that, having said my say, time will decide for me, without my trouble, how far it was true, and how far not true. And I have quoted Crabbe's lines as to my purpose (though I can't quote correctly)—

Leaving the case to Time, who solves all doubt,
By bringing Truth, his glorious daughter, out.

This being so, I can't conceive I could feel it in any sense an imperative duty to remark on anything you said in your book. I daresay there is a great deal in which I should agree. Certainly, I so dislike Ward's way of going on I can't get myself to read the *Dublin*. But on those points I have said my say in my 'Apologia,' and, though I can't see the future, am likely to leave them alone. A great attempt has been made in some quarters to find censurable mistakes in my book, but it has altogether failed, and I consider Ward's articles to be impotent attempts to put down by argument what is left safe in the domain of theological opinion.

But, while I would maintain my own theological opinions, I don't dispute Ward the right of holding his, so that he does not attempt to impose them on me, nor do I dispute the right of whoso will, to use devotions to the Blessed Virgin which seem to me unnatural and forced. Did authority attempt to put them down, while they do not infringe on the great Catholic verities, I think it would act, as the Bishop of London is doing, in putting down the devotional observances of the Tractarian party at St. Michael's and elsewhere. He is tender towards free-thinkers, and stern towards the Romanizers.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas. Now the Church of Rome is severe on the free-thinkers, and indulgent towards devotees.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

VISITS TO FRANCE.

1865.

One may take the first steps, though one does not see what the last may be ; . . . preparing in a far-off way for re-union by breaking down prejudices, if God enables me.—*Letter from E. B. P.*

Of his last meeting with his friends at Mr. Keble's home, Dr. Newman wrote an account, in 1868, to Sir J. T. Coleridge.

It was remarkable certainly that three friends, he, Dr. Pusey, and myself, who had been so intimately united for so many years, and then for so many years had been separated, at least one of them from the other two, should meet together just once again; and, for the first and last time, dine together simply by themselves. And the more remarkable because not only by chance they met all three together, but there were positive chances against their meeting. Keble had wished me to come to him, but the illness of his wife, which took them to Bournemouth, obliged him to put me off. On their return to Hursley I wrote to him on the subject of my visit, and fixed a day for it. Afterwards, hearing from Pusey that he, too, was going to Hursley on the very day I had named, I wrote to Keble to put off my visit. I told him, as I think, my reason. I had not seen either of them for twenty years, and to see both of them at once would be more, I feared, than I could bear. Accordingly, I told him I should go from

Birmingham to friends in the Isle of Wight, in the first place, and then some day go over to Hursley. This was on September 12, 1865. But when I had got into the Birmingham train for Reading, I felt it was like cowardice to shrink from the meeting, and I changed my mind again. In spite of my having put off my visit to him, I slept at Southampton, and made my appearance at Hursley next morning without being expected. Keble was at his door speaking to a friend. He did not know me, and asked my name. What was more wonderful, since I had purposely come to his house, I did not know him, and I feared to ask who it was. I gave him my card without speaking. When at length we found out each other, he said, with that tender flurry of manner which I recollected so well, that his wife had been seized with an attack of her complaint that morning, and that he could not receive me as he should have wished to do, nor, indeed, had he expected me, 'for Pusey,' he whispered, 'is in the house, as you are aware of.'

Then he brought me into his study and embraced me most affectionately, and said he would go and prepare Pusey and send him to me.

I think I got there in the forenoon, and remained with him four or five hours, dining at one; he was in and out of the room all the time I was with him, attending on his wife, and I was left with Pusey. I recollect very little of the conversation that passed at dinner. Pusey was full of the question of the Inspiration of Holy Scripture, and Keble expressed his joy that it was a common cause, in which I could not substantially differ from him; and he quoted such words of mine as seemed to show agreement.

To his brother Dr. Pusey wrote of the meeting: 'It is the first time I have seen him since he came to me at Tenby when I was ill (in 1846). We talked comfortably about past, present, and future.'

On September 12 Dr. Pusey wrote to his son: 'I have been reading a good deal of geology and the antiquity

of man, for my Norwich paper.' The next day he continues:—

September 13.

I am writing this at Hursley, on my way back from Christ Church to the Isle of Wight. I am staying at a beautiful place at the back of the Island, near Black Gang Chine; quite quiet, and with all the repose of nature. On October 4 I have to go to Archdeacon Bouverie from Norwich, *i.e.* I have to go there on the Wednesday, to read the paper on the Thursday, and return on the Friday.

I have nearly finished my Preface to Nahum; so I hope I may have less confusion of mind and occupation. But I have done nothing more to Daniel, because I could not write the Preface away from Oxford, nor could I gain time from physical science during the eight days which I spent there.

This morning Newman called. It was strange for him, J. K., and me to be talking over old things and new at Hursley.

The summer vacation of 1865 had been spent by Dr. Pusey chiefly in the Isle of Wight.

'I may be late on Tuesday,' he wrote to Philip from 'Southlands,' Isle of Wight, September 29, 'because I may stop on my way, either at Hursley or Wilson's.'

He left Southlands on Tuesday, October 3, landing at Southampton, and called, on his way to Hursley, at Rownhams, of which the late Rev. R. F. Wilson was then Vicar, but who was absent from home. His son, the present Head of Oxford House,[1] then a child, and the writer, were at Fernyhurst, Mr. Wilson's home, and drove with him to Hursley. We went into Rownhams church on our way, that he might see it, and, looking at the East window, he said what a great thing it was for the poor and uninstructed to

[1] The Rev. Bernard R. Wilson.

have the Crucifix before them through the medium of painted glass. We left him at Hursley Vicarage, Mr. Keble coming to the carriage door to receive him, and went on to Hursley Park. The bells were ringing a merry peal for a wedding. Later in the afternoon, as we were walking on the bowling-green, a servant came to say that Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble had called, and the two friends followed him out-of-doors. Dr. Pusey looked very happy that day, walking up and down with Sir William Heathcote; the day was as hot as midsummer, and we had tea on the bowling-green. He spoke long afterwards of the impression made on him by the beauty of the broad band of flower-beds in full brilliance which ran the whole length of the south front of the house. The next day he went to Norwich, to read, at the Church Congress, on Tuesday, October 5, his great paper on Science in relation to Revelation, of which the key-note may be found in his words, 'The right interpretation of God's Word will never be found in contradiction with the right interpretation of His works.'

At the Congress Dr. Pusey received, for once, an ovation. When he rose to deliver his speech a roar of welcome greeted him who had been treated, even by old friends, as a man tainted, suspected, dangerous. One who was present told the writer that at first he gave a gracious little smile of acknowledgment for his reception, but that when repeated attempts to read his paper were baffled by bursts of cheering, which seemed as if they would never cease, then, at last, his lip trembled, and he nearly broke down. Perhaps it was in recognition of what he would call the 'kindness' shown him, that he, who never took part in social gatherings, appeared at the Congress

conversazione in the evening, and went up and down amongst the crowds speaking to one and another with happy benignity.

People wanted some way in which to be at ease that science would have nothing to say against the Bible (he wrote to Newman, October 20, of his reception at Norwich); so, as you will have seen, they were much pleased. I am to print the paper separately, as soon as it has had its sale in the Report of the Congress. . . .

I have just sent the Preface to Tract 90 to press. You were amused at my saying that I had to put it off, not to have too many things in my head at once. But so it was; it is like having one's brains too full of things held there, even though not entirely at work upon them.

At Norwich Dr. Pusey also attended a meeting of the 'Free and Open Church' Conference, and won the confidence and affection of the working-men by a most sympathetic speech, in the course of which he said:—

I never can see a poor religious man without feeling the utmost reverence for him; and his patience, his whole character, his self-denial, his endurance, are to me the most stupendous proofs of the stupendous grace of God. I never see a religious poor man without expecting, by the mercy of God, to see him far above myself in heaven. . . .

When I was a boy myself, my lot was cast a good deal in the west of London, and I never saw there the face of a poor man. The first I saw was when I went to hear the most eloquent preacher of his day, Bishop Heber. I did not see him, but I saw what was far more blessed to me than that—a poor man standing in the midst of the congregation, with tears streaming down his eyes, as touched by the message which produced them. That must be some fifty years ago, and through all that time I have never forgotten the face of that poor man.

On October 11 he wrote in pencil to Mr. Keble:—

1. I think that no change ought to be made in our Common

Prayers by a majority. We ought to be of one mind before we change anything.

2. Whenever others wished to amend it in their direction, we should prefer to amend in the direction of Edw. VI.'s Second book, but that we held it wrong to alter our Common Prayer-book without the consent of all, and therefore prayed that all should be left as it is till God bring us to one mind.

The 'Eirenicon' had just been published.[1] Dr. Pusey determined, as he wrote to Dr. Newman, to 'try and present my book myself to some French bishops,' wishing 'to know what they would think of giving us the same terms as Bossuet or Cardinal de Noailles would.' Perhaps his reception at Norwich had heartened him up for this pilgrimage—ever ready, as he was to the last, to spring upwards, towards light and love and hope, with unquenchable brightness and ardour, whenever a gleam fell across his path. Few could have hoped to find any prevalence of thought such as Bossuet's now in France; and in July he had himself written:—

I . . . read through all the answers of the Bishops to the Pope about the Immaculate Conception, and lately I have got into the last Encyclical. What a strange way they are driving on! The last result of the *Dublin Review* is that the Pope is personally infallible as to facts too, not connected with faith or morals, and that, however he utters his pronouncements. Bellarmine is left far behind.

To his son he wrote from Paris on Tuesday, October 17, that he hoped to return on the following Friday, to meet 'The Queen of the Sandwich Islands' at Ascot, and

[1] The Church of England, a Portion of Christ's One Holy Catholic Church, and a Means of Restoring Visible Unity. An Eirenicon in a letter to the author of 'The Christian Year.' Oxford, 1865. 'I do not get on with my letter to you,' he wrote during its progress. 'Alps over alps arise.'

baptize a Hawaiian child, to whom Queen Emma was to be godmother.

My visit to France has been very satisfactory (he wrote to Mr. Keble, October 20), in the great kindness of the Bishop of Coutances, the sympathetic advice of the Vicar-General of the Bishop of Rennes, and the extreme sympathy and largeness of view of the Archbishop of Paris. I had an hour's interview with him on two separate days. He had followed the movement for 20 years (he is not above fifty, I think) with great interest, realized our position, acknowledges our Orders, was fully satisfied of the grace of our Sacraments, thought that there had been mistakes on both sides about the time of the Reformation. He thought, after I had explained to him all our difficulties as to the practical system of the B. V., that it was quite a practical thing to work for reunion on the basis of the Council of Trent; but explained in our sense, *i.e.* so as not to take more than its letter required.

Dr. Pusey began a long letter to the Bishop of Brechin, giving a detailed account of his tour, with the words: 'The first stone is, I trust, laid on which the two Churches may again be united—when God wills, and when human wills obey.' He returned to England on October 20, and was cheered by the way in which the 'Eirenicon' had been received. 'No other work that he ever issued,' his biographer writes, 'had been welcomed with so much general favour in the Church of England.'[1] Letters from such 'moderate' men as Archdeacon Churton and Bishop Ellicott must have been especially welcome.

Thanks, my dear Pusey (the former wrote); a thousand thanks, for the instruction, the comfort, the uplifting of heart and mind which have attended me throughout the perusal of this admirable volume! . . . It seems to me so wonderfully to combine—what none surely hereafter can question—such hearty love and loyalty

[1] Life, iv. p. 116.

to the English Church, . . . with the utmost scope for those Catholic aspirations after reunion which, we do not doubt, are also, for the wisest and most beneficial reasons and objects, reviving in the present age of the Church.

'Now that this work is done,' Dr. Pusey wrote, immediately after his return from France, to Mr. Keble, 'I think that it would be a good opportunity for publishing Tract 90. My explanation of the Articles in my letter to you is Tract 90 in substance over again. People are now prepared for it.'

He was greatly pleased and touched by a friendly review of his 'Eirenicon' in the *Weekly Register* of November 18, 1865, by Father Lockhart, suggesting that 'reunion on the lines mentioned by Pusey was better than perpetuated schism;' and wrote to thank the editor, reaffirming 'his conviction that the great body of the faith was held alike by both, and that the Council of Trent demanded nothing which could not be explained to the satisfaction of English Churchmen, if explained authoritatively.'

In a letter to Mr. Copeland (December 15, 1865), he mentions also 'a five-columned respectful review' of the book in the *Times*, from which he argued there would be no Protestant outcry, 'else the *Times* would not have committed itself.'

But he for whose approval and sympathy with his 'Eirenicon' he cared most did not take it as he hoped, and a long correspondence between the friends ended, as is well known, in Newman's published answer to the 'Eirenicon.' Dr. Pusey wrote to him, November 1:—

I omitted one thing which the Archbishop of Paris said, relatively to yourself: 'He would be the person to draw up a

theological formula on the points upon which you desire explanation. . . .' I did not take down his words, but his idea was that, should, by God's blessing, the English Church desire explanations, you would be the person to draw up such explanations as the Roman commission might give, and we receive. . . .

The whole work was so entirely without any will of my own (or, rather, against it), and it grew so without my will, into an Eirenicon instead of a mere defence; and now it has been so well received that I cannot but hope that God will do something with it.

November 2.

Forgive me. The last thing which I should wish to do would be to dispute with you. I only want to explain what I meant. . . . Well, I hope the explanation is not worse than the book. It is a great sorrow to me that you should think the book an attack.

On the back of this letter is written, in Dr. Newman's hand:—

My dear Pusey,—I think I quite gathered from your book what you bring out so clearly in your letter of this morning. My great anxiety is, that I consider the substantial framework of it will not strike the mass of readers, but they will go off upon the other portions of it: its, what is to Protestants such good food. If I am led to publish anything, of which I have no present intention, I should treat of it simply as an Irenicon, as you intend it.

November 6.

I am, as you see, in this dilemma (Dr. Pusey replied): if I do not state difficulties, I seem unreal; if I state them, I seem controversial.

The idea of 'union on the basis of the Council of Trent explained' is, I trust, fairly launched; and it is a great thing to have a definite idea before people. God help it! I trust that He Who must have put into hearts to pray, will effect what, by His inspiration, they pray for.

I hope that people will look at the main drift of the book, and that, notwithstanding details, the title will be the key to the book.

Undated, about end of 1865.

I hear that Manning has bidden Lockhart write the other side 'of the difficulties of reunion,' of which there are, of course, plenty, but that he admits that a reunion on the principle of Bossuet would be preferable to prolonged schism.

E. B. P. TO REV. J. KEBLE.

December 16.

I am going to France again on Tuesday. I have been in a whirl outside, and yet it is wonderful how quietly everything has been taken. It seems like a great harbinger of future peace.

All Xmas wishes.

Your most affecte.

E. B. P.

He did not return to Oxford from this second visit to France until January 19, 1866. In Paris he again saw the Archbishop (Mgr. Darboy), and, at Orleans, the saintly Bishop Dupanloup. Later, he went southwards, had 'two long interviews' at Biarritz with the Bishop, and dined, at Bordeaux, with the Archbishop. Concerning his intercourse with the bishops he expressed hopeful thankfulness.

To his son he wrote, from Marseilles, on Christmas Day:—

December 25, 1865.

All Christmas blessings, though God, I trust, will hear them, not you, till Christmas is past. The way to God is so straight; along this earth things move, even with our best speed, so slow.

I am writing the University sermon. The Spanish boat is delayed this week, so it is not to be in till to-morrow; and I do

not know what my next destination will be. I saw several whom I was glad to see at Paris, the Archbishop again, . . . the Père Gratry, who received me most lovingly, and a very intelligent Bishop of la Rochelle, so that my days at Paris were well filled up. All very kind, and I walked and sat in [visiting][1] from 11 a.m., or sooner, to 7.30 p.m., and set off the next morning at 7.30 a.m. So God mercifully continues my strength.

HOTEL VICTORIA, MARSEILLES, Feast of St. Stephen.

I am here alone. . . . I am staying on here quietly in a comfortable hotel, outside the town. Tell me what your weather is, as I should like to compare the weather of Marseilles and England. Here the sun is very warm, but the winds cold; and it has frozen every night. The first frost I saw was at Lyons, on Friday morning.

Feast of Holy Innocents.

I have so little news here—as if I were in another planet. So much the better, for there is little good to hear. You will be glad to know that I have finished my University sermon for the 28th. I am living in very nice, sunny rooms, in a house standing by itself in the country, with a beautiful view of a chain of hills, with all the varied forms of granite, so that, but for their height, they might be mountains. . . .

I have just resumed the examination of Nahum's Hebrew. So I have done work such as I can only do in vacation; . . . the examination paper to-day, finished my sermon to-day, thank God, and now one and a half chapters of Nahum.

God give you all blessings abundantly in this new year.

Best New Year wishes to William, Aunt C., and Fr.[2]

Your very loving father,

E. B. P.

It was probably during this visit to France that he met, in a railway carriage, M. François Lagrange, afterwards Bishop of Chartres, who, in his first 'Lettre Pastorale,'

[1] Word partly torn. [2] Mrs. William Pusey, and her daughter Frances.

twenty-five years later, told the story of their meeting, in touching words.

Il nous arriva un jour de nous trouver seul en wagon avec le célèbre docteur Pusey. Nous demeurâmes stupéfaits de voir cet homme, qui avait franchi des abîmes, arrêté aux portes de la vraie Eglise . . . mais il était empêtré là. Après la discussion, voyant que nous prenions nos livres de prière, il nous demanda de réciter l'office du jour avec nous. . . . Quand nous eûmes fini, nous le vîmes, ému par la beauté de cette belle liturgie catholique, joindre les deux mains, baisser la tête, fermer les yeux, et laisser échapper de grosses larmes que, silencieux et réspectueux, nous regardions tomber. Tout à coup, élevant la voix, il dit, 'Je crois explicitement tout ce que je sais révélé, et implicitement tout ce qui l'est.'[1]

[1] See Life, iv. p. 133, note.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XXIII.

Amongst Dr. Pusey's papers there is a copy, in his handwriting, of the following letter to a French bishop. There is no address on it, and nothing to show to whom it was written.

Monseigneur,—Je ne dois pas occuper votre temps qui doit être si précieux à la diocèse, que Dieu vous a commise, mais je crains de m'avoir mal expliqué aujourd'hui, et vous avoir donné une fausse idée de mes sentiments. Ce n'est pas que je ne pense pas qu'il y a une grande différence entre l'Eglise Catholique Romaine et l'Eglise Anglicane. Un écrivain dans le *Dublin Review* (qui est lui même beaucoup plus Ultramontaine que Bellarmine) dit que la différence entre les sentiments que j'ai nouvellement publiés et les siens est bien profonde. Pour moi, le système à l'égard de la très sainte Mère de Dieu m'a toujours présenté les plus grandes difficultés. Il a été toujours ma 'crux,' comme le Docteur Newman a dit, que, pendant qu'il était Anglican, c'était la sienne; je crois que c'est la difficulté, qui détourne les Anglais, de quelque école qu'ils soient, de l'Eglise Catholique Romaine. Seulement je pense, que l'Eglise Catholique Romaine n'a jamais défiué, comme de foi, les points, qui nous présentent les plus grandes difficultés, et que si, par exemple, l'Eglise Romaine voudrait prononcer ce qui est de foi, et ce qui ne l'est pas, la plus grande part de nos difficultés, et des préjugés de mes compatriotes pourraient bien disparâitre. C'est ce que j'ai essayé d'indiquer à mes compatriotes dans le volume que j'ai voulu vous présenter, Monseigneur, si je ne m'étais pas aperçû qu'il ne vous serait pas acceptable. L'Eglise Anglicane, Monseigneur, consiste de quelques millions, elle s'accroit tous les

jours; elle gagne beaucoup plus de ceux qui se sont séparés d'elle, qu'elle ne perd. Elle est répandu dans tous les continents, Nord Amérique, Sud Afrique, les Indes Orientales, New Zealand. L'Australie doit devenir quatre ou cinq grandes nations. Permettez moi de vous dire, Monseigneur, que ce serait un grand œuvre de charité de faire tout ce qui est possible pour réunir une Eglise si étendue et, à ce moment, si féconde. Permettez moi encore de vous exprimer, Monseigneur, les sentiments de la reconnaissance la plus profonde pour la bonté que vous m'avez montré aujourd'hui, et pour l'assurance que vous voulez vous ressouvenir de moi dans vos saintes prières.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monseigneur,

Votre très humble et très obeissant serviteur,

E. B. Pusey.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

1866–1870.

Oh Life! without thy chequered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
Success and failure, could a ground
For magnanimity be found,
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes serene?
Or whence could virtue flow?

WORDSWORTH.

'THE date reminds me to wish you joy on having finished one more year of your pilgrimage, and on the greater nearness of the Vision of God,' Dr. Pusey wrote to Dr. Newman on the birthday of the latter, February 21, 1866.

The first 3000 copies of the Pamphlet containing Tract 90, with Dr. Pusey's historical Preface, and Mr. Keble's Letter (written in 1843) on the Tract, were sold by March, 1866, and a fresh issue needed.

Hawkins alone of the Heads (Dr. Pusey wrote) bristled up a little, and his bristles are gone down. Plumptre was quite satisfied. Indeed, it shows the marvellous change, that one can publish Tract 90, and all its history, without the slightest commotion. Only, we were then in the prime of life, younger than our persecutors, now I am an old man.

Before March had ended, one of the three friends whose names had just appeared together for the last time ended

his earthly task. Mr. Keble had spent the winter at Bournemouth, watching by the death-bed of his wife. He wrote on January 20, 1866 :—

DEAREST PUSEY,—You have heard rightly; my dear wife is, I believe soon, to be taken away from me. Pray that it may not be for ever.

When I say 'soon,' I do not know, for I do not inquire about the probable time.

To another, writing of her increasing weakness and suffering, he adds—

So, if possible, do her calmness and sweetness increase. I sit and look at her till I wonder how it ever can be that some whom I know are allowed to entertain a hope of being with such an one in the same home for ever. But we are taught to believe greater things than that: might we but be found worthy!

On Wednesday in Passion week (March 21) he was praying by her bedside, when he fainted, and was carried to bed in the next room. He was too weak ever to walk again, but was wheeled in a chair to sit by his wife for three days. After Saturday he lay dying, mostly insensible, though his lips moved constantly in prayer, and he told his attendant that 'all was right; there was a large upper room prepared, it was swept and garnished, and he was waiting to go.' In an interval of consciousness he asked if his wife was gone, and said, on being told she was still here, 'Tell her we shall go together, perhaps not quite together, but very nearly, and tell her I am always praying for her.' He passed to his rest at one o'clock a.m. on Maundy Thursday, March 29, 1866.

On Easter Eve Dr. Pusey wrote to Newman from Chale:—

I hear that others have told you of the departure of our dear friend. I only heard it this morning. I know little, probably, or nothing to add to what you have heard. People so often mistake speechlessness for unconsciousness. However, I hear that there was some wandering, but that all the conscious time was spent in prayer; I doubt not, what they call the unconscious too.

No earthly loss could have so pierced Dr. Pusey's heart as that of the friend closely and lovingly associated with him from early youth; and who, since Dr. Newman's secession, had been his dearest and entirely trusted counsellor. To him, for twenty years, he had turned in every difficulty and sorrow, and in the many hundreds of letters, often written daily, to Mr. Keble, there breathes the same unvarying spirit of tender and grateful reverence, of entire and simple confidence.

In some finely strung natures there seems a more than common antipathy to death, of revolt against his power, of intense pain at the tragedy of 'he shall turn again to his earth, and then all his thoughts perish;' and Dr. Pusey always refused to contemplate the death of any one whom he loved—hoping against hope to the end, sorrow-stricken when it came. His grief and loneliness when this blow came were intense. 'I had so hoped,' he wrote, 'that we should have had him, by God's mercy, for years to come, if I should see years myself.'

There was the additional sorrow of knowing that Mr. Keble's saintly wife, whom he greatly loved and valued, was on a death-bed of acute suffering. She arranged all, however, for her husband's funeral, which was to have been

on the Wednesday after his death, but she begged it might be put off till Friday (April 6), hoping to be buried with him. A very old and beloved friend of the Kebles, and of Dr. Pusey, wrote to him, on April 2, to ask him 'whether it would be wrong for all who love them to send up one stream of prayer that she might be set free before Friday.' He replied at once :—

Easter Tuesday, 1866.

Death is so solemn an act, the last moment of God's love to the soul in its state of probation and of growth, and a time when He Himself, I believe, often does so much for it, that I should not like to pray for anything in regard to it, except for God's grace in a fuller stream to her. The wish to be buried with him, with whom she was one, is a natural and beautiful human feeling; still, it is only human, and her deepest wish must be, that God's will, whatever it be, should be exactly fulfilled, in her and to her.

He went to the Rev. Frewen Moor's, Ampfield Parsonage, about two miles from Hursley, on Easter Thursday, April 5. All that was mortal of his friend was brought that evening from Bournemouth to Chandler's Ford Station, and he joined the clergy, churchwardens, and parishioners who went on the road to Ladwell to meet it, and bring it to the home which had been Mr. Keble's for thirty years.

Before going to bed (Dr. Liddon wrote in his diary), we [Dr. Pusey, I, and Tom Keble] went into the study where the Body is laid out, with a cross of white primroses stretching the entire length of the coffin, and a cross and candles at the end. We remained there in prayer for an hour.

The celebration next morning by Mr. Upton Richards was at eight o'clock. One who had charge of the vestments, etc., told the writer that when all had left the

church, Dr. Pusey knelt down in the chancel by the coffin, embracing it, and laying his head as near as he could to that of his friend, in an abandonment of grief 'most touching to witness.'

Afterwards (Dr. Liddon wrote) I found Dr. Pusey in his bedroom . . . quite overcome, unable to speak. With great difficulty could I persuade him to take any food. We went up to the Park and saw the Bishop of Salisbury; and the plan of a college at Oxford, which I had started the night before at Hursley Vicarage, was agreed upon. It is to be called the Keble College. Matins at 11.30, followed by the actual Burial Service. The Doctor again nearly broke down when the coffin was lowered into the grave.[1]

Another who was present wrote:—

The stream of clergy who followed from the church to the grave seemed as if it would never end, but at last we made our way out, and by degrees got nearer and nearer, till I found E. B. P. and Mr. Liddon, who never seemed to leave his side. . . . I signed to Charlotte[2] that we must not pass him. When all was over we moved on, still close to him, for that one look, which was to be our last, 'till we, too, sleep and our last long sleep be o'er.' . . . We walked away . . . still next to him, and when we got quite out of the churchyard, and at the turn up to the Vicarage, I could not help just slipping my hand into his, and getting one look and one squeeze, but no word.

He wrote to Newman:—

I am now returned from Hursley. The church was full of mourners, as you will well think. But there is nothing to add.

For *he* was away. . . .

When *he* was wandering he spoke of the reunion of the Churches, and I think that he spoke as if he were present at it. But I will ask more accurately.

[1] Life, iv. p. 139.

[2] Miss Yonge.

Dr. Pusey's feeling of loneliness and sadness on returning to Oxford was intensified by a note from Newman, April 20, 1866—

. . . You will be distressed to know (what is not yet decided, and, *please*, don't mention it) that it is very likely after all that I shall go to Oxford. I have been urged now for the third time. We have made conditions, but the chance is they will be accepted. It is a great trial to me. I had quite given up the idea.

Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

That the coming of him whom he loved and honoured almost more than any one on earth could only cause distress to both, was keenly felt by Dr. Pusey. He replied in a tone of deep depression :—

CHRIST CHURCH, April 21, 1866.

Thank you for the information which you have given me. The one thing which I have desired is not to be in collision with you. Perhaps before you come I shall be gone. A little more than four years will complete the threescore and ten. The Memorial of dearest J. K. seems likely to take the shape of a College for diligent students living simply (100 of them). I took a part in promoting it. Had I known the intention of your authorities, I don't think I could have done it, *i.e.* had the heart to do it.

The following was Dr. Newman's reply :—

THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM, April 29, 1866.

MY DEAR PUSEY,—I am grieved to think it vexes you so much to hear of the chance of our going to Oxford. You may be sure we should not go to put ourselves in opposition to you, or to come in collision with the theological views which you represent. Of

course, we never could conceal our convictions, nor is it possible to control the action of great principles when they are thrown upon the face of society; but it would be a real advantage to the cause of truth if our opinions were known more accurately than they are generally known by Anglicans. For instance, what surprise has been expressed at what I have said in my letter to you about our doctrines of original sin and the Immaculate Conception! Even now most men think that I have not stated them fairly, and so with many other doctrines. I should come to Oxford for the sake of the Catholic youth there, who are likely to be, in the future, more numerous than they are now; and my first object, *after* that, would be to soften prejudice against Catholicism by showing how much exaggeration is used by Anglicans in speaking of it. I do trust you will take a more hopeful view of my coming, if I do come, which is not certain.

Personally, it would be as painful a step as I could be called to make. Oxford never can be to me what it was. It and I are severed; it would be like the dead visiting the dead. I should be a stranger in my dearest home. I look forward to it with great distress, and certainly would not contemplate it except under the imperative call of duty. But I trust that God will strengthen me, when the time comes, if it is to come; and I trust He will strengthen you.

I wish I could do more than lament over the misunderstandings which you suffer at the hands of Catholics; but it is the necessary penalty of controversialists. I do all I can against it, but can do very little. I can't be sorry that you are about De Bandelis, for it is well to have all the facts out in the sight of day. So far you *must* be doing a service. When you really take a thing up, you do it thoroughly; the complaint which our people made of you was, that there are many points which you had *not* really taken up. God bless you, my dear Pusey, and comfort you in your present bereavement.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

An extract from a letter of Dr. Newman's 'to a friend'

has been sent, with permission to insert it here, by the great kindness of Father Neville.

June 10, 1866.

After all, it is all but certain that we are going to Oxford. Our Bishop proposed it to me three successive years, and I could not refuse; but I look on the prospect of being there with extreme dismay. I have parted with it for once and all, and it is opening wounds which are quite healed. And I want to be in peace, when, for what I know, I may not have many years more. It is a great mark of confidence in him, and that alone makes it almost a duty in me to accept it, considering the various controversies going on around and about me.

The Long Vacation of 1866 brought comfort, though not relaxation, to Dr. Pusey, in devoting himself to the poor during a severe outbreak of cholera in East London, and in August he was living in lodgings at No. 18, City Road, where he worked amongst the sick for three months, aided, later, by his son, and by the present Lord Halifax. There is a long letter in Dr. Liddon's biography from the Rev. S. Hansard, rector at this time of Bethnal Green, from which the following extracts are taken.

'There came upon the East End of London what may be called a sudden explosion of cholera, in a more virulent and 'plague-like' form than had hitherto been experienced in England. . . . The cholera was raging round the Parish Church and Town Hall, where the Vestry, under the Rector, assembled daily. . . . My curates were ill, unable to do any duty. . . . I had been up for several nights running, to two or three in the morning, attending to the sick. Wearied and at my wits' end as to how I could possibly help my Vestry through their arduous duty, I had come down to a late breakfast at nine o'clock, when my servant announced Dr. Pusey. He had with him a letter of introduction from the Bishop. His pleasant smile, his genial manner, his hearty sympathy,

expressed in a manner so winning and sincere, at once introduced him. He needed no letter. He not only put me at my ease at once, but he made me feel at one with him directly. During breakfast he said he had heard of my working single-handed just then, and as I must give a great portion of my time to my Vestry, . . . he offered to act as my assistant curate, to visit the sick and dying whom I could not visit, in my stead, and to minister to their spiritual wants. And he did so. Quietly and unobtrusively this true gentleman, this humble servant of Christ, assisted me in this most trying duty of visiting the plague-stricken homes of the poor of Bethnal Green.[1]

It was also just after Mr. Keble's death that the first real agitation against Ritual began—a fresh difficulty for Dr. Pusey, to be met without the counsel on which he had so long leaned.[2] Not that he was ever among the 'Ritualists,' but outward expressions of the doctrine which he and they held in common were all branded as 'Puseyism,' whether he approved of them or not. There is a letter of his, written not a month after Mr. Keble's death, to Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, during the riots at St. George's-in-the-East, in which he tries to explain his position, and his powerlessness to hinder much which he thought unwise.

The clearest expression of his whole view of the subject was given in his speech on joining the English Church Union, at its seventh anniversary meeting, June 14, 1866, and in the course of which he uttered the remarkable words: 'All that we now claim is the same toleration for reverence which is freely conceded to irreverence.'

[1] Life, iv. p. 142.

[2] In his diary on the day of Mr. Keble's funeral Dr. Liddon says: 'I never saw Dr. Pusey so broken as to-day. He seemed to feel quite terribly the weight of responsibility which had devolved on him.'

In our early days (he said in the course of his speech) we were anxious on the subject of ritual. . . . Everything was on a cold level. What we had to do was to rouse the Church to a sense of what she possessed; and, being ourselves as nothing, so to teach her that she should herself act in all things healthfully from herself. We had further a distinct fear with regard to ritual; and we privately discouraged it, lest the whole movement should become superficial. At that time everything we did was very popular; and we felt that it was very much easier to change a dress than to change the heart, and that externals might be gained at the cost of the doctrines themselves. To have introduced ritual before the doctrines had widely taken possession of the hearts of the people, would only have been to place an obstruction in their way. It would have been like children sticking flowers in the ground to perish immediately. Our office was rather, so to speak, to plant the bulb where, by God's blessing, it might take root and grow and flower beautifully, naturally, healthfully, fragrantly, lastingly.

In the same speech he said that what he had most feared was too much ease, too much quiet, and that he had once said to a friend, 'We want a good North-Easter;' who, a few years later, reminded him of it, and said, 'You've got it now.'

Dr. Newman had published, in January, 1866, an answer to Dr. Pusey's 'Eirenicon,' complaining especially of extracts given from popular books of devotion to illustrate Roman teaching as to the blessed Virgin. To this answer Dr. Pusey immediately began a reply, but it was delayed by his work at Bethnal Green in 1866, and other later labours in view of the approaching Vatican Council. He wrote privately to Dr. Newman on the subject (January 26, 1867), trying to lessen anything which pained his friend in what he had written.

(1) It is quite true that the 'Eirenicon' was begun simply as a defence. It was put upon me in a way in which I did not think it right to refuse: 'You *must* answer Manning.' I therefore, exceedingly against the grain, began it. (2) I remember how it came suddenly upon me when I had made some progress, 'Is this to be all? Is it to be always mere defence?' And then I gave it the turn of making it an 'Eirenicon.' (3) It would be true, also, that, having minimized differences as much as I could, I thought that it would be untrue to our people not to tell them what the real difficulties were which kept me where I am, and which, as I think, justify the position of the English Church, and are, as I hope, a providential occasion of its existence.

. . . When I was intending to publish French and German translations of the 'Eirenicon,' I asked the Archbishop of Paris whether I should omit or retain what I had said as to the popular system (I had presented the book to him). He said, 'Retain them, both on the ground which you mention, of not seeming to wear two faces, and say things in England which you do not say here; and also they are *your* difficulties. Of course, I do not agree with them; but you have stated them fairly, and it is well that they should be considered.'

Of course, if we are weakened (he wrote, January 22), we are less likely to get good terms from Rome, and Archbishop Manning seems to anticipate that he shall swallow us up and assimilate us. Your voice is very musical still; I hope that it will be heard among your people as well as ours, for long.

Easter Wednesday [April 15], 1867.

I thought that our Orders would be acknowledged when examined, but now are we to be called upon to submit the question to those who have pre-judged it often on grounds disallowed by other? . . . This must not hinder my doing what I can to predispose to union, though it puts off what I hoped immeasurably. It is not, as your people are apt to suppose, a personal question with us. I should be very well content to remain like Oxenham, performing no sacerdotal acts. But a conditional ordination

(which, I fear, has been spoken of) implies, of course, a doubt as to all the past sacraments which one has administered. This, I, for one, could not do. And not only the past sacraments which one has oneself administered, but all administered by any within our communion, or which shall be administered!

However, one must go on like Abraham, not knowing whither he went. And removal of difficulties or misunderstandings is right anyhow. I trust that St. Catherine of Genoa's doctrine (which seems, in the main, that of Gerontius) will remove a good many difficulties as to Purgatory. . . .

It seems to me that we have been looking at the two sides of the shield: we, on the joy; your people almost exclusively on the suffering.

All Easter joy.

On the question, between the two communions, of purification in another life, he said, in an undated note:—

(1) I can hardly imagine any one, in the face of 1 Cor. iii. 13, not believing that the day of the particular judgment must be the intensest pain, more than, in the flesh, we could conceive. (2) I can hardly think how any thoughtful person, knowing how little God is longed for here, could think that a soul which longed for Him so little here should be admitted at once to the sight of Him; and that that delay, even if it is sure of its salvation, should not be intense pain, when it knows (apart from the distractions of the world) how God is the one object of love.

I have found enough as to St. Catherine of Genoa in the 'Bollandists'[1] (he says in another letter). They are beautiful pieces of S. F. de Sales, and he, too, owed them to St. Catherine. What a wonderful afterwork of the grace in her, and now, through Faber and Manning's translation, to us. It seems to change the whole aspect of Purgatory.

[1] Of her writings on Purgatory. Dr. Pusey says in another note: 'I find that, unknowingly, I had much the same result in my "Eirenicon," that there might be at once, inexpressible suffering, and inconceivable joy after this life.'

Lest there should be any possible misunderstanding as to his entire oneness in doctrine with 'Ritualists,' Dr. Pusey again, in his University sermon of May, 1867, re-affirmed, and with most definite statements, the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, ending with words which staked everything in this world on that doctrine being held by the English communion.

> These truths I would gladly have to maintain, by the help of God, on such terms that, if (*per impossibile*, as I trust) it should be decided by a competent authority that either the Real Objective Presence, or the Eucharistic Sacrifice, or the worship of Christ there present (as I have above stated those doctrines), were contrary to the doctrine held by the Church of England, I would resign my office.

The Long Vacation of 1867 was spent, partly alone, at Chale, Isle of Wight; but, he wrote to his son, July 9, 'I am not lonely, with my thoughts and my books.' By the middle of August he was at Ascot, and reported, 'The heath is in great glory, the smell of the pines very refreshing, the milk very invigorating, and the quiet most soothing.'

His time was chiefly occupied during this summer in helping Bishop Forbes with his book on the Thirty-nine Articles. Correspondence with Dr. Newman was also at this time very frequent, the more so when, in June, 1867, the Pope, Pius IX., declared his intention of calling a Council at the Vatican, of all bishops of the Roman communion.

There is a letter from Dr. Newman, of July 21, to Dr. Pusey, expressing surmises as to the object of this famous Council, too interesting to pass over entirely.

It is very difficult to get at all the reasons, perhaps the chief and most important reasons, why a Council is to be held. . . . The other day our Bishop, writing from Rome, gave these reasons, viz.: it was to be called 'to modify the Canon law, at the wish of the French bishops, and to confirm the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.' . . .

What other objects there are no one knows, except, perhaps, a certain number of bishops and ecclesiastics, who at present are bound to secrecy. That there is a party who would push the Pope's Infallibility, and be unscrupulous in doing so, I can easily believe too; but this to me personally is no trouble, for they cannot go beyond the divine will and revealed truth. . . .

Whether the bishops, on the other hand, will be disposed to take the Pope's Infallibility as part of the original faith, I cannot divine; I know too little about them.

I am disappointed (Dr. Newman wrote in July, 1867) at your not bringing out your Letter to me[1] . . . those who do not love you give out that you ought either to answer your opponents, or to allow you cannot.

E. B. P. to Rev. J. H. Newman.

My dearest N.,—Certainly this General Council involves a duty on those who believe as I do, to do what we can. . . . I must drop my letter to you, upon which I spent so much time and strength, for it only aggravated difficulties. . . . And now, in the prospect of a General Council of the West, one has rather to see how one can soften difficulties. Meanwhile, as you will have seen, occasion has been taken of the Ritual question to make capital for those who wish to drive us out of the Church; and people are so engrossed with this one question, that I do not know what they will attend to. Else I have had that other pamphlet always in my head, 'Cannot Rome make explanations which we can accept?' or better, 'Is not mutual explanation between Rome and England possible?'

[1] Eirenicon, part ii.

I always remember your birthday (Dr. Newman wrote, August 22), though I don't commonly write to you upon it; and this morning I have been saying Mass, with a prayer that God will teach you and all yours His blessed will in all things.

On St. Mark's Day, April 25, 1868, the anniversary of Mr. Keble's birthday, Dr. Pusey had the great joy of seeing the first stone laid by the Archbishop of Canterbury, of Keble College.

In his speech afterwards, at a great meeting in the Sheldonian Theatre, Dr. Pusey said that soon after Mr. Keble's death he felt that he would have been glad that the 'Christian Year' should have been his only monument.

A work which in words of simple beauty had awakened, and would awaken in human hearts, as long as our language shall endure, thoughts of truth and awe and chastened love, and pure faith, and deep reverence and spiritual devotion, was a monument, *ære perennius*, written anew in the souls of successive generations, who would bless him who taught them.

To Newman he wrote, May 11 :—

It was very delightful to see the deep sympathy with J. K. two years after he had gone to his rest. How those who we remember are passing away! I only heard the other day that Dornford was gone. I was grieved to hear of your loss in dear Badeley. I loved him much, though it is long since I saw him.

In everything connected with the foundation of Keble College Dr. Pusey had taken the deepest interest, anxiously watching the development of the undertaking, and corresponding on the subject with Sir William Heathcote and

other chief promoters of the Memorial to their friend. Throughout the preparatory arrangements for the College Dr. Pusey's chief anxiety was that it should be one, as to religious teaching, which Mr. Keble would have approved, and to try and secure it from State interference in the future. On the latter point Sir W. Heathcote had written to him (April 16, 1866):—

You must not comfort yourself by reference to *Law*, when the very object of the modern Acts of Parliament which alarm one is to introduce a new state of Law.

You would be surprised if I were to tell you who told me to-day that he should be ready to give £1000, if we could secure ourselves as to the permanence of the Church character of the Institution.

It is sufficient for the present to say he is one against whom you have probably no small prejudice.

Ever very affectionately yours,
WILLIAM HEATHCOTE.

You have already made a great beginning (Sir William had written in 1867). Have you conferred with the Vice-Chancellor about the matter, especially as to the status of such a Hall? I suppose I must not think of a College, whatever amount of money we get, because of the greater danger of being dealt with by Parliament.

To Newman Dr. Pusey wrote, May 2:—

Yesterday I was in London about a new association for prayer for the reunion of Christendom, the well-being of the Church, especially [in] England. Of course R. C.'s can't join in it; but prayer which goes up apart may meet in Heaven.

I saw my name 'P——ism,' in large placards carried about the streets, charging us with a 'Conspiracy to bring England under the Pope.' So that *Dublin* and *Weekly Register* might be a

little more merciful. However, it is all one; only, I wish they loved us a little better.

Thank you for your Easter blessing. All good be with you always.

Your most affectionate,
E. B. P.

Bishop Forbes (of Brechin) had paid a visit to Rome, hoping to do something to promote reunion, but was disappointed at the reception there of overtures from himself individually. Dr. Newman said, writing on the subject to Dr. Pusey :—

THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM, May 24, 1868.

. . . I am sorry at your and the Bishop of B.'s discouragement, but any one in England would have confidently said beforehand how he would be received at Rome. The central authority cannot *profess* to relax. *E.g.* thirty years ago the national system of education was introduced into Ireland. Rome only *kept silence*. It is the utmost that could be expected of it. Again, take Maynooth and the Maynooth oath; if Rome had been obliged to speak, it could only have disapproved; therefore it did not speak.

All such local matters it leaves to the local bishops; it never acts without the local bishops, they ever have the formal initiative. It puts a veto on their proceedings, or does not, but it does not originate; and, if it is *obliged* to speak, it speaks according to the strictest rule of ecclesiastical principle and tradition. . . . Therefore I think it was a mistake if the Bishop of B. applied to the highest authorities of Rome. . . . The proper organs for negotiation are local Bishops with local Bishops. At the same time, I do not expect anything would have come of that either just now. The local Bishops are the proper channels of communication between the English people, or a portion of them, and Rome. It is their duty to soften difficulties, not to increase them. I

cannot deny that Archbishop Manning has done everything in his power to increase them, not to soften them.

As far as I know the history of former attempts at reconciliation, they bear out what I have said. It must be recollected that *then* religion was national and political to an extent in which it is not now.

Bossuet represented not only a local hierarchy, but a political power; Leibnitz in like manner was, I think, a sort of agent for Protestant governments. There were then constitutional organs of reconciliation which do not exist now. Were there any chance now of *bodies* being reconciled to Rome, Rome would take the extraordinary step of regarding the *case* of *bodies*, but it will not make concession to *individuals*. . . . The Bishop of Brechin (I speak under correction) represented nothing tangible. . . . I know this is a discouraging view to take, but I do think it is the true one. I don't deny, as you say, that the Pope is just now approachable only through a few men . . . but any other Pope, it seems to me, would act mainly in the same way as regards the Church of England. . . . I have answered incidentally your question about Bishop Forbes's learned and most interesting work. It will excite very little feeling among English Catholics, except one of opposition. What *can* be done, when Ward has become proprietor of the *Dublin Review*, and Manning is the official counsellor of the authorities at Rome? These two facts are such remarkable *accidents*, that they seem to be providential. I do not see what can be done at present.

Lest I should be mistaken, I must add that I do think communion with Rome is *necessary* for a person being in the visible Church. Indeed, did I not think so, I never should have left the Anglican Church.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.[1]

During the summer vacation of 1868, numerous letters passed to and fro between the Isle of Wight and the

[1] The omissions in the above letter are for the sake of brevity, and to avoid some repetition. Nothing of importance is omitted.

Oratory, Birmingham, as to the possibility of Dr. Pusey taking any measures for bringing the question of reunion with England before the Vatican Council.

Dr. Newman was not hopeful on the subject, although he says in his letter of July 21, 'I don't suppose the Infallibility of the Pope would have a chance of being defined, if the alternative lay between defining it and the reconciliation of the Anglican Church.' But he wrote later (September 4), 'I don't think that at Rome they will attend to anything which comes from one person or several persons, however distinguished.' Still, all through the summer Dr. Pusey spent thought and time over long letters, and labour of various kinds in every possible attempt to forward what lay nearest to his heart, encouraged by a most kind letter from Mgr. Darboy, so soon to die a martyr, expressing his belief that there would be no difficulty in obtaining from Rome a pronouncement as to propositions representing the *maximum* of possible concessions by England; and offering himself 'de mener très discrétement l'affaire à bonne fin, et de vous faire avoir une réponse authentique.'[1] The saintly Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup, had also, Dr. Pusey wrote (Chale, I.W., October 6, 1868), 'offered himself to take to Rome any propositions as to our *maximum* which I would send him, and to obtain an opinion there, whether they were Catholic.'

Thank you most lovingly for your long letter (he wrote to Newman from Chale, August 13). Things, as you say, are very discouraging. If I looked only to human hopes I should fold my hands; but it must be God Who puts into people's hearts to

[1] 'Paris le 21 Mars, 1868.' See Life, etc., iv. p. 154.

pray for reunion, and I hope He will overrule hearts to effect it, as shall be healthful. True, that there are not political helps as formerly, but there is a common foe, infidelity, and I trust a common faith. Separate, we fight at disadvantage. Thoughtful men told me in France that the middle classes were lost to the Church (speaking broadly), being infidel.

. . . Please God, I live, and there should ever be an opening, I should like to try whether I could not frame propositions which authorities at Rome should accept as Catholic as far as they go. . . . My idea is to write them in Latin and cast them upon the waters, to see what will become of them, or see what should be done with them afterwards.

In a letter from Dr. Newman, of August 16, he mentioned their common belief that a definition on any point of doctrine by the whole Church ought to be received as 'a part of the Apostolic faith: only,' he added, 'you would say that it included the Greek and Anglican communions.' Still, he felt it a point gained if Dr. Pusey could say what he believed to be our duty 'if the Latin, Greek, and Anglican communions, met together in solemn council, *did* define' certain points of difference. For, as he wrote—

you would not indeed conciliate some people, but you would hold the same principle as we do; you would but differ about a matter of fact, serious as that fact may be. No one could then fairly accuse you of private judgment, for you would be [willing to] submit your *credenda* to a power beyond you.

He reminds Dr. Pusey in the same letter, in reply to his regret at zeal for individual conversions rather than for organic reunion, that he must recollect that

we only feel and do what you feel and do towards Dissenters. . . . You write to the Wesleyans and try to co-operate with them; but

I am sure you would make a Wesleyan whom you met with a good Anglican if you could. I am not aware that Manning and Ward convert individuals, any more than I should, in order to weaken the Anglican Church, but from love to the soul of the individual converted, as you would feel love for the Wesleyan.

It will be very easy (Dr. Pusey replied, August 23) to mention that which is a common principle of both, that the decision of the Church is final and infallible, and that she is the judge of evidence.

We held it together in those old happy times, and (though some of yours I think censured me) it is my habit, even amid this controversy, to believe implicitly all which the Church believes, though I do not know it, while of course I believe explicitly all which I know that she believes.

I did not mean to blame individual proselytism, only to regret that Manning and Ward speak of it as the only way. They, as you know, not only think organic reunion hopeless, but Manning even deprecates it, if it could be, as if we should only be a source of weakness to the Church.

The judgment given in the case of Martin *v.* Mackonochie, December 23, 1868, forbidding kneeling after the Consecration, and lights at the Holy Eucharist, caused several leading clergy, amongst others, the late Canon Ashwell, to seek Dr. Pusey's counsel. The late Rev. James Skinner appears to have consulted him as to placing lighted candles in such a position that they should *appear*, from the body of the church, to be on the altar, although not really upon it, for Dr. Pusey replied to him :—

I am in the position of a veteran who has been put aside. While the Ritualists were in their prosperity, many of them used to say 'the old Tractarians were good enough for their day; we are in advance of them; they belong to a past generation.' My

advice was never asked; had it been, and been followed, there never would have been this difficulty. Now, too, I would help them if I could; but how know I that they wish to be helped? They may tell me, It is no concern of yours, you have nothing to change; you cannot enter into our feelings or advise for us. . . .

What I fear about the plan which you propose, of having lighted candles near the altar, is that it will appear to people a petty evasion of the law.

The value, too, of the lights was not that A. or B. used them, but that the Church directed them to be used in a given meaning. . . . Again, is it not doing what the Church has never directed to be done?[1] And would it not then be an institution of a sacred symbol, at the will of an individual? And if you, or others, might construct one ceremony, others might institute others.

In another letter to Mr. Skinner, undated, but which must have been written about this time, he says:—

The feeling you speak of (of those who prefer the mention of the prayers of the whole Church visible and invisible to the specific mention of St. Mary) is one I had; but facts seem to testify that she has a power of intercession greater than other saints, and then one seemed to be holding back what might be a privilege to know, as well as a means of breaking down the wall between the two Churches. For if there is any doctrine as to St. Mary which should be acknowledged, then our not holding any, or the contrary, must be an injury to ourselves, and a barrier to union, like the extreme popular system among them. However, perhaps one ought not to speculate upon this, but only think of the devotional minds in our Church.

The letter to Dr. Newman, in reply to his strictures (published in 1866) on the 'Eirenicon,' at last appeared, in Lent, 1869, and was the 'Second Eirenicon.'[2]

[1] *I.e.* placing lights so as to appear to be on the altar.

[2] First Letter to the Very Rev. J. H. Newman, D.D., in Explanation Chiefly in Regard to the Reverential Love Due to the Ever-Blessed Theotokos, etc. Oxford, 1869.

It explained that he had written only of the teaching in popular books, as going far beyond what Rome required as *de fide*, and which would therefore need to be dealt with authoritatively before reunion was possible. Yet still Dr. Pusey hoped.

Shall not we, who hold together the same body of faith, who believe the same mysteries of the All-Holy Trinity, of the Incarnation of our Lord and God, of the operations of God the Holy Ghost in man's regeneration and restoration, the same Word of God, inspired by Him; the same offices of the ministry instituted by Him; the same authority given to the Church to bear witness to, uphold, maintain, transmit the same truth; the same Real Presence of our Lord's Body and Blood; the same atoning Sacrifice of the Cross; the same pleading of that one meritorious Sacrifice on earth, as He, our Great High Priest, evermore pleads it in heaven—shall we not seek to be at one in the rest too?[1]

He was much saddened by comments on this 'Second Eirenicon.'

If I were not already so pledged (he wrote to Newman, June 20, 1869) that it would be worse not, I should leave off writing or doing anything except my Commentary. All seems so hopeless.

(Undated) 1869.

I suppose that it is hopeless to disabuse your people about the Eirenicon. I suppose I ought never to have called it so. But, morally, there is a great difference between writing an Eirenicon with an *arrière pensée* of keeping people in the English Church, and writing a defence of the English Church with an afterthought of an Eirenicon. Lockhart, I think, is the only one (besides you) who saw what I meant. Manning had written a public letter to me, which was a root-and-branch attack on the English Church; the sharpest thing I have seen, setting us below the dissenting order. I was urged to answer it, and began my

[1] Eirenicon, ii. pp. 421, 422.

answer with no other idea than of writing the defence which I had been urged to write, and get back to my Commentary. . . . Whether Vol. III.—which is a real Eirenicon, at least whose simple and sole object is an Eirenicon, limping afterwards *pede claudo*—will make things better, time will show. I have lost heart about it.

Still Dr. Pusey never ceased to try and hearten up others. He went to see Lord Shaftesbury just about this time to urge upon him unity in contending for the faith (June, 1869), 'using,' one who was present writes,[1] 'these words, "Now, Shaftesbury, do not let us be like the Jews at the siege of Jerusalem, fighting with each other, while the enemy is at our gates." Lord Shaftesbury was quite alive to the gravity of the position; but, though he gave no definite reason, did not seem inclined for joint action—seemed quite despondent, and ended by saying, "I tell you what it is, Pusey, you and I are about the same age, and the sooner we shuffle off this mortal coil the better." "But we must fight to the last," was the brave reply.'

What a pity that people should waste time in judging one another (he wrote to Dr. Newman from Chale, July 19, 1869)! People compliment my abilities at the expense of my sincerity, which is alone of value. I never had organizing talent, and am very thankful for not having any talent which I have not. I never was in any sense a party leader; people used my name, but I never had any influence with them, else in many ways things would not be, or have been, as they are or were.

September 19, 1869.

What I have found from foreign ecclesiastics has been a most profound ignorance of the Church of England, and very

[1] Rev. J. L. Fish.

great interest, when they came to hear that such and such truths which the continental Protestants repudiate are contained in our formularies, . . . but I know what I should find at Rome, great individual kindness, of which I am unworthy, and aggravated belief of my personal influence; great interest in the progress of truth, and conviction of the duty of individual submission.

M. de Buck, a Jesuit priest, who had favourably reviewed the 'First Eirenicon,' was, by Mgr. Dupanloup's express desire, in frequent correspondence with Bishop Forbes, urging him strongly to come to Rome for the Council, with Dr. Pusey as his 'Theologian,' and writing with most sanguine hopes of the result as bearing on reunion. All that he wrote to the Bishop of Brechin was submitted to Dr. Pusey. He could not share in M. de Buck's hopes of success from measures proposed by him, 'kind, earnest, and truthful,' though he thought him to be. But he perceived that, 'like most Roman Catholics, he looks upon individuals only, and what may facilitate their reunion with the Church.' Dr. Pusey was clear that, without a formal invitation, no Anglican bishop ought to attend the Council. He could not, he wrote to the Rev. Dr. Littledale, from Chale, in July, 1869, see in de Buck's letters 'any indication that they would acknowledge our Orders.' 'I expect nothing,' he added, 'under the present Pope,' and he entirely put away any suggestions, even from Dr. Newman, that he should go to Rome during the Council. 'I trust,' he wrote to him, September 17, 1869, 'that I shall be, please God, of more use in finishing my "Eirenicon," Part III., which I am doing as much as I can in the language of Bossuet.' It was completed in November.

I wish (he said, in the opening part) to be understood as speaking in the name of no one but my single self. I have consulted no one. The one whom I ever consulted, with whom I was ever one, who was deeply interested in whatever might promote healthful reunion, to whom, in his last days, the hope was a subject of joy, can now only pray for it, but, perhaps, does more for us there. I write, then, in the name of no party. But I do write in the full confidence that I express the feelings of thousands upon thousands of English hearts, both here and in the United States, when I say that if, not individual but accredited, Roman authority could say, 'Reunion would involve your professing your belief in this and that and that, but it would not involve your receiving such and such opinions, or practices, or devotions, or matters of discipline,' I believe that the middle wall of partition, which has existed so long in, as we believe, the one fold of Christendom, would be effectually shattered. . . . We are children of common fathers, of those who, after having shone with the light of God within them upon earth, and set on a candlestick which shall never be hid—the clear light of inherited faith—now shine like stars in the kingdom of their Father. Sons of the same fathers, we must in time come to understand each other's language.[1]

All through this year he spared neither time nor labour in correspondence (besides writing and publishing his 'Third Eirenicon') which might in any way tell upon the subject of reunion at the approaching Vatican Council, although, to his mind, the chances of any favourable results during his life had become of the faintest. But, as his biographer has truly and beautifully said, the history of these years of patient labour

exhibits a picture of no ordinary grandeur—a noble soul daring to believe, amidst the din of jarring controversy, that God is able to fulfil His own ideal, spreading the contagion of his faith to

[1] Eirenicon, iii. pp. 39, 40.

others, and toiling on through calumny and misrepresentation in his efforts to bring low the mountains that bar the way of the Lord.[1]

He expressed exactly the attitude of his own mind at this time, and that of his chief friends, in a letter written from Christ Church by Bishop Forbes, in reply to a renewed invitation, in December, 1869, through de Buck, from Cardinal Bilio to the Bishop and to Dr. Pusey, with the promise that Cardinal de Lucca, the first President of the Council, would arrange 'for their worthy reception at Rome.'[2]

Deploring, then, the existence of the schism, they yet accept their isolated position: they have inherited, not made it, having regard to the fact that they are where the providence of God has placed them, and where their circumstances are such that they would feel treasonable to God if they did not recognize that His Spirit was working.

To Dr. Newman he wrote :—

I have satisfied myself of the practicability of an union on the basis of the Council of Trent *explained*, and so my business is more at home. I should have liked exceedingly to have seen some of the German bishops; but I have no less than five things all but finished, and I can't finish one of them, so I hope to write quietly this long vacation.

Your most affectionate,
E. B. P.

The seventieth year of Dr. Pusey's life on earth saw the Vatican Council assembled, of which the issue was to blast his dearest hopes.

[1] Life, iv. p. 194.

[2] See Life, iv. p. 187. For a fuller account of negotiations with M. de Buck see ibid. iv. ch. vi.

The hard line seems to prevail (he wrote to Newman, May 21). Manning seems to me to use his experiences in our controversies to direct the anathemas skilfully against us. I see that there is an anathema proposed against those who do not hold that St. Peter had jurisdiction over the other apostles. . . . What a multiplication of minute anathemas. I can only turn away, sick at heart, and say, 'Though they curse, yet bless thou.' . . . I fear that these decisions will be a great strain on men's faith. Antichrist must come, and everything which tries faith must prepare for his coming. Then those who believe must be driven together; whereas this Council seems to be framed to repel all whom it does not scare.

Upon this recognition of the work of the Holy Ghost in the English communion Dr. Pusey was chiefly wont to dwell, as making it wrong, amidst difficulties which none felt more strongly than himself, to depart from that communion. The writer can never forget a sudden and wonderful irradiation of his countenance on hearing of a more than ordinary circumstance, betokening the Divine Presence in the Holy Eucharist. It was, for a moment, as though clouds had parted, and rays of unearthly light shone upon his face, and were reflected from it.

He sent his 'Third Eirenicon' to Mgr. Dupanloup and to Bishop Clifford (of Clifton) during the Council, but neither copy was allowed to reach its destination.

During the Commemoration week of 1870, on June 23, 'the eve of good St. John,' Keble College was opened.

Dr. Pusey received, the day before, a token of affection which deeply gratified him, and removed a heavy burden. His lavish gifts to the Church and to the poor had left him far from rich, and he had not time to look properly into financial matters concerning his publications. Even in 1854 he had written to Mr. Keble that, as the Library of

the Fathers was selling well, he had thought there might be a balance against him of £300 or £400, 'which would be soon paid off. Now,' he added, '—— tells me that there is a debt of about £1800; and if this is not liquidated, still less can the original sum which I have borrowed; so that I have a debt of nearly £3000.'

His embarrassments with publishers became known to a few friends, and the result was that a letter was left at his door on the eve of the opening of Keble College, enclosing the bill to his publishers, receipted, together with a considerable sum remaining from offerings of friends, which he was asked to put into the offertory next morning at Keble chapel. It was so managed that he had no possible clue as to the sender of the letter, or those who had willingly offered, and no means of communicating with them, as it was to be a private offering. But it chanced that one was with him at the time, who, hearing his first words of gratitude, was able to tell those who had been foremost in the matter of the pleasure and great sense of relief which they had given him.

The temporary chapel was used for the first time for an early Celebration, at which Dr. Pusey was present as one of the congregation. His house was filled to overflowing with children, grandchildren, and friends; and, although very tired and exhausted, he was full of joy and brightness. In the afternoon there was an immense meeting, at which Lord Salisbury was present as Chancellor of the University, his train borne by two little pages, his sons. It was a notable gathering of Mr. Keble's old and dearest friends—Sir William Heathcote, Dr. Liddon, Mr. Copeland, Mr. Wilson of Rownhams, being a few out of the long list of

those, honoured and beloved, who have now passed to higher service. The chief interest of the meeting was a great speech by Dr. Pusey, during which he more than once nearly broke down, and in which he made graceful mention of what he joyfully hoped from the influence both of the first Warden, the Rev. Edward Talbot,[1] and of his then betrothed wife.

Dr. Pusey left Oxford for Buxton late on the day of the opening of Keble College.

I arrived here in good time last night (he wrote next day to his son), but more tired than I thought. I had slept so little for some time. The air here is beautiful. I have been out for some time in it to-day. . . . I hope that yesterday was in many ways a great day, and will leave its impress. It was good and courageous in Lord Salisbury to take a part in it.

June 26.

I think of staying here a little, as one can unite here abundance of air with absence of fatigue more easily than at most places. My eyes are better again, so that I have worked a little at the Preface to Habakkuk. . . . Two long drives to the moors in which Buxton lies embedded have done me a great deal of good.

June 27.

Eyes and all are better for the rest and air. I am quite well.

God bless your going out and coming in.

Your very loving father,

E. B. P.

The Long Vacation was mostly spent at Ascot Hermitage, working at the Commentary on the Minor Prophets.

[1] Now Bishop of Rochester.

'It is very difficult to me to get on,' he writes to his son. 'At Oxford, I have no time. Away, it is impossible to foresee what books I may want.'

His almost daily letters to Philip Pusey, as long as the latter was at Christ Church, are filled with manifold inquiries as to books, MSS., and quotations, as well as directions about every conceivable matter. These notes, from 1860 to 1880, generally short, reveal the enormous amount of help rendered to him by Philip, whose life was spent in absolute and self-sacrificing devotion to his father. 'Will you get up for me, if you do not know it, the physical condition of Egypt? It is for Joel iii. 19,' is one request (with a long list of books to be consulted), amongst perhaps fifty or more this summer, which must have involved no little patient research. 'What place is *Portiniacum?* It must be in the north of France, in Normandy,' is one of the questions amongst the easiest sent. 'It was where St. Thomas of Canterbury retired to.' The labour and time which Philip Pusey saved his father is incalculable, if it were only through the least part of his work, that of trying to keep some sort of order in the papers covering every piece of furniture in the large study at Christ Church. 'Thanks for your tidying work; it will save a good deal of brain,' he wrote a few days after arriving at Buxton. Yet all was done by his son in the midst of earnest work of his own; and this year he went abroad in July for about six weeks to collate manuscripts in foreign libraries, with a view to his edition of St. Cyril. 'Once more God prosper your journey,' his father wrote (June 29, 1870). 'Your work will be of use, as long as St. Cyril is read, and more when you are removed than in your time.'

No one else would have attempted in his condition the long journeys alone which he made in order to collate manuscripts. In Russia, in Greece, in various other parts of Europe, he found his way to remote convents as well as to famous libraries. Crippled, deaf, in constant suffering, he never took a servant with him, or feared to encounter alone all which was a real peril to one in his condition. His father wrote to him, when he was setting out on one of these expeditions (in August, 1878), 'Your angel will accompany you, so I do not fear.'

Dr. Pusey spent his seventieth birthday, August 22, at Ascot Hermitage. There, just before it, he heard of the decree as to Papal Infallibility, pronounced on July 18, 1870, at the Vatican, which crushed any remaining hope as to reunion in the near future.

I knew that your love would remember the 22nd (he wrote to Dr. Newman, August 26), the entrance, probably, of my last decennium. Before the Council, I wondered whether I might not live to see the union of the Churches; you will have seen and mourned how that has already repelled minds. The last 'Eirenicon' has sunk unnoticed to its grave; the first, as you know, was popular; both against my expectations.

Just when this blow came from Rome, Dr. Phillimore's judgment was given in the Court of Arches, July 23, 1870, in the suit of the Church Association against the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett's statements as to the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist in a published letter to Dr. Pusey.[1] The judgment affirmed that they 'did not exceed the liberty allowed by the formularies, and the language used by a long roll of illustrious divines who have adorned the English

[1] A Plea for Toleration in the Church of England.

Universities;' and that to teach that our Lord's Presence in the Sacrament was 'objective, real, actual, and spiritual' was allowed by the English Church.[1] The case was not finally ended for nearly two years, when (June, 1872) the Final Court of Appeal, to which it had been carried, confirmed the decision of the Court of Arches.

The decision was of the greater moment to Dr. Pusey, because, as he wrote to Mr. Gladstone in 1868, when the suit began—

> Except two careless expressions, which Bennett retracted at my wish, he is indicted simply for approval of language of mine, which he states to be mine in the places in which he expresses that approval. If, then, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council should condemn Bennett, then I am already condemned, for they are my *ipsissima verba* for which he would be condemned. And since the Supreme Court of Appeal never reverses its decisions, I could obtain no subsequent hearing.

It was therefore especially trying that the acknowledgment of doctrine which he held dearest should be imperilled through a letter to him containing statements which he 'disowned, and induced Mr. Bennett to amend.'[2] He tried in vain to persuade the Church Association to prosecute himself instead of Mr. Bennett, who added greatly to his anxieties by refusing to defend himself, or allow others to do so.

Four appointments in Oxford about this time were a source of joy and of great help to Dr. Pusey, who could no longer feel that he stood alone at Christ Church. Dr. Bright's appointment (January, 1869) to be Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History made him a Canon of Christ

[1] Life, iv. ch. viii. p. 218. [2] Ibid. p. 217.

Church; Dr. Liddon was elected (June 11, 1896) to the Ireland Professorship of Exegesis in the University; and, in 1870, Mr. Gladstone chose for the Regius Professorship of Divinity, Mr. J. B. Mozley (who, as a young man, had so long lived with the Puseys), and for the Chair of Pastoral Theology the Rev. Edward King, Principal for ten years of Cuddesdon Theological College.[1] That he and Dr. Bright should be Canons of Christ Church was a chief blessing and stay to Dr. Pusey during the remainder of his earthly life.

His notes make frequent mention of the Franco-Prussian war, and he was anxious about his son, lest he should be detained in Paris. 'The war seems to me more horrible than any war between so-called Christian nations I know of,' he wrote in September, 'a war of assassination. Alas, for our boasted civilization.' Yet, notwithstanding the blow from the Vatican, and the beginning of the Athanasian Creed trouble, he made mention of this summer as 'very peaceful' at Ascot. 'It has been beautiful weather lately, and I enjoy it much.' He looked well, and bright, and happy; and he was cheered by hearing that the provision for the Vicar of St. Saviour's, Leeds, would be raised to £300 per annum, 'the Commissioners,' he said, 'construing as public patronage trustees who have no power of selling, so there will be no further anxiety about its ultimate endowment.'

[1] Now Bishop of Lincoln.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XXIV.

DR. PUSEY'S SPEECH AT THE OPENING OF KEBLE COLLEGE.

The Rev. Dr. Pusey, being called on by the Chancellor, was received with great cheering. He said: 'Once more we may take in our mouths what has been our watchword for more than thirty-five years, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." This is a characteristic of every work of the Church—a characteristic of every work done for God, that little seems to be done and great are the results. A few seeds are scattered and rise up armed men—armed not with the weakness of this world, but with the strength of God. Trample the seed underfoot, and it takes root deeper; let the frost and wind nip it, and it brings forth more healthful fruit; prune it, and it gains strength and vigour from the steel. If we could look back less than five years, there you might see one whose characteristic it was to hold that it was impossible to think too lowly of himself, holding familiar conversation with two others in the grounds of Hursley Park,[1] and discussing what had been a favourite plan of twenty years, but which had been more than once frustrated, and had then been revived by one whom to know was to love—Dr. Shirley. Could any one then, with a prophet's eye, have seen what has passed in those five years, we should have seen two mournful processions—of one whom we lost in the prime of youth, of intellect, and of vigour, who, while he was here, was the life and soul of the plan which is now so far completed, and we should have also seen that other, to most of us, most mournful procession of one who had completed his threescore years and ten, and yet seemed to be taken from us too early. If then we could have seen this building

[1] See p. 416.

—through our poverty, perhaps, more characteristic of him whose name it bears—capable of receiving a hundred real students, to follow in his steps as he followed those of his Lord, and space for one hundred and fifty more; if we could have seen then the temporary chapel of this building, and its altar consecrated to Eucharistic service by him who is the representative of the Primate of All England; and then this later procession, in which our most noble Chancellor has vouchsafed to take part, hallowing this building as psalms and prayers can hallow it to the service of Almighty God—then, no doubt, we should have said, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes," to Whom be the thanks and praise. I know that there are anxious hearts here who ask this—"Is there indeed no cloud hanging over Keble College? Is it as bright as that sky above us? Will not that dark mass, which some of us think is brooding over the other colleges of Oxford, reach Keble College and burst over it?" It was asked of late in the House of Commons, "What of Keble College?" The answer was, "Its promoters have done what they did with their eyes open." Quite true. It was offered to us by a friendly member of the House of Commons whether he should attempt to introduce any clause providing exemption for Keble College as being a foundation now coming into existence. The Council deliberately answered, "None!" and the ground of this reply was that our protection and our strength lie in our charter, secured by the sign manual and word of the Sovereign, and as long as that charter remains, Keble College needs no test: and the ground of this is that the colleges around us change. During a memory of fifty years, whilst residing in Oxford, I have witnessed these changes two or three times. They arise in this way: That the members of those colleges are elected at a very early age—that we develop afterwards in our different directions, and the characters of the college take the shape and character of those developed members. The charter of Keble College has been shaped like one which has received the support of the highest dignitaries of Church and State—King's College in London; and by that it is provided that the successive Wardens shall be appointed by the Council, and that the Council shall perpetuate

itself. In addition to that, the Council consists of men of mature —even an advanced age, when people do not change. So long as that Council is faithful to the principles upon which the college is founded, we want nothing but what the plighted word of our Sovereign gives us—the freedom of choice. We needed no test in choosing this our first Warden, who has just addressed you. We knew what he was. We knew him to be chivalrous, devoted, enthusiastic, and gifted with high talents, and great power of organization. We knew that he possessed that power so rare amongst us Englishmen, of throwing our minds into the minds of others, and guiding them out of themselves. We knew he was devout to his Lord and loyal to the faith. What additional advantage could subscription give us when we knew that the faith was written in his heart? So, then, as to those who nobly allowed themselves to be associated in this work, we knew that men who had received the highest stamp of University honours, and were willing to give themselves heart and soul to this new, untried, and as yet undistinguished college—we knew that they were equally loyal with himself, and they needed no test. As long as the University of Oxford and Keble College itself shall furnish such members, we need nothing but what has been already plighted to us—the freedom to choose them. You do not want tests to ascertain the value and the beauty of pearls and emeralds and carbuncles. Their purity and their fire and their lustre mark what they are. With such jewels Keble College has been arrayed; with such jewels I hope she will be arrayed until the end. Since, then, not walls but men are the strength of a college, as of a State, we have, I think, every promise that this college shall soon take its place among the very first of the University. What parents desire is that their promising sons should come where their intellects may be developed—where all their powers shall be trained and brought out. When, then, we have such promise of men who are not only thus distinguished with the highest University honours, but have pledged themselves to give themselves wholly to this work, I trust the country will send those here who will be enabled to serve God hereafter in high and responsible office: for besides a simplicity of life here, there will be a religious

tone; and I trust that the name which the college bears will be a talisman to it, and that they themselves will walk in his steps who, from his early youth unto hoar hairs, lived faithful to his God. One more subject. I own it was my own idea that the head of this college should live wholly among its members—in truth, to speak plainly, in the life of a celibate; but when I knew whom he had chosen—or who had chosen him—I felt there was an additional ground of congratulation that one as chivalrous and devoted as himself would use her influence also, and I felt it more deeply because it can hardly be expressed in words—the influence over young and enthusiastic minds of a Christian lady.'

In a letter to the *Times* Dr. Pusey wrote, 'During the heated controversy after the publication of Tract 90 . . . I was in the quondam stable at Littlemore, which Newman had turned into a recreation room. One came in and said, "A book has been burnt as the *fons et origo mali*. What was it?" Quick as lightning Newman answered, "The 'Christian Year,' I suppose." He was right. The "Christian Year" in 1827 (soft and low as its cadence was) was the first note of that trumpet-blast which was prolonged with no uncertain sound, and had, far and wide, won people to the full faith before a Tract was written.'

CHAPTER XXV.

BATTLE FOR THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

1871—1877.

He drew from men, by the silent force of his character, a kind of sanction to their being rebuked by him. . . . He was deaf to the call of mere fashion or faction; impervious to the attraction of a bought-with-a-price popularity; resolute in what he conceived to be his duty. To know him was to be able to predict the path he would take.—*R. H. Hutton: A Monograph.*

EARLY in 1871 Mrs. Brine, who was with her father at Christ Church, wrote:—

He is not able to work in the same consecutive way he used to, but seems to get tired very soon; and he appeared so glad of all the little breaks of my being in the house. We used to start off for a turn in the Ch. Ch. meadows, or a country walk at all odd times, just when his head was tired, and he felt he could not work any more.

Part of Lent, and the Easter Vacation of 1871, he spent in London, where he had taken rooms. In the summer he went, after a short stay at Ascot, to New Quay, Cornwall, and wrote from thence to his son:—

I have been busy this morning about the 'crowns' in Zechariah vi. 11. It is very peaceful work. . . . It is a beautiful day, and this evening I hope to be on the old headland again. . . . I

am much distressed at Mansel's death. It is a very sad loss. I never thought to have survived him.

Philip Pusey joined him at New Quay, and at Perranforth, near Truro, where he went early in August.

The last month of the Long Vacation he spent at Penzance, 6, Alexander Place, 'a very healthy spot,' whence he wrote (September 19) to Philip, who had returned to Oxford, in much care about Dr. Jelf, then seriously ill. Before Dr. Pusey's return home, on October 13, his oldest friend had passed to his rest.

Kindest thanks for your loving letter (he wrote to Newman, Penzance, September 22). It is indeed a great trial. Next January would have completed sixty years since we went to Eton, and were placed within two of each other. After a year we came to be next to each other by his getting a place. It is happy now to think that in those early years I never knew of a fault of his, even the very slightest untruth, nor any deviation from duty. It was always the same single life of duty. . . . God's warnings were truer than our thoughts. He had some feeling a week before that his illness was grave. So this too was the love of God.

I little thought to have survived him. When I last saw him, his step was as quick and active as ever. I little thought that the last grasp of the hand would be the last. God has indeed been removing one by one the friends whom one never thought to survive, as Mansel.

He himself was seriously ill very early in 1872, and his daughter could not be with him, as she was watching by the death-bed of her little boy Edward, whose face was strikingly like his grandfather's. Writing of his illness before she knew that it was for death, she says, 'The sorest part of all to me has been my father's severe illness, and the impossibility it has been to me to go to him.'

The end of a note from his son to Dr. Newman

(March 11), reporting his father as 'almost convalescent,' must be given.

. . . One of my little friends here can say the old words, 'Two brothers freely cast their lot With David's Royal Son,' and he is learning now, 'Faint not and fret not for threatened woe,' and soon I hope he will learn the last of those in the 'Dream of Gerontius,' 'Praise to the Holiest in the height.' You know that many of the smaller pieces in the 'Dream of Gerontius' have been a very great soothing kind of enjoyment to me, and that particular one, 'O wisest Love that flesh and blood,' is one that I have been thankful for its having so much of truth and dogma condensed into so little space.

One of the sweetest consolations of that stricken life was his love for children, and the love with which he inspired them. 'I asked Palemo,'[1] his father says, in a note to Philip, 'if she had any message to you, and she said, "Yes; tell him that I love him."'

Dr. Bright reported to Dr. Newman, on March 13:—

What I am most anxious about is the degree of exhaustion and weariness which this attack has left behind. 'If,' said his son to me, 'he were to talk to you about the question of the Athanasian Creed, it might cost him two sleepless nights.' He therefore keeps himself as much as possible out of the reach of letters, and, as I have said, nobody has for some time been admitted to his room, save those who are in the house, and Dr. Acland.

By the middle of May, however, he was himself again, for Dr. Bright wrote to Dr. Newman, on Whitsunday, May 19, that—

Dr. Pusey got through his sermon much better than I—or, I

[1] A little Hawaiian girl, who was often with Dr. Pusey, and to whom he was much attached. He used to lead her pony about in the Isle of Wight. He tried in vain to teach her to read.

believe, he—had expected. His voice did not seem at all weakened by his late illness; and when I saw him afterwards, he seemed vigorous and cheerful. Mrs. Brine is now with him.

The following note from Dr. Pusey himself concerning Dr. Newman's sermons is marked by the latter, 'Spring, 1871.' He appears to have sent his publisher's account to Dr. Pusey.

. . . Certainly he ought to be satisfied; for besides the profit by the sale in the United States and the Colonies, I find that while you have had about £1000, the —— have £6500 to cover their expenses and for their share. I am sure you have not remarked their calculation that above 26,000 *volumes* of the reprint of your sermon must have sold, besides those sold abroad. A good amount of 'seed-corn!' May God bless the harvest. . . . I have tried again to set Copeland writing the history of the movement; but this time I have begged him to try his hand on any portion he likes, without looking at the whole. Which do you think he could write best? It would be such a pity that his knowledge of the history should be lost.

Dr. Pusey has returned to Oxford for the rest of the term (Dr. Liddon wrote to Newman about May). He is still unable to use his finger, although he writes a very odd character with the left hand. . . . He is quite in his usual spirits, but looks more pulled down than after his illness in the winter. At present Mrs. Brine and her children are with him, and so is his brother, Mr. William Pusey. . . . For the present the controversy about the Creed has ceased. But I fear that, after all that has passed, a renewal of the struggle at no distant time is quite inevitable.

The strain of anxiety about the Athanasian Creed tried Dr. Pusey's health severely during the whole of 1872, and his son seems to have been away from home for some time before the Long Vacation, but he had, happily, the help and companionship of his devoted daughter. A letter

from her, written in May, or early in June, 1872, gives an amusing peep into the study at Christ Church.

I cannot tell you what the work of the last few days has been. I have been almost distracted by all the Chaldaic and Jewish quotations in the notes to the sermons, and have had to exercise all my wits to keep up to the mark in any way. Just as I was congratulating myself that the sermon and all the Bodleian work was over, to my consternation I am called upon to write out all the Hebrew papers for the Hebrew Scholarships about to be given. As I do not know a single Hebrew letter, I am reduced to copy them as one would a drawing. The only advantage of it is that there is a ludicrous side to it all, spite of the heart-beatings the wretched hieroglyphics cost me, and dear papa and I have many a good laugh over my extraordinary productions. We sat up till nearly twelve o'clock last night; I thinking it all a very serious matter, and papa sitting and laughing at me. . . . As for the Engelberg, Dr. Acland thinks papa extremely clever to have found out the very place which, for climate, air, and absence of tourists, etc., would so exactly suit him. . . . I have proposed that we should transfer our chairs and table into the garden, and work there to-day, so that at least the servants may be able with truth to say that papa is out.

I hope my precious father (she writes a few days later, when obliged to leave him) will be taken care of and nursed. He needs all the thought and care possible, for he seems to me and to others to be a good deal aged by these last illnesses.

The publication, in July, 1870, of the fourth report of the Ritual Commission was the beginning of a battle which lasted for nearly three years, and of which the fortunes were turned by Dr. Pusey. The Commission had proposed an explanatory note to the Athanasian Creed: 'That the condemnations in this Confession of Faith are to be no otherwise understood than as a solemn warning

of the peril of those who wilfully reject the Catholic Faith.'

The discussion upon this note, which would have been satisfactory to Dr. Pusey, gave occasion to Archbishop Tait to bring forward and strongly press his own plan, that the Creed should no longer be used in the offices of the Church.

Dr. Pusey thought it best that the consequences of such an act should be known beforehand; and after the long discussions in Convocation upon the subject in 1871, he wrote to Bishop Wilberforce, October 19, 1871:—

> I have fought the battle of the Faith for more than half my life. I have tried to rally people to the Church when other hearts failed. But if the Athanasian Creed is touched, I see nothing to be done but to give up my canonry, and abandon my fight for the Church of England. It would not be the same Church for which I have fought hitherto. I should not doubt myself that Liddon would do the same.

On October 25 he wrote to the Bishop that he had not known when he last wrote to him 'that Dr. Liddon had publicly stated that he should resign his office of teaching if the Athanasian Creed were tampered with. It is not for me,' he added, 'to estimate what effects our joint resignation might produce. Liddon's influence here with the young men is only equalled by that which Newman had in his most influential days.'

For the time Archbishop Tait, at the Lambeth meeting of the bishops (December, 1871), gave way, probably influenced also by an important note sent to the bishops, at their request, by the six Divinity professors at Oxford, Drs. Mozley, Pusey, Ogilvie, Heurtley, Bright, and Liddon.

The strife, however, was renewed by a letter in the *Times* (December 23, 1871) from 'Anglicanus,' a *nom de plume* which scarcely veiled the ablest and most vehement opponent of the Creed. Dr. Liddon recognized that a second combat had begun, and wrote to Archbishop Tait, whose sympathies were all with 'Anglicanus,' that if the Creed were disused or mutilated, he would give up any office or ministry in the English Church. Dr. Pusey sent a petition, from himself only, to Convocation (in April, 1872), in which he condemned the arguments of 'Anglicanus,' and stated :—

> That a Church which should withdraw from the public worship, or mutilate the Athanasian Creed, would, in the conviction of many thousands of its members, no longer be the same Church as that in which we were baptized, and which at our ordination we vowed to serve.

To the Bishop of Winchester, writing (July 27, 1872) of the renewed agitation for altering the Creed, he says :—

> I have looked on only to the first steps, viz. that, as my defence of the Church of England, that she is a teacher of truth through her formularies, would be cut away, I must abandon my defence of her, and with it my position in her. . . . Whither I should turn, if she should abandon me, I know not. But to remain in 'lay communion' seems to me an absurdity. It would not be my own Orders, but her character, as having abandoned the trust committed to her, which would be brought into question.

The whole course of the struggle has been recorded in three biographies: of Bishop Wilberforce, Archbishop Tait, and Dr. Pusey. Throughout, amid the vacillations even of his friends, the latter stood immovable at his

post, unchanging in his conviction that withdrawal from the public Church offices, or alteration of the Creed would, as he wrote to the *Times* (August 10, 1872), 'constitute a new Church of England; our vows and duty remain to the old.'

He was ably seconded not only by Dr. Liddon, but by Bishop Wilberforce; and Archbishop Tait was forced for a second time to give way. It would be out of place in this memoir to follow the fluctuations of the struggle, which was not finally ended until May 10, 1873, when it was decided by Convocation to retain the Creed in use, and unaltered.

In June, 1872, Dr. Pusey went abroad, staying first at Calais for sea air. He says in a letter written from thence (July 8, 1872) to Bishop Wilberforce, 'I am come abroad, for, if God wills, the recovery of health, but *post equitum sedet atra cura*.'

He had hurt the forefinger of his right hand, a serious impediment to his great work of writing; and, being uneasy at increased pain, returned to England for a day to see Sir James Paget, who made him stay for a night at his house.

He said (Dr. Pusey wrote to Philip, July 29, on returning to Calais) that I might write with my second finger; that there was nothing the matter with the brain . . . so now I think no more about my finger. . . . He was excessively kind. I spent the evening in his family, read prayers, and breakfasted as if I had been one of them. We are going on by short journeys to Tournay, Brussels, Namur, Liège, Verviers, Aix-la-Chapelle, where we hope to be next Saturday.

Dr. Pusey always spoke gratefully of that little visit to

Sir James Paget and his family, and of music in the evening which gave him pleasure.

He gave up attempting the Swiss highlands, as he wrote to his son that Sir James Paget did not think 'so much of air' in his case, 'as of good food,' and that he thought of going 'to Cologne, and then slowly up the Rhine.' By August 15 he was at Lucerne, and rejoices at having been joined by a friend.

Mr. ——'s *Times* has not yet come (he adds), so I do not know whether my letter has gone in. It is a decisive [one], though I have written in generals only.[1] It is a pitched battle. I should think the Archbishop would be sorry that he ever stirred the question. The air here is beautiful, as well as the scenery.

A few extracts from letters to his son will give the story of his little tour :—

WORMS, August 13.

We are arrived thus far, and, thank God, without misadventure. We had two pleasant days on the Rhine from Cologne to Maintz, the fog prevented our going farther by water. To-day we are to get to Strasburg, please God, to-morrow (all well) to Basle, on Wednesday to Luzerne, where letters had better come.

My finger was going on so well, but has got inflamed again by writing a letter to the *Times* on the Athanasian Creed on Saturday. I suppose it cannot be in before Tuesday, August 13.

Undated.

I am still on the Lake of Lucerne in beautiful weather. I walked up as much of the Righi as remains after the railway up it ends, and was not tired. Another day I walked some six

[1] The letter on the Athanasian Creed is dated Mayence, August 10. It is given in the Life, iv. pp. 247–249.

miles. So God continues my strength, thanks be to Him. . . . We cannot get into the specially bracing places (they are so full), so I am going to Reichenhall, near Salzburg. On the 28th I hope to be at Munich, and to see Döllinger.

ZURICH, August 24.

Some extra fatigue on the journey caused us to halt here for a day, so we shall be here for Sunday too. I do not know whether the *Times* will insert a second letter. The first seems to have startled people into thinking that we are in earnest, which was what I wanted.

MUNICH, September 2.

I arrived here to-day. . . . As Döllinger is not here I am going on to-morrow, and expect to be at Reichenhall on Wednesday to stay.

REICHENHALL, September 8.

This place is as beautiful as they say, in the centre of a lofty basin, enclosed by beautiful (not snow) mountains. The heat is great, but the air very fresh. There is a large construction in which water from salt springs is brought to the top of an enormous pile of firs. This was found very good for bronchitis and weakness of chest. So people come here. I enjoy the place much; I have been sitting and inhaling from the firs. . . . I have declined going to the Cologne Congress of the Old Catholics. . . . It would give zest to the evangelical attack on the Athanasian Creed if they thought it would be a blow to the Tractarians. They have given me 'hatred for my goodwill.' . . . The *Record* was very fierce. . . . I do not think that the Archbishop will wish to push things to the utmost.

September 13.

I have been here just a week; a beautiful place it is, in itself and in its environs. . . . I think of beginning to lecture on Saturday, October 19.

September 21.

The weather up to to-day is summer here; but the rains must bring autumn. . . . Things look very black. People seem ready to sacrifice the Athanasian Creed, out of a sort of despair that it *must* go; and if the Church does this, I know not how to retain my canonry. So this time next year, perhaps, we may be homeless. However, I should hope that the Archbishop may not press things to extremities. I have not a thought beyond this of resigning my office. If the State only interfered, and not the Church, it would not distress either me or Liddon.

Since writing the above, a warm summer has turned into winter; the snow is on the mountains on both sides the house, so on Monday we set off (weather permitting) for Italy. We hope to reach Verona by September 28, Genoa by October 5. I hope, as before, to reach Oxford early on St. Luke's.

MILAN, October 8, Tuesday.

The journey here has been very slow. . . . I shall, if possible, leave for Vercelli on Saturday afternoon, and get to Turin on Monday. . . . I may get to Oxford on Thursday evening.

He probably arrived at Oxford on October 10 (or 11), as he hoped, for a letter to Archbishop Tait is dated the 12th. To Dr. Newman he wrote, November 23, 1872:—

I had just heard of your sister's[1] bereavement when your kind note came. How fast the leaves are dropping! We seem to stand on the shore, while most of our contemporaries have passed the stream. I have written to your sister at Derby, but only One can speak to the heart who made it.

The saddest thing about this conflict as to the Athanasian Creed, is how people go wrong of whom one had always hoped

[1] Mrs. John Mozley, *née* Jemima Newman. 'You know that my sister has lost her husband,' Dr. Newman wrote to Dr. Pusey, November 10, 1872. 'Since such separations must come, little ground for murmuring can be found when a marriage has lasted for thirty-six years in great peace and love.'

better things. . . . Meanwhile, while we can admit no implied slur on the Creed, we are still trying to satisfy people by some explanatory note. Will you look at the enclosed, which Liddon and I have framed, and send it, or make another? For you were always happy at such statements.

November 28.

You will see, please God, on Wednesday, that we have adopted one of your pencil alternatives. . . . The meeting yesterday, for which I went to London, looked hopefully. I have seen so little of Church of late, and he is so modest and reserved that I was happy to find him so defined and outspoken.

Dr. Pusey did not long remain at home, having determined to spend the winter abroad. On November 30 he preached his great University sermon, 'The Responsibility of the Intellect in Matters of Faith,' and about December 10, 1872, left England for Genoa. This expedition all but cost his life; he would probably have been far better in his warm rooms at Christ Church. Genoa was a bad choice as to climate, and his lodgings were in an exposed situation on the walls of the city. Before long he was so dangerously ill from bronchitis that, on January 21, Dr. Acland was asked, by telegraph, to come at once, and it was not until January 27, 1873, that he could telegraph to a meeting of the Hebdomadal Council at Oxford, 'Dr. Pusey is out of danger.' On that day he dictated, in a whisper, to his son, who was with him, a letter to Dr. Liddon, to be read at a great meeting in defence of the Creed, held in St. James's Hall, on January 31, 1873.

Throughout the whole evening (Dr. Pusey's biographer writes) the greatest enthusiasm had prevailed. But when Liddon rose to speak, and again when he mentioned Pusey's name, a tumult of

applause followed which will never be forgotten by any who witnessed it. The whole vast assemblage rose to their feet to do them honour, and renewed their cheers again and again.[1]

His recovery was very slow; but he was able to write to Dr. Newman by April :—

GENOA, Easter Tuesday [April 16], 1873.

MY DEAREST N.,—All Easter blessings. I knew that your love would follow me at all times and under all circumstances. God reward you for it.

By God's blessing and mercy I am able to work again, so I have completed (as far as I could here) the Commentary on Haggai, and (Zechariah being completed, all but the introduction) within eight verses of the close of Malachi. Now, being allowed to be in England early in May, I am leaving Genoa, though I feel doubtful whether my chest is strong enough to lecture yet. Still, God allows me to go on with the Commentary without hindrance. Thanks be to His mercy.

He could not be idle, but three years later he mentioned the need of revising his Commentary on Malachi, 'which I wrote, with few books, while obliged to linger on at Genoa.'

I was very glad to see your handwriting (Dr. Newman wrote to Oxford, June 23), though I had half a hope you were still abroad, for the month of May is not, except in the poets, a month of Zephyrs. I hope you have not suffered from it. Yes, I have had three heavy blows—Bellasis, H. Wilberforce, and Hope Scott. When I got home from H. W.'s funeral, I found a telegram with the tidings of Hope Scott's death. But such losses—and you have had the like in Ogilvie and Jelf—are the penalty of living long. When I used to read in the Bible that Daniel died in a good old age, I used to think so too, but now I say to myself

[1] Life, iv. p. 255.

he was only seventy. . . . I was very glad to find the question of the Athanasian Creed so satisfactorily settled, at least for the time. What an absurdity, or, in the vulgar tongue, an ass, poor —— has made of himself!

In April Dr. Pusey was able to move to Bordighera, and, early in May, was at Oxford for a short stay before going to Malvern for the Long Vacation of 1873. There he heard, to his great sorrow, of Bishop Wilberforce's sudden death, on July 19, little more than two months after the happy ending (May 10) of the attack on the Creed, which the Bishop had fought so hard and so successfully to defeat.

At Malvern he worked at his Commentary on the Minor Prophets.

You will wonder (he writes to his son, July 29) about my being taken up with the 'Fishgate' in Zephaniah i., but I want to publish in connection with it, the statement of the old wall, in proof of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre. Dr. Johnstone thinks me looking better for the Malvern air, which, he says, being dry, suits me.

The removal of the three years' strain on head and heart during his battle for the Creed probably contributed not a little to his restoration to health, but the ill-advised (as it seemed to Dr. Pusey) petition of 483 clergy to Convocation (on May 9, 1873), that duly qualified clergy might be licensed to hear confessions, was a worry during the summer, as it caused one of the popular attacks upon confession, led by Archbishop Tait. Dr. Pusey wrote of it (August 21) as 'a tremendous storm,' but added, '*Fortes, pejoraque passi.*' It was the harder on him, because, as in

the case of the attack on the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist through Mr. Bennett's prosecution, the storm arose through statements and measures which he would never have sanctioned had his advice been asked. He was in the position of a general of an army, of which certain divisions were constantly making movements on their own account, for which he was held responsible. And yet, for the sake of the battle and its issues, he could not cut himself off from these divisions, or cease to try and retrieve disasters caused to the main body. But, after all, the end of every storm and struggle was to win more hearts to understand and value the veteran leader, and to strengthen his position. 'We are to have a declaration about confession,' he wrote to his son (July 31). 'I have asked Carter to prepare it'; and, on August 14, 'Carter and I have framed some propositions on confession, which we hope will be useful. They are being printed.' He had been urged to make some declaration to guard the liberty given to the clergy by the Prayer-book, in view of the Bishops' Report, July 23, 1873, on the subject of Confession, and the result was a document, of which every word seems to have been weighed, and which did not appear until December 6, in the *Times*. The twenty-nine names appended to it included all of most weight amongst High Churchmen.[1]

Notwithstanding worries, Dr. Pusey was regaining strength, but his chest was still very weak. Still he was able to write to Dr. Newman from Sidmouth House,

[1] This important declaration is given in full in the Life, iv. pp. 266–270. Amongst those who signed it were Canon Ashwell, Rev. C. C. Bartholomew, Rev. R. M. Benson, Dean Butler, Archdeacons Churton and Denison, Dr. King, Rev. Hon. R. Liddell, Dr. Liddon, Canon MacColl, Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, Rev. G. Cosby White.

Malvern, on August 7, 'You will, in your love, be glad to hear that I am well able to go on with my Commentary. That on Habakkuk is in type.' To his son he wrote:—

I do not know how it will be about preaching. Acland thinks I shall be able to preach in October term.

August 14, 1873.

I strained my voice the other day by calling loud to a driver, and am now reduced to silence, as at Genoa. . . . Dr. Johnstone says that after that great illness of my chest, I must be as careful about using it as about a broken bone. But he, too, thinks I shall preach in time. . . .

I walked up Malvern hill, with frequent pauses for breath. But I don't tell the people of it, because they would take it for granted that all is right, and I have to keep from talking.

After his return to Christ Church, in the autumn of 1873, he wrote to Dr. Newman that he was restored to his usual state of health, 'less elastic than I was, more liable to cold, but, with care, in good strength to do, as I hope, quiet work for Him.' And he added, 'Dear Woodgate is less strong. . . . His daughter writes, "He says he is dying slowly, and that he hopes that 'I' shall be with him when he is dying," which of course I shall, if it is not too sudden.'

Writing to his friend on Christmas Eve, 1873, of the departure of many, Dr. Newman added:—

I have been led on to write a letter ill-suited to Christmas; but you won't mind what has been written from the 'fulness of the heart.' Christmas makes one think of our better home.

West Malvern, Christmas, 1873.

My dearest N.,—Kindest thanks for telling me of dear Mrs. Wootton's peaceful departure. It has been a marvellous

prolongation of a loving, useful life, which, about forty years ago, seemed to hang upon a thread. It carries one back to the love of near a half century. Truly love is undying.

From this time until Christmas, 1876, Dr. Pusey spent all the vacations at Malvern, of which the air suited him. He had rooms at 2, Portland Place,[1] Great Malvern, in 1875, but soon after took Osborne House, in much higher air, at West Malvern. It is on the left-hand side, soon after the road turns the brow of North Malvern hill, and that the scattered houses of West Malvern begin, with the wide view of Herefordshire.

There is an interesting correspondence between Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman, in which the contention was as to which should be the most generous, when the latter wished to republish his translation of St. Athanasius' Orations (originally published in the Library of the Fathers) with fresh notes. He wrote to Dr. Pusey (April 13, 1874):—

> I have one great difficulty, viz. how to be just to the Library of the Fathers. Of course I could not do it without your leave; but, even if you give it, how can I publish a corrected edition without depreciating the book as it stands in the series? . . . The translated text, I know, should be carefully looked through. The longer I live the more difficult I find it to be accurate. In the volumes lately published it is astonishing how many mistakes I have found, though I have taken extraordinary pains with them.

Dr. Pusey replied (April [19?]):—

> It is the gem of the Library. If you reprinted it, I must, of course, destroy the present edition, because I could not sell an imperfect book of yours when there was one more perfect to be

[1] Now the Portland Place Hotel.

had. If I reprinted it, you could sell simultaneously as many as you liked (*e.g.* 1000) among your works.

In another note he said :—

I thought you had lost interest in the translation of St. Athanasius; and some one who ought to have known you, said that you did not intend to write any more on any doctrinal subject. This was many years ago.

THE ORATORY, April 20, 1874.

It is not safe to go by those who ought to have known me. As to St. Athanasius, and the controversies with which his name is associated, they have been my first passion and are now my last.

After mentioning his 'anticipation or resolution' of not debarring himself from entering the field of 'philosophy, ecclesiastical history, controversy, criticism, or literature,' Dr. Newman remarks that 'the *history* of doctrine is not dogmatic teaching.'

Dr. Pusey then proposed, with his usual generosity, and anxiety for perfection of editions of the Fathers—

to print 2000 copies, of which you should have 1000 to publish in any way you pleased, while the other 1000 filled up their old place in the Library of the Fathers. . . . If ever you could do it, I would have the remains of the present edition recalled, as soon as the new could be substituted. I have so prized that work, that I should be glad, please God, to see [it] as perfect as possible.

THE ORATORY, May 13, 1874.

My perplexity has been to devise a plan which shall make the book *both* part of the *Library of the Fathers* series, *and* also of the series of *my own* volumes with fairness to the former.

Dr. Newman then proposes, finding that the type of the Library was the same as his own series, to go shares with Dr. Pusey in the expense of printing, using his types before they were broken up, and paying (besides half of the setting up and printing) the cost of re-arranging the plates. He added, 'Thank you for your liberal offer, but I could not think of it. But it is so much a thing of the future, it is hardly worth talking about.'

The legislation to give facilities for 'putting down ritual,' introduced into Parliament by Archbishop Tait, and ending in the 'Public Worship Act,' was the more vexatious to Dr. Pusey because of the division amongst those who held the same truths, and his own regret, both at some things done by young 'advanced' men, and still more at the tone of their utterances. His great desire was that they and the older men should so draw together, as to resolve on a common line of action, and his chief advisers and helpers at this crisis were Dr. Bright and the Rev. T. T. Carter, who were more in touch than Dr. Pusey with the movement for increased ritual, although entirely able to sympathize with his fears and misgivings. To the latter he wrote:—

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, March 13, 1874.

MY DEAREST CARTER,— . . . A leader in the *Times* two days ago, which manifestly embodied the mind of certain bishops, or the Archbishop, opens a formidable prospect of powers to be given to bishops and archbishops to get rid of clergy in a very summary way. . . .

Mr. Pixell of the S. S. C. writes to me, 'When the Bishop asks (as he is fond of doing) what we will obey, I wish we knew what to say. It seems practically there is nothing satisfactory to say to such a question.'

To the Same.

Malvern, April 10, 1874.

My dearest Friend,— . . . A measure will be proposed, which it will be difficult or impossible to resist. . . . It is thus of great moment that the High Church party should have something to propose to the bishops. The Archbishop of Paris[1] said to me, as the characteristic of the English in contrast with the French, that we kept our point steadily in view, advancing, now this way, now that, or halting for a time, as we thought would best secure our carrying our point at the end; whereas a Frenchman rushed at it, and if he failed, he failed, and, therefore (his conclusion was), 'an Englishman will beat a Frenchman any day.' The Ultramontanes were too strong for him at the Vatican Council; the Communists shot him; but he was the most long-sighted person whom I ever spoke with, and very earnest about bringing back those whom the Church had lost. . . . I have pressed (*usque ad nauseam* upon some, I fear) St. Cyprian's rule of winning the people first; and yet his is our very ideal of an Episcopate.

. . . It was to me wonderfully instructive, how, keeping his point steadily in view, he won the Roman clergy, the Bishop of Rome, his own clergy, people, the confessors, and carried it at last, amid the over-lax and over-strict. If the Ritualists had done the same, we should not have been in our present difficulties. Events have shown that there is no difficulty where priests and people are united, as at All Saints'.

To the Same.

Undated.

The matter of ritual becomes more pressing, and it is, *I know well*, of the utmost importance that they who use ritual should be of one mind, what to use, what to concede. The state of things seems like what St. Paul condemns in the Corinthians, 'Every one hath a psalm,' etc. Nothing is 'done in order.' . . . This state of things cannot last. We cannot go on as they did in the days of the Judges, 'Every one doing what is right in his own eyes.'

[1] Monsignor Darboy.

This impending legislation is *very serious*. *This I know*. . . . We ought to be able to answer that question which, I hear, Bishop Selwyn so often asks, '*What* will you obey?' . . . We ought to keep our aim steadily before us, devotion in the Holy Eucharist, and the Eucharistic sacrifice. Surely, if we can secure what is necessary to this we ought to be ready to part, for the time, with what is outside of this. . . . The office of a bishop is not simply to ordain priests, and continue the succession, and confirm children. . . . The bishops seem to be treated as if they were necessary machines for making priests, who, when they were made, were to act for themselves; absolute, in their churches, over their people, but amenable to no authority.

Yet, however Dr. Pusey disapproved of certain practices or sentiments, he buckled on his armour to fight for the attacked clergy, and wrote a series of letters to the *Times* against the proposed Bill. The late Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Church) in a letter (April 6, 1874) urging their republication in a separate form, wrote:—

The occasion was a very important one; and I cannot help thinking that those letters have been of the very greatest importance in making some of the best people pause in their impatient and short-sighted schemes. I do not think that any other remonstrance would have had the same effect.

In one of these letters (March 28, 1874) Dr. Pusey had said:—

I speak from personal knowledge when I say that the bishops might have guided the movement of 1833, etc., if they would. There was nothing that we, who were young then, so much wished. The battle-cry of the early Tracts was, 'Let us rally round our Fathers the bishops.' I believe that now, too, things would come right, if the bishops would be to us 'Fathers in God.'

The letters were re-published in pamphlet form after the Public Worship Act had been brought before the

House of Lords, with a preface, in which Dr. Pusey urged that the real outcry was against doctrine, and would not be stilled, even if ritual were 'put down.'

His next labour for peace was a great speech at the anniversary meeting of the English Church Union (June 16, 1874) in St. James's Hall, where he quite carried away his audience for the moment, although expressing his own conviction that there was present 'danger lest the love of the beautiful should interfere with the inward spiritual life,'—a weak point 'which Almighty God means by this check to correct.'

'The spirit of the meeting at St. James's Hall was delightful,' he said soon after it; but by the end of the year his hopes were disappointed, and he wrote very sadly, in the same strain as that of his letters to Mr. Carter in the spring. He maintained that 'even granted that whatever is not mentioned is not prohibited, or even that what is not prohibited is allowed, this surely does not give individual priests a right to revive *mero motu* whatever is not expressly prohibited.[1] But he was firm in contending for the Eastward position and the Eucharistic vestments, believing that yielding these points would be to substitute 'judge-made law' for that of the Prayer-book, and to create a dangerous precedent.

An undated letter to the Rev. T. T. Carter must have been written about this time, as he alludes to the St. James's Hall meeting in June, 1874:—

My dearest Carter,—I have referred that declaration to King and Bright. I have myself no heart about it. When I

[1] See Letter to Hon. L. Wood, Life, iv. p. 279.

made that speech at St. James's Hall I hoped that the extreme men would learn their lessons. It is *very* disappointing. We, the old ones, I suppose, when we had a check in our youth, used to think 'What mistake have I made?' 'What does God mean to teach me by this?' The young ones throw the fault upon everything and every one except themselves. The ritual which they use is different; the circumstances of parishes different. Yet everybody seems to think himself exactly right. A great storm has been raised: . . . and it does not seem to them, or any one of them, that they may have made a mistake, either in what they have done, or the mode or time of doing it. . . . It is not their faith, but their practices which rouse up the storm; their arbitrariness; their principle that the priest is to regulate worship (according to his own judgment or misjudgment) without reference to bishop or people; their enforcing confession; the uncertainty that, on any of them being appointed, the worship may not be changed without any one being consulted; . . . the fussiness, pettiness, self-consciousness.

I am again in this beautiful air (he writes to his son, July 23, 1874, from Osborne House, West Malvern). I have such a grand room, about twenty-one of my feet long: half of it built like a greenhouse upstairs, half like an ordinary room; and a door to the open air. It is delicious.[1]

All Christmas blessing (he wrote from the same place on Christmas Eve, 1874). I do not feel the cold at all in this house, but have not been out of it since I came; the snow is so deep. It is very beautiful, like a great fair mantle of God's love, protecting, though austere, what lies beneath from the yet more biting cold.

God has sent us very mild weather (he writes a fortnight later), it is very soft; so yesterday I went up most part of the hill. Thanks be to Him for my continued strength.

[1] Soon after Dr. Pusey gave up the house, at the end of 1876, it was taken by the Rev. F. Eichbaum, as a Clergy House of Rest, and the chapel was built close to the spot on which Dr. Pusey's room stood.

In the spring of 1875 Dr. Pusey was again occupied in resisting attacks upon the Athanasian Creed, though no longer in England. The Act passed in July, 1869, for the disestablishment of the Irish Church removed all hindrances to an altered Prayer-book being imposed by a large Puritan majority on the minority of Anglicans in Ireland. During the seven years' battle (1870–1877) to avert this calamity, Archbishop Trench took frequent counsel with Dr. Pusey. In December, 1873, he had written to the Archbishop :—

> The line of not changing the Prayer-book avoids all controversy as to details. It is a simple argument: 'You never professed discontent with the Prayer-book while we were established; if the Conservatives had come in a few years sooner, you would have acquiesced in it still. Do then, for the sake of peace, for love of your brethren, and to avoid the confusion consequent, and the disharmony with the Church of England, what you would have done for an establishment.'

He also wrote, about this time :—

> For myself, I have all my life through felt the Athanasian Creed to be a great blessing to me, as containing a clear expression of faith, and tacitly meeting objections. It has moulded my thoughts in a way which nothing else could. . . . I should expect that people in the Church of England would drift off into Nestorianism or Eutychianism if it ceased to be used. . . . The Prayer-book binds us together; it, more than even the clergy, is the teacher of our people. The Bible translation is, more than anything besides, the centre of our people's religion. Both are attacked. What is to be the end thereof?

The Archbishop's efforts to keep the Prayer-book unaltered availed but little, although backed by a noble band of clergy, few, but faithful to the book to which at their

Ordination they had given solemn consent. One of these, Dr. Lee, the late Archdeacon of Dublin, appealed to Dr. Pusey in the spring of 1875, when the Athanasian Creed was attacked, and the Preface to the new Prayer-book was under discussion.

I sent a copy of the Preface to Dr. Pusey yesterday (Archbishop Trench wrote to a friend, March 31, 1875), but addressed it to Oxford. I hope to hear from him promptly in reply, as words of his might put to shame some who, after being long with us, threaten to be now found in the ranks of the adversary. I had a long, most able, and most interesting letter from Liddon yesterday on the subject.

To Archdeacon Lee, Dr. Pusey wrote:—

The proceedings of the (so called) Irish Synod remind me vividly of the Arian attempts to supplant the Nicene Creed by creeds of their own, which should convey to the ear something sounding like the truth, but in fact denying it.

Dr. Pusey's reply to the Archbishop was a letter, dated April 2, which takes up more than eight pages of small print in the crown octavo edition of the 'Letters and Memorials' of Archbishop Trench,[1] and in which he deals at length with each clause of this unhappy document. The letter 'seemed to the Archbishop one of so much importance, that he caused it to be immediately printed for private distribution.'[2] It probably did good service, as some of the worst statements in the draft of the Preface were modified, before signature to it became compulsory on clergy, so as to make it, 'to use the words of one who

[1] Vol. ii. pp. 183–191.

[2] Letters and Memorials, ii. 175.

in vain fought against it "less grossly intolerable than the one at first proposed." '[1]

The attack on the Creed did not slacken; and on a motion (May 13, 1875) that only a selected portion should be recited on certain days, the Archbishop rose, and after a speech of weighty and sorrowful import, addressed, he said, not only to his opponents, but 'to those who were holding on now to the Irish Church by the very slightest hope that could be imagined, and who had taken counsel with him in the matter,' he finally declared that 'he should have no choice, but, if things remained as some intended they should remain, himself to decline making use of a Prayer-book which contained a mutilated Athanasian Creed.'[2]

One who was present told the writer that when the Archbishop sat down, 'a great silence fell upon the assembly.'

Even his bitterest opponents felt the immense significance of the speech just uttered, and knew both that they could not do without him, and that nothing but absolute ruin could follow to the small body of Anglican Churchmen in Ireland if they were broken in two.

A few days previously, Dr. Pusey and Dr. Liddon had written letters to the Archdeacon of Dublin, offering large subscriptions towards building a church in Dublin, if it could be arranged that, as in many Scotch churches, only the unaltered English Prayer-book should be used in it. These letters were, by Dr. Pusey's desire, published in the Irish papers; and, on Whitsun Eve, May 15, two days

[1] Letters and Memorials, ii. p. 183.
[2] Report in *Daily Express* of May 14, 1875.

after his important announcement, Archbishop Trench came to Oxford, to take counsel with Dr. Pusey and others as to the difficulties which beset him. He was the guest of Canon (now Bishop) King, his daughter staying in Dr. Pusey's 'lodgings,' as he was wont to call his rooms in 'the House.' He celebrated early in the Cathedral on Whitsunday, and afterwards was visited by the Archbishop, after which they both went to Canon King's rooms, to meet Dr. Liddon and Dr. Bright, and confer as to the present crisis. Dr. Pusey seemed very happy when he came back; speaking with great pleasure of the line taken by the Archbishop, and then breaking off, and saying suddenly, 'And how beautiful his humility is!' He said that it had been arranged that he should write a letter to the late Right Hon. Sir Joseph Napier, a very Low Churchman, but a fair-minded lawyer, explaining his and Dr. Liddon's views in their letters to Archdeacon Lee.[1] There is a note amongst Dr. Pusey's papers from Archbishop Trench, dated May 26, 1875, in which he says:—

> It is quite a mistake that I am distressed by anything which the Irish papers have said about your letter and Dr. Liddon's. The only serious pain which they can give me is pain for the writers.
>
> Believe me, most faithfully yours,
>
> R. C. DUBLIN.

As usual, Dr. Pusey threw himself with all his might into any work which he took up. His letter to Sir J. Napier was intended to be a full and elaborate justification

[1] Our letters have met with very various receptions (Dr. Liddon wrote to the Archbishop a week later), probably with more severe condemnation than we know of. But that does not matter if they have the effect of making English Churchmen recognize the extreme gravity of the Irish crisis.—Letters and Memorials, ii. p. 197.

of the line he had taken when his counsel was sought by the Archbishop, and he provided himself with all the newspaper reports of the late debates in Ireland concerning the new Prayer-book, saying, 'They are history.' But, at seventy-five, he was not able to bear the strain of discussions and controversy as he could in earlier years. A sheet of note-paper remains, with the beginning of his letter to Sir J. Napier, which breaks off in the middle of a sentence. It was never taken up; early in July he dictated a note from West Malvern:—

What knocked me up in 1875 was . . . that the dear Bishop of Brechin urged me to write something to the Rt. Hon. J. Napier. Being familiar of old with the subject, I over-rated my strength, and began writing against time on the top of all my other duties. I remember working till twelve one night; and a day or two afterwards, finding my head too jaded to write a line, I knew that my only way was to leave my work, and go to that fine air of West Malvern, whose hill air had so often braced me before. So I went. I took all the papers with me; but, as often as I looked at them in the summer, my brain refused to work, and so they remained. The fine air enabled me to go on with other things, but I opened that bundle of papers in vain.

I have been more pained this time at Oxford than ever in my life before (his daughter wrote soon after term). He seemed always jaded, always weary. He would keep up just whilst a third person was in the room, and then lie down exhausted. He is not able to bear nearly as much mental fatigue as he used; and his head must really have been very much overdone before he could have determined, so unselfish as he is, to throw up all his engagements.

He was, happily, much restored before returning home for Michaelmas Term, and able to bear, without serious

break-down, the great blow and grief of Bishop Forbes' death on October 8, 1875. The Bishop had been for nearly thirty years one of the dearest and most intimate friends of Dr. Pusey and of his children, and, as he wrote to Dr. Newman, 'I never imagined myself surviving.' They had taken counsel together on every subject; Bishop Forbes had been staying at Christ Church soon after Archbishop Trench's visit, and had taken a warm interest in the proposed letter to Sir J. Napier.

I broke down for a time in June (Dr. Pusey wrote to Newman, October 11, 1875) in what always tried me—working against time. . . . Acland told me that suspension of work of all sort was the condition of future usefulness, my head was so exhausted. So I wrote to no one, saw no one, heard from no one, and wrote nothing, till the end of the vacation, when I resumed quiet work, and yesterday I preached in the Cathedral without fatigue. How death has been sweeping all around one! What memories T. K.'s[1] departure brings vividly back, and now Bishop Forbes, whom I never imagined myself surviving!

It is a great gap to me; he was so tender and loving. . . . —— tells me that you have been very kind about a plan of T. K.'s[2] to publish his uncle's, dear J. K.'s essays. I found myself obliged early to leave off even reading the *British Critic*, as it took time, so I am very ignorant about it, and do not know what articles he wrote.

Dr. Pusey was, however, at his usual work in November; and seemed well, notwithstanding his keenly felt loss.

In a letter of December 29, 1875, he says:—

I must write something on Jewish misinterpretation of Isaiah liii. which I am having published; else I might be a source of harm

[1] The Rev. Thomas Keble, brother of the Rev. John Keble.
[2] Rev. Thomas Keble, junior.

to souls. Then I have an University sermon on Sacerdotalism, which must be carefully written. Then there is my pamphlet on the 'And the Son,' which has to be re-written and enlarged. I do not know which way to turn. . . . You need not be alarmed by my letter in the *Times*. It is only to ward off mischief.[1]

It was a large programme of work for one in his seventy-sixth year, especially considering his immense private correspondence, and the amount of time given to the care of what he called 'my large parish,' made up of those who resorted to him from all parts of the kingdom, high and low, clergy and lay, for counsel and instruction.

The spring of 1876 brought a great pressure of business. 'Now the *Filioque* has come, on the top of the rest,' he wrote in March, 'and I dare not look at anything which I am not at work upon. It raises such a tumult of thought.'

There had been two happy days in connection with Keble College—the laying of the first stone, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the anniversary of Mr. Keble's birthday, St. Mark's Day, 1868, and the opening of the College on June 23, 1870, inaugurated by Lord Salisbury, as Chancellor of the University. Now Dr. Pusey had the happiness of seeing the beautiful Chapel, Mr. Gibbs's splendid gift, opened, on St. Mark's Day, 1876, and was the preacher of the first delivered sermon within its walls, on 'Blessed are the meek,' dwelling on the peculiar quality of meekness, in some ways excelling even humility, 'the rarest of all graces,' and 'eminently possessed by him in memory of the gift of whom to us, the Chapel had been given to God.'

This place suits me as well as ever (he wrote, August 4, 1876, to his son, from West Malvern). I have twice walked over the

[1] See letter of December 27, 1875, Life, iv. p. 297.

hill to Malvern (not back again), and once to Newland, beyond the Link station, without being tired. I find my breath walking up the hills here better than walking in Oxford.

The question of the reprint of Dr. Newman's Notes on St. Athanasius having again arisen, Dr. Pusey wrote to him, November 6, 1876:—

I am shocked that you should have to ask me about the use of your own notes. I have had more than abundant use of them these many years. . . . If you could have revised your translation and notes (not that I know that there is anything to revise), it would have been pleasant to have printed them in common; but your authorities might not have liked it, and since, as you lovingly remember always, I have passed my seventy-sixth milestone, 'Vitæ summa brevis,' etc., so you had better do as you propose.

December 19, 1876.

. . . Of course I do not look on; but if God gives me anything more to do, I think it would be on the Psalms, upon which I have been lecturing these many years, and upon which I have notes, and on which I should not have occasion for Excursus on all those bye-questions which at this day meet one, especially in the early chapters of Isaiah. So I think a Commentary on the Psalms (if it should so please God), *i.e.* on some of them, would be better suited to the evening of my days. . . .

What a blessing prayers for the departed are! It is such waste of time to think of any lost to one's self, when one may use the time in praying for them.

He remained at Osborne House longer than usual, but gave it up in December, when he returned to Christ Church.

Dr. Pusey had, when abroad in 1872, refused a pressing invitation to the conference of 'Old Catholics' at Bonn,

not understanding, as he said, their position, and thinking it 'best not to advance towards the Old Catholics, if afterwards one has to withdraw.'

Now he was much concerned at their tendency to give up the *Filioque* in the Nicene Creed, as a step towards union with the Greek Church; and he published, in July, 1876, a book of about 200 pages, entitled 'On the clause "And the Son," in regard to the Eastern Church and the Bonn Conference.'[1]

Of a volume of Mr. Keble's Essays, reprinted chiefly from the *British Critic*, and to which Dr. Pusey had been asked to write a Preface, he said that it

> —stamps on my mind the great Divine law of waste, that what we do is of little moment, only what, by God's grace any become. It is a duteous but sad office to 'gather up the fragments that remain'; but I feel that he would rather that I should do what I still can, lest my Commentary should be one of those broken pieces. When you have this, I shall have completed my seventy-sixth year.'

The Jewish interpretations of Isaiah liii., alluded to in the above letter of December 29,[2] was a complete catena of all Jewish commentaries on that chapter, translated and edited by Mr. Driver[3] and Dr. Neubauer, with a long introduction by Dr. Pusey. He judged it well to put forth all that for centuries had been written by the most eminent Jewish commentators, in order to show their failure 'to discover any person, or body of people, who could be said to be the object of this great prophecy,

[1] 'This valuable treatise is the fullest discussion of this clause, historically and doctrinally, in the theology of our Church.'—Life, iv. p. 301.

[2] See p. 494.

[3] Dr. Driver succeeded Dr. Pusey as Regius Professor of Hebrew.

which has for ages formed one of the principal battle-fields between Christians and their Jewish opponents.'

He was also much occupied by the troubles of prosecutions under the Public Worship Act, especially the judgment in the Ridsdale case in May, 1877, forbidding the vestments, though allowing the eastward position, and wrote to Hon. C. L. Wood, 'I think that the straightforwardness of the English people would go along with this. "You don't mean that when the English Prayer-book says, Such ornaments are to be used, it meant, they are *not* to be used?"' 'I could no more sign it than Skinner could,' he said of a paper sent to leading High Churchmen by Mr. Beresford Hope, in the summer of 1877, with a view to their agreeing to give up certain points of ritual, amongst others the vestments.

The hope of the reunion of Christendom, and especially of England and Rome, had been, Dr. Pusey wrote, 'a dream and interest of my life'; but the hope of himself seeing the crown of his prayers and labours for reunion, which had been so bright in 1865–1866, wholly faded away after the Vatican Council. He felt also, though in this he was probably mistaken, that he could no longer be of use to the 'advanced' school of High Churchmen. His attitude towards ritual was not caused by any shrinking from it in itself. 'I like people to have what they like,' he said, with regard to ritual; and to Mr. Mackonochie he wrote:—

> Your strength is and will be in the hearts of your people. These you have won wonderfully. Courts cannot really move you while you have them. . . . If the younger clergy will but win their people first, as you have.

It was the tone of some amongst the younger clergy which grieved him, and which caused him to write to Mr. Carter during the outcry against confession caused by the petition of the 483 clergy.[1]

Anything which I could do for them is over. They will not even follow your guidance. I do not mean to attempt anything more.[2] . . . It must require great grace, after having boasted of themselves of being 'advanced' to own they have been mistaken. And whatever other graces they may have, I see no tokens of that of humility.

He speaks in the same letter of being 'disappointed' at their 'self-sufficiency'; a great contrast to the temper of the early Tractarians; and he turned, for the chief interest of his latter days, to the work which he had been the first to revive in the English Church—that of Sisterhoods, especially as regarded their care of orphan girls.

He went to his little house, the Hermitage, in the grounds of Ascot Priory, for the Easter vacation. There he found, in charge of the Convalescent Hospital, one of the Sisters who joined his little community at Park Village, the Hon. Georgina Napier,[3] with another who had joined it in 1847, and was now the oldest 'Sister,' though not in age, in the English Church, with others who had gathered round them. It was a great happiness to them to receive and to minister to him; and he gave himself, with his usual sanguine interest, to the task of fostering

[1] See p. 479.

[2] 'I have formerly had days and weeks wasted,' he says in a note of 1875, 'by people who came really to say, "I went, as you wished, to ——, and he did not satisfy me." If I can be of any use to any soul, I am thankful.'

[3] Even as these pages are passing through the press, she has gained her rest—on Easter Monday, April 16.

their community, which was then in difficulties, and helping their work who had been faithful to it since, now so long ago, they came to his help in his first essay to found a religious community.

In a note of May 13, 1877, he says of Ascot Priory :—

The pines make it a wonderful air, and the ground is very dry . . . It is but half finished; in fact, there is only one beautiful ward, an unfinished chapel, rooms for the sisters; but splendid capacities . . . the whole land is between thirty and forty acres.[1]

I went to stay with him at Ascot in July, 1877 (a friend writes). He used to sit on the heath for a long time most days, never tired of talking of his hopes and plans for the Priory. He seemed very happy that summer, you know how sanguine he was. . . . He was scarcely indoors from morning till night, writing out of doors; and was very full of a Commentary on the Psalms which he had begun; he said one day, with a bright smile, 'I am writing it for my orphans here.' He seemed to look forward to completing it, and giving the profits of it to the Orphanage. I remember his telling me one day that he was at Psalm iv., and that the right translation of 'Stand in awe, and sin not,' was 'Be ye angry, and sin not,' and that he thought St. Paul was probably quoting it in his admonition. He was pleased at many taking an interest in the place, and looked forward to a grand future for it, though he might well have been cast down by the difficulties under which the community laboured at that time; I used to be troubled at seeing him going over great sheets of accounts, household expenses, etc., brought to him by his desire, and to which he gave himself with the same patient industry as to everything else, great or small. His gifts to the support of the hospital were very large; in a note the next year he told me that his income would greatly diminish after a certain date; so that, he added, 'I cannot pay for patients to any amount at Ascot as I did last

[1] It had been purchased in 1860, partly at Dr. Pusey's expense.

year.' . . . Dr. Pusey spent a good deal in planting trees on each side of the drive from the road to the Priory door, because, he said, he thought they would make the place more attractive to novices; else he had the greatest dislike to anything being touched which possessed for him associations with the past. One day I asked him if some deodaras, in a clump near the Priory, were not crowding each other; and he said 'No,' that he had planted them so on purpose, one in the middle, and three or four round it, because it had been so done at Pusey, and the whole had grown into what looked like one huge tree. 'You have learnt,' he wrote to me later, 'how unwilling one is to have anything changed. My old home was, it was thought, much improved. To me it was so pleasant to look out by moonlight, when all the improvements were concealed, and there was only the unchanged outlines of one's boyhood's days.' He said once that he used to get up at night to look at them.

One of the Sisters writes that her recollections of him at Ascot,

—are all of his sweet saintliness, and always acts of love and thoughtful kindness. In great sorrow and disappointments he used to say, 'Ah, well, I will go back to my Psalms; there is no disappointment in them,' and all said in such a tender voice. Did I ever tell you of our pony's unconscious mischief? Dear Dr. Pusey had with great pains written a long important letter to the Bishop of Brechin, and laid it on the window-sill in the porch, for post. Mone, the pony, came, knocked it down, and bit it into pieces. Dr. Pusey looked very sad, but said, so sweetly, 'Oh, Mone, you don't know what you have done! That letter took me an hour to write. I can't write it again.' When he was seventy, I saw him myself lighting a fire, kneeling and arranging the sticks, that a little sick child should not suffer cold, and the Sister who waited on him not be kept from a Celebration. All was done with such wonderful sweetness. He used to carry away his little tea-tray or fetch it to save giving trouble. One day a patient begged that he might bless her little

boy, and, when he was asked, he sent for the child, who was three years old, and, holding out his arms to him, said, 'My dear little child, you are very young, and cannot remember things well; but this you *can* remember, "Jesus loves me, and I must love Jesus."' This he repeated two or three times, and then blessed him. The thing that seemed to rise naturally to his lips was 'God bless you,' whenever he met any one at the Priory, even the children and patients.

Dr. Pusey had arranged with the late Rev. James Skinner, whose health obliged him to give up his parish and Wardenship of Newland almshouses, that he should live at the Hermitage at Ascot, as chaplain to the Priory. But it was necessary to add to it for this purpose, and Dr. Pusey was overburdened at this time with anxieties as to the possible maintenance of the Sisters' works. 'I do not know above two well-to-do people who would do a thing because I wished it,' he wrote, in June, 1877, when most out of heart as to obtaining funds to maintain the Sisterhood. He was mistaken; his anxieties became known to his friends, and the result was a gift of £1800 sent to him for Ascot Priory at Christmas, with a very long list of names of those who willingly offered, besides a shorter list of his friends, and Mr. Skinner's, who undertook the building of a large addition to the Hermitage, to fit it for a chaplain's house.

It is indeed a magnificent Christmas present (he wrote on St. Stephen's Day, 1877). It was very pleasant to see the names of the donors to the Chaplain's Fund, alike some old familiar names for their love for me, and those I knew not for their love for Mr. Skinner, and their interest in the work. . . . I see that there are sixty-three benefactors or benefactresses.[1] I cannot

[1] *I.e.* to the Hermitage building.

thank them, I can only spread the list before God at H. C., and pray Him to bless them. . . . I do not doubt that dear Mr. Skinner, if God continues him to us, will be of the greatest use. I hope that C. Wood will be able to obtain for us subscribers, who will enable us to continue the charity to the crowded East End poor, who have no other friends, yet need change of air more than we in our ailments, because the air they habitually live in is bad.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EVENING SHADOWS.

1878–1881.

What has been called his prolixity . . . followed a deliberate primary desire to make his own point plain, and also to anticipate and pre-judge objections that might rise in other minds. But there was a finer and more sensitive feeling still at the root of the matter. There was present a deep-seated wish to persuade, not by the kind of reckless daring that carries conviction by storm into the minds of some, but by a tacit acknowledgment of the increasing difficulties that attend the settlement of many modern questions.—*R. H. Hutton: A Monograph.*

TOWARDS the end of March, 1878, Dr. Pusey had a very serious illness from the old cause—exhaustion of an overwrought brain—and, by his wish, his daughter was sent for

I really hope to-day, for the first time (she wrote, April 15), my dear father is slightly better. It has been a sad and most trying illness. I was sent for last Tuesday week, and have not been in bed since. On Wednesday he was taken most seriously ill; in the middle of the night he was seized with a paroxysm of coughing, succeeded by death-like faintness; I thought he was gone. Dr. Acland, who came at once, thought he was sinking, and stayed two hours with him, returning early in the morning. The nights have been most distressing. He has been moved to a bed in his study. Fortunately he has been perfectly content to lie and rest; being really too ill to worry himself about things; he never even asks for his letters. He has now been in bed a fortnight; to-day is the first day on which I have hope of

recovery. The fainting attacks have alarmed me much; I have not dared to leave him for a moment; but Dr. Acland assures me they are not heart but *brain* exhaustion.

A week later she writes that he is going on well and 'is very cheerful,' and that the one thing necessary is 'to prevent his thinking of his work; he has never yet asked for one of his letters.'

On April 27, Mrs. Brine reports, 'He sits up now for several hours in the day in an invalid chair, but is not able to occupy himself in any way;' yet most of her letter on this day is taken up with a long message as to another's health, and an exhortation to relaxation of work. 'He does not attempt,' she adds, 'to take up a book, and has not touched any of the arrears of letters that have accumulated during his illness.'

There is a touching account, in Dr. Pusey's 'Life,' of the efforts made by his friends, on his recovery, to induce him to allow a good portrait of him to be painted, and of his gentle and loving, but firm refusal.

> Of all which I hate (he had written to his son in September, 1877), I think that I most hate making anything of myself. They had much better put up Pocock's arms, who was the greatest Hebrew Professor whom we ever had. I have done what I could; but if people remember me, they will remember me as a theologian, not as a Hebraist. . . . I know, naturally, nothing about heraldry, and have not an idea what my arms are. Put them upon Pocock's arms.[1]

He could not, however, refuse to receive the Dean of Christ Church (Dr. Liddell) and Dr. Acland, who had undertaken to present him with 'a paper signed by all the

[1] The note was apparently written in answer to some question forwarded to him as to his armorial bearings, with a view to putting them up somewhere.

resident members of the Governing Body of Christ Church, requesting that he would allow his portrait to be painted and placed in the Hall.'[1] But nothing they could say moved his resolve. 'He shook his head,' the Dean wrote, 'smiled gently, and said, "It is a matter of religion with me."' He wrote next day to Dr. Liddell, that it would be enough to say to the members of the Governing Body and others 'that an old man verging on seventy-eight does not get over a rooted repugnance of thirty-nine years.' Yet the love implied in this earnest request was a pleasure to him whose heart always sprang to meet love.

In July he was well enough to move to the Hermitage at Ascot, and to resume his old habits there; this time under the same roof with Mr. Skinner, and seeing with pleasure many of the friends who came to see the latter, but who would otherwise have scrupled to invade Dr. Pusey's retirement.

I met him again at Ascot (a friend writes), but he was a good deal changed by his illness that spring. The year before he walked down to the Priory Chapel every Tuesday morning to celebrate; but this year he only celebrated for himself at the little altar in his sitting-room. Sometimes I went there; but gave it up later, because his times of waking were so uncertain. And then he was in anxiety about the housing of the orphans, an intended gift of £3000 to build an orphanage having been devoted by the donor to another purpose. He wrote of it with his usual sweetness and thought for others, though he told me afterwards it had been a great disappointment to him. 'I told ——,' he said, 'that the *prospect* of his gift, as providing a shelter for the orphans, had been a great relief to me when I saw no other; that God had provided a home for nine of them, would give more, if He saw good; and that his proposed gift would go to its natural destination' . . . so this has ended without his

[1] See Life, iv. p. 36.

thinking that I am disappointed at the withdrawal. . . . I was glad of the prospect of an adequate orphanage once. It was a great relief. God tided me over that time of anxiety by the expectation of what was not to be. God has given what is best for us, little things;

> Ready to give thanks, and live
> On the least that Heaven may give.

It is so easy to admire the beauty and thought of these lines, and hard to practise them in each little detail.

A few months later he wrote of this and other disappointments, 'Le rien n'ambitionne rien,' and of their having impressed on him—

what one can never learn enough, and never half learns—

> 'Je ne suis rien,
> Je ne puis rien,
> Le rien ne peut rien,
> Excepté Dieu toujours et en toutes choses.'

I am going on very well (he reported to his son, September 7, 1878). My letter to the Archbishop about confession (two sheets) is about printed now. Bishop Alford's declaration that 'the hundred bishops had declared Sacramental confession contrary to the teaching of the Church of England (I forget the exact words), and prohibited,' gave me the opportunity of making his mis-statement the text of my letter, instead of being a direct criticism of the resolution itself. The resolution was a clumsy, mismanaged business, urged on by Archbishop Tait, and amended by others, so that at last it is self-contradictory and unmeaning.

I found him much overcome one day (a friend wrote) by the tidings of the death of his young grand-daughter, Katharine Brine, who passed away on September 1. Dr. Newman wrote, October 7, 1878, on hearing of his loss:—

There is nothing so cruel to the natural man as the sudden death of a young girl. This even to bystanders; but, alas! what

extreme keenness is added to the trial as it falls upon a long affection. Yet a mother's trial is greater than yours. My mother, as you may recollect, underwent it fifty years ago; for myself, I do not exaggerate when I say that I have not even now got over my sister's death.[1]

He was also occupied by a correspondence with Archbishop Tait on the vague and awkward resolution prepared by the latter as to confession, and accepted, with some alteration, by the Lambeth Conference of 1878. He pointed out with force that the American and Irish bishops could scarcely carry much weight in the attempt to introduce a 'not' into the English Church's rule for confession (as the Ridsdale judgment had done into the Ornaments Rubric), since in the American Prayer-book all mention of the subject had been swept away; and in the new Irish Prayer-book, the form for Absolution in the Visitation of the Sick had been removed, and the rubric preceding it fatally altered. 'I have good hopes,' he said, speaking of his efforts at this time, 'that I hindered some tender souls from leaving our communion, out of which Archbishop Tait would have driven them.'

His increasing deafness was a hindrance to him in any work, save that of the pen; he gave up his seat in the Hebdomadal Council, being quite unable to hear what passed in debate,[2] but it left him the more leisure for study,

[1] There is a very beautiful and pathetic account of this young sister's death in Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman, i. pp. 177, 178. It gives a vivid picture of the strong tenderness of nature in one who, absolutely sincere and self-restrained, could, fifty years later, write the above words.

[2] In Dr. Pusey's Life it is stated that he attended a meeting of the Hebdomadal Council for the last time on December 10, 1877, and in the autumn of 1879 he gave up his seat on the Keble College Council, his place being taken, to his great satisfaction, by the Hon. C. L. Wood.

and his great sermon, 'Unscience, not Science, an Enemy to Faith' (besides another on Prophecy), were written during this Long Vacation at Ascot, when he seemed to have recovered, in a way marvellous at his years, from his all but mortal illness in the spring, and to be well and even vigorous. He quite hoped to be able to preach at least the first sermon himself, but, on his return to Oxford, the end of October, Dr. Acland forbade his attempting to deliver the whole of it.[1]

Never again was that venerable form to be seen in the pulpit from which, to the shame of the University, he had been once unjustly banished; the words on which thousands had hung for now so many years—so that when he preached, every spot of standing room in the Cathedral, or at St. Mary's, was occupied—were no more to be heard from his lips. The first sermon was delivered by Dr. Liddon on November 3, 1878, to the crowds who had come together to hear once more the words of the aged saint; and the second, on the following Sunday, by the Rev. F. Paget.[2]

There are letters, which he kept, from men eminent in science, to Dr. Pusey, thanking him for copies of this sermon, sent to them on its publication, and which justify the opinion expressed by his biographers, that it equalled, 'at least in range, intellectual force, and moral power, any sermon that he had ever prepared;' and 'that it is no exaggeration to say that it is a permanent and most

[1] He wrote of it to Dr. Liddon as 'a dissertation, rather than a sermon. But breaking off deliberately in the midst is like making a scene, or making too much of myself . . . or clinging to preaching when beyond my strength. Apart, however, from any reasons, I should be much more comfortable if you would deliver the whole.'—See Life, iv. p. 333.

[2] Now Dean of Christ Church.

valuable contribution to the right understanding of the relations between Religion and Science.'[1]

'I have twice studied it carefully, and I trust to my own profit. It is conclusive of its theme,' the late Sir Thomas Watson wrote to Dr. Pusey; and, in a letter thanking him 'for the help of its wise and sure guidance,' Sir James Paget said:—

I cannot doubt that there is truth in the doctrine of evolution, and that in its study may be found the best way to the knowledge, not indeed of the mysteries of creation, which I suppose to be past finding out, but of the relations of the various forms of organic life which have been somewhat arbitrarily designated as species. But I can as little doubt, and your teaching makes me more than ever sure, that no doctrine of evolution can be reasonably held unless together with the belief that the whole process has been guided by the wisdom and power of God. They who hold God to be the source of all that we call 'force,' and the upholder and director of all things in which we discern law and order, may study evolution, I hope, as safely and as carefully as they may study gravitation.

Let me again thank you for helping to make the study safe for me.

To Newman Dr. Pusey wrote:—

To me Darwin's book seemed to leave no room for a Creator; he does not deny Him, but he seemed to me to bow Him out of His creation. . . . They speak of Darwin himself as an amiable man, and that his theory is not in him what it is in disciples of his.

One of the most interesting letters concerning this sermon is from the Rev. C. Pritchard, whose arguments and Dr. Pusey's, as he remarks, would 'commence from

[1] The sermon was dedicated 'with truest affection' to Dr. Acland, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, 'who devoted the prime of life to the revival of the study of the book of God's works in Oxford, and through whose kind care and skill God restored to the author the strength to write it.'—Life, iv. pp. 334, 335.

points considerably remote from each other.' 'I think you will find something satisfactory of mine on the Human Eye, a scientific speciality of mine, in page 128 of my "Hulsean Lectures,"' Mr. Pritchard wrote when thanking him for 'noble words, worthy of Dr. Pusey when noblest.'

When I had written it I sent the proof to Darwin (whose three boys I was then educating, together with three boys of John Herschel's). He sent back the following reply: 'As for your criticism, I have not a word to say against it; you pay me such handsome compliments, while you press me so hard. *As for the human eye, I confess a difficulty'!* . . . Our young clergy need some instruction in common things. One of them recently said to Conybeare, 'I thought the stars went out in the daytime'! . . . I regard your words as an Eirenicon, as the preliminaries of peace between genuine Science and genuine Theology. . . . I see an immense relief to an enormous strain which is now trying to the utmost many fine and generous minds, disposed by the Divine grace to accept and live in the Christian Faith, but still perplexed. . . . That strain is loosened by the words of your sermon.

The sermon was a kind of supplement to his address at the Norwich Congress in 1865, and dealt with later difficulties; but the same principle inspired both; that, to use his own words, now in maturest age, 'theology does not interfere with science as it reads the book of God's works.' For that book he had too deep love and veneration to wish for a moment it should be closed; he desired that its study should not be hindered, but rightly guided. As he said once, speaking of his 'ignorance' of canon law, 'I cannot study everything;' but in all natural facts and discoveries of science he took vivid interest, whenever they were brought before him.[1]

[1] One of the writer's earliest recollections of Dr. Pusey is of his introducing Professor Owen to his young daughter and to her, saying that he had offered

The Winter Vacation of 1878 Dr. Pusey spent at Christ Church, not attempting to go out, but keeping well in his large, warm rooms, with 'the magnificent walls,' as he wrote to Dr. Newman, 'in which I have lived nearly one-seventh of the time which has passed since Cardinal Wolsey built them. It is strange to be exempt from all the sufferings which this cold inflicts on the poor; my comfort is that I could not work for God otherwise.'

Another noble life was drawing towards its earthly end.

God preserve you (he wrote to his cousin, Lord Shaftesbury, February 7, 1879). I have known you for fully sixty years. We were at college together. I have ventured (presumptuously perhaps) to differ from some of your theological opinions; but I have ever admired and loved your vigorous, intellectual, profound, and sincere championship, by God's grace, for His revealed truth.

Before Easter he was again at the Hermitage, and wrote to his son, April 13, 1879:—

Butterfield is coming down to lay the first stone of some new cells here on Wednesday or Thursday. If it should be fine he wanted me to lay it, and he has been a considerable benefactor, having built without fee both Abbeymere, and St. Saviour's, Osnaburgh Street.

To the Bishop of Lincoln (Wordsworth) he wrote:—

Easter Eve, 1879.

My dear Lord,—I beg to thank you for your letter. There is, as far as I see, nothing to object to about the old declaration

to be kind enough to take them through the Museum of Natural History. Dr. Pusey accompanied them on this visit to the Museum, and his pleased interest in all the Professor's explanations of various objects, especially of a serpent's lungs, is still a vivid memory. He said of Professor Owen, 'He is a good man, and a believer.' After he had changed considerably, Dr. Pusey wrote to Dr. Newman in later years, '. . . I am very sorry for Owen; he was such a sweet person, as I remember seeing him once some twenty years ago or more.' . . .

as to the Athanasian Creed. It seems to me rather wordy, but it contains no slur on the Creed, as do Archdeacon Hessey's statements of objection to it (privately circulated to members of Convocation). If one apologized for it, one should have most to apologize for our Lord (St. Mark xiv. 18, St. John viii. 25, etc.), as your Lordship well knows. But if this declaration satisfies anybody, and if any slur is not thrown upon the Creed, as it would by diminishing the frequency of its use, I see no objection to it.

I do not see any objection, *as a matter of faith*, to saying *some sort* of service over unbaptized children, but it is full of difficulties, and practically it would be a very grave evil, diminishing that beautiful choir of little ones who, having been 'made members of Christ,' have not known what actual sin is. Our people are so very ill instructed as to the life to come, and to the benefit of being members of Christ, that if a service were read over unbaptized babies, very many would not in the least care about having their children baptized. One strong motive, perhaps the strongest, which now induces probably the great mass of the poor to bring their children to baptism, is the fear lest if they should die they would be 'buried like dogs.' As it is, the number of unbaptized children must be something very sad. I saw confidentially some statistics, taken from several large parishes in the east of London, and the fewness of the children baptized showed that the Church has so little hold there that influential Churchmen were afraid to produce them. Your Lordship must know much more of this in your large diocese. The only idea of the poor is of those they love being happy. The idea of the bliss of seeing God, of the Beatific Vision, of being with Christ, I suppose, does not come into their minds. But a burial service must, I suppose, contain some thought that those over whom it is said are in bliss of some sort. This would fully content the poor, except some more than usually instructed. I should myself think that, to get rid of a seeming want of kindness towards unbaptized children, there would be real and terrible want of charity to tens of thousands who might become members of Christ, and so be admitted to the Beatific Vision, who would thereby lose it.

To one who kindly allows the letter to be used, he wrote during this vacation :—

Now that it is Easter-time, cherish thanksgiving. We cherish thanksgiving by thanking. Pray God to give you a great spirit of thanksgiving. Thank Him for every little thing. A dear young Hawaiian, whom He has just taken amid terrible suffering, said she could not see a flower without thanking God for it. . . . But the thankfulness was not for little things only. The morning of her departure she received what she did not know to be her last Communion. She was radiant with joy. The physician said to her, 'Why, Manoanoa, you are quite bright again;' and wondered how and why.

So, now, thank God for the blue skies, when you have them, and the flowers as they unfold; and think 'how wonderful it is that God should have made all this beauty for me. O my God, how beautiful Thou must be; prepare me to behold Thee.'

You will mind little *contretemps* less then, and these too are subjects of thankfulness; for through them God teaches us the great lesson of conformity to His Fatherly will.[1]

A few recollections, sent by another, are interesting :—

Dr. Pusey said, speaking of humility, 'We should not be humble if we thought ourselves so. That was what puzzled Sir

[1] Mrs. Brine writes that at some time in 1876, 'an impulse made me take my "Paradise of the Christian Soul," which my father had given me, into the study where he was writing, and ask him to write in it the verse, text, or hymn that was his favourite. Without a second's hesitation he took up his pen and wrote (not as I rather expected some quotation from "The Christian Year," or *Lyra Apostolica*, or the Bible), the following lines of Faber :—

"Ill which Thou blessest is most good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right, which seems most wrong,
So it be Thy sweet will.
I'll do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee."

I felt then, and feel still, that this was the keynote to my father's whole life.'

J. Coleridge in the dear Vicar;[1] he could not understand his way of speaking of himself.'

I asked him as to boldness in prayer, saying I feared that I had been too familiar. He said no, that one need not fear boldness, if one remembered that He was the Infinite God. But he said that twice: 'Remember that He to Whom you are speaking is the Infinite God.' I remember saying once to him that I thought either one did *not* recollect that, and so said one's prayers coldly and irreverently, or else that if it flashed on the soul, prayer was impossible; one could but lie crushed and as it were annihilated. He said, 'When that happens, you have reached the end of prayer.'

He mentioned (speaking of sure confidence in our Lord) St. Anselm's directions to one fearing death, and said, 'He is a good authority, for he was a saint,' and then he said that such hymns as 'Rock of Ages,' 'Just as I am,' etc., were quite true, and to be heartily used, only to take care there was not disparagement of works. He said, 'When you kneel down, think that you are surrounded by, plunged in an ocean of His love.' Another time, 'Be very careful to do ordinary things extraordinarily well, especially things that come against your own will—to let nothing be too little to make it an occasion for pleasing God. Even such a thing as the butter being bad, or food not as you like it.'

Not long after this conversation he wrote, 'By doing ordinary things extraordinarily well, must be meant (as far as any can set it before him) to take especial pains with very ordinary duties. For, of course, it would be great conceit to think that one did anything otherwise than very badly. The advice has been useful to you—perhaps, before, you thought you did things ordinarily well, and when you were told of the grace of doing ordinary things extraordinarily well, you came to think that it would be truer to say that you did ordinary things extraordinarily ill, as it is truer of most of us. . . . We must not be impatient or downcast even about our faults. There is often a secret pride in our impatience. We say to ourselves, "I am ashamed of you; you ought to do

[1] Rev. John Keble.

better by this time." Quite true; but this is a reason for admiring and wondering at God's long suffering, and thanking Him, and asking for more grace, not for vexation. So, in the battle, do this, and God will help you, and humble and cheer you at once.'

'I congratulate you,' he says in another note, 'on escaping praise in regard to ——, though I am made the scape-goat. However, it can't set me up, since it is a simple mistake, and only illustrates how one gets undeserved praise.'

To a friend, whose illness caused difficulties as to communicating, he wrote August 14, 1879:—

Is there no one who could give you sick communion? You are poorly enough for that. Any one is who cannot go to church without being ill. A second expedient might be, if some one could reserve for you in both kinds. I told Bishop Wilberforce that I had reserved for two persons, and under what circumstances. The one was my son, on his travels in Greece and in the East. He carried the Blessed Sacrament about his person, as St. Ambrose tells us his brother Satyrus did. The other was ——, here. I waited all day, but there was no moment in which there was not danger of sickness. So I reserved it in the private chapel. There is no rule against reserving, except in public celebrations. Bishop Wilberforce's answer was, that though he could not have done it himself, he did not blame me. . . . Your infirmities will not hinder the grace of the Sacraments; only in this Easter-tide, as well as in Passion-tide, [remind] yourself daily that our Lord's Human Nature was glorified in consequence of the depth of His humiliation. In Easter-tide, too, we should seek to sink more and more into our own worse than nothingness. The 'defiled worm,' which Bishop Andrewes calls himself, never rebelled against God's Will. . . .

Say your prayers in whatever position you can best, meditating or not meditating, saying written prayers, or using ejaculations, or simply looking at a picture of our Lord or a crucifix, and longing to be less unlike Him. Thank Him for everything, pray to Him about everything, and rest in Him.

When the announcement of the offer of a Cardinal's hat to Dr. Newman appeared in the papers, together with the statement that he had declined it, the following letters passed between him and Dr. Pusey :—

My dearest N.,—I was silent, while every one was speaking of the token of confidence shown to you where you would most value it. I was glad, both of it and of your declining the outward expression of it. But I did not like to say anything, for fear it should be pressed upon you, so that you would not think it right to decline it. But I thought in my inward heart that your place would be higher in heaven for declining all on earth. So I was glad.

As for your popularity with the Liberal papers, the words came into my mind, 'Your fathers killed the prophets, and ye build their sepulchres,' and I thought, 'Oh, that there had been a little of this feeling thirty-four years ago.'

Your most affectionate,
E. B. P.

The Oratory, March 2, 1879.

My dear Pusey,—We look at things from different points of view. Here have I for thirty years been told by men of all colours in belief that I am not a good Catholic. It has given me immense trouble, much mortification, and great loss of time. It has been used as an argument to keep men back from joining the Church; men have said, 'Just you see, his own people do not trust him, the Pope snubs him.' When, then, after this period of penance, and this long trial of patience and resignation,—say, would you not yourself in such a case feel it a call of God not to refuse so great a mercy as a thorough wiping away for ever of this stigma, such as the offer of a Cardinal's hat involves, and feel it a heartless act of ingratitude to the generous offerer of it, and to the warm-hearted friends who had laboured for it, if I refused it? I have set myself from the first strongly against the movement in my favour, because of the change of habits which I thought it would involve, but the Pope has most graciously granted, what

has no precedent (I am told) since the seventeenth century, that I may remain here in the Oratory, not even visiting at Rome, if it would try my health.

If the common reports are true, the present Pope in his high place as Cardinal was in the same ill odour at Rome as I was. Here, then, a fellow-feeling and sympathy with him colours to my mind his act towards me. He seems to say 'Non ignara mali,' etc. How can I not supplement his act my giving my assent to it?

Thanks for your sermon, which is most valuable, I see.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Dr. Pusey replied at once:—

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I should not have written had it not been so assumed that you had absolutely declined the honour, the offer of which I knew you must so value, coming from one so highly reverenced even apart from his office. I was glad of the mark of confidence in you. But it seemed to be so assumed on all hands that you had declined the honour, that, even because it was the natural thing to have accepted it, I supposed that you had a hidden reason for it, and thought that it was the sequel of 'I have been honoured and obeyed,' etc.[1]

I had heard that some formerly wished to make you unpopular at Rome, but I attached no weight to what I did not know anything about. I knew that you had the confidence, which you must have valued, of your own Bishop, who was so much respected; and as I could not know anything else, I made my own picture of you, that the hidden life which you have led was your own choice; and I tacitly made a contrast between you and another. But I ought not to have thought about what I did not know. . . .

[1] See Cardinal Newman's lines in the *Lyra Apostolica*, xix. p. 21:—

I have been honoured and obeyed,
I have met scorn and slight;
And my heart loves earth's sober shade
More than her laughing light.

Certainly I should not have written except as falling in with what (since I thought it was not contradicted) I suppose to be your own deliberate choice. So now you will think it unwritten.

Your most affectionate,
E. B. P.

To Father Belany he wrote on the same subject, noticing newspaper reports:—

CHRIST CHURCH, May 29, 1879.

The idea of my having written to dear Newman most earnestly to refuse the Cardinalate is, of course, simply absurd! I heard at one and the same time that it had been offered him, and that he had declined. . . . All the papers were full of it. I waited for a week, and then, supposing it to be certain that he had declined it, I wrote to congratulate him on the mark of confidence which the offer implied, and on his non-acceptance of the offer. . . . His still life in the Oratory at Birmingham has been an ideal to me which I love to dwell upon. However, I found that people were mistaken, and that dear Newman thought that it would have been ungrateful in him towards those who had been at the pains to obtain this honour for him, and that he had accepted it, though he himself preferred obscurity. So I wrote to retract what I had said. Why do people gossip about such a sacred thing as a love of above half a century? . . . People do not mean to be unkind, but it is not kind thus to profane such a friendship as his and mine. . . . You may assure your friends that nothing either has or can come between my deep love for John Henry Newman. As for their thinking me pert enough to offer him advice, of course they are welcome enough to believe me capable of any folly. . . .

Thank you much for your kind expressions towards myself. With every good wish.

Yours affectionately,
E. B. PUSEY.

Cardinal Newman wrote to him from Spezia, June 21, 1879 :—

My dear Pusey,—I have wished to write to you ever since I saw your affectionate letter in the papers, but I have been hindered by my long and serious illness, from which, at the distance of two calendar months from its commencement at Genoa, hardly am I convalescent now. A year ago, when friends of mine began to agitate for my being made Cardinal, I wrote strongly against it, saying, 'If you succeed, you will go far to kill me,' and my presage has been fulfilled. It is a violent wrench at my age.

As to your private letter to me, which was the cause of your letter in the papers, I showed it to no one. In conversation I may have said, 'Pusey and my brother and others are against my accepting this dignity;' but if I said it once (which I don't recollect) I certainly did not say it twice. But I have no time to write more.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. Card: Newman.

. . . The dear Doctor comes to me, and I to him (Mr. Skinner wrote from the Hermitage, August 1, 1879), besides the occasional meetings in the wood. He is all sweetness and love, and I never saw him more vigorous in mind, nor do I find him so deaf as last year. He is very keen just now on an answer he is preparing to Farrar's mischievous speculations.

Almost daily notes passed between Dr. Pusey and Mr. Skinner, who lived in the same house, but with different entrances to their apartments.

I fear that the weather must prevent your getting on (Dr. Pusey says in one of these notes); me it only keeps in the house, but I use the old remedy of Sir H. Halford, the physician of George III., for old people—a small fire and an open window.

In answer to Canon Ashwell, respecting his letter to

Bishop Wilberforce on his appointment to the See of Oxford, he wrote :—

Ascot, August 27, 1879.

My dear Canon Ashwell,—I recollect little of my first letter to Bishop Wilberforce,[1] except that it was a great blunder. I had been accustomed to the confidence of Bishop Bagot: I was a friend of his elder brother Robert: I knew that there was a class of minds in Oxford who might, I hoped, still be retained, but whom indiscriminate language would tend to drive off. It was the wont in those days to gain a hearing for patristic teaching by some disavowal of modern Rome. I remember asking his brother Henry how it was that, teaching the same as the bishop whom he had succeeded at East Farleigh, he did not get on with his well-to-do parishioners. He said, 'He used to follow up his teaching with a slap at Rome, which I can't.' I was afraid that he would not speak with the marvellous moderation used by Bishop Bagot—except on the one occasion, when I think he was acted upon by others, of Tract 90.

Residing in Oxford habitually, I knew that I was acquainted with the state of minds there in a way which he, who, I think, had not resided since his B.A. degree, could not be. I thought then that I could convey to him information which might be useful to him and to the Church.

It was not, then, in regard to 'the Oxford Movement' generally, but with regard to a definite class of minds, that I wrote. The Oxford Movement itself had been spreading for some twelve years—not over England only, but in the United States. It only expressed my view of what I thought might be expedient for a certain class of minds whom I knew and the Bishop did not know. Bishop Bagot would have understood it. I did not know how little he sympathized with their trials. Bishop W. was always outside the Oxford Movement. He owed much to John Keble, whom he respected and loved. I had myself repelled him by a stern,

[1] It is given in Bishop Wilberforce's Life, pp. 300–302, and in Dr. Pusey's Life, iii. pp. 40–42.

unexplained teaching on the gravity of post-baptismal sin in contrast with the prevailing laxity with which people forgave themselves.

His answer was meant to be a rebuff.

My second letter was meant to be a simple withdrawal.

Bishop W.'s keeping my letter, which was confidential to himself, and a copy of his own answer, show that he thought at that time he might make use of it.

I can, therefore, not object to your publishing mine. Only, if you do, it may be as well to add in a note this explanation, as showing that it did not relate to the Oxford Movement generally.

Your affectionate,

E. B. P.

Dr. Liddon wrote to Dr. Pusey (November 9, 1879), entreating him not to refuse Lord Halifax's request that he would write a letter to the members of the English Church Union, or yield to the feeling that he had not influence. Dr. Liddon assured him that such a letter '*would* have great weight with a great number of people,' adding, 'I too feel how great is the danger of our forgetting the most important truths and duties, while present efforts and controversies absorb so much of our feeble strength. You could say this without risk of being misunderstood. If the ritualists had not done or left undone all that you have, from time to time, advised, your counsels have nevertheless had immense weight upon the whole. I really don't know what *would* have happened without them. And you will be more listened to when you approach them uncontroversially, and insist on topics which every conscience knows to be of vital import to itself.'

The greater part of the letter written in answer to this appeal is given in the Appendix to this chapter. It is full of interest as an old man's retrospect of the great

Tractarian movement, and is full, also, of weighty warnings and counsels.

Dr. Pusey was so well in the winter of 1879 that he ventured to go to Ascot for Christmas. To Mr. Skinner, who had left it for the winter, he wrote:—

Feast of St. Stephen, 1879.

My dearest Friend,—All Christmas blessing be with you and yours. This fighting does make one sick at heart. Melanchthon, in his late years, used the prayer, *A rabie theologorum, Libera nos, Domine.* We have great need of the angels' prayer: 'On earth peace, good-will toward men.'

. . . The dove-cotes look very well. They are finished all but the last coat of paint. We must pray for doves to fill them.[1]

In God's providence, Dr. Pusey returned to Christ Church on January 5—earlier than had been his wont when leaving it in winter. For the terrible and unexpected blow of Philip Pusey's sudden death from apoplexy fell on him nine days later. He was called to his death-bed after they had parted for the night, and watched by him until, at 3 a.m. on Thursday morning, January 15, the call came to one of the most heroic of life-sufferers.

His father wrote, the same morning, to Dr. Liddon, who was at Christ Church:—

January 15, 1880.

Your loving heart will grieve that it has pleased God to take my son. Yesterday he was doing things as usual for me: went to the Bodleian to get a book for me. After a cheerful

[1] His prayer has been granted; the novices at Ascot Priory have more than filled them, and have overflowed into guest rooms, built, not long ago, by the present Superior. More accommodation for Sisters is now urgently needed.

evening, and being at family prayers, he went upstairs. A fit of apoplexy was God's messenger; and about three he was on his way to the judgment-seat of Christ. You will pray for him. I was there, but he could not hear a sound.

After sending this note, Dr. Pusey broke down, utterly stunned. His daughter came to him at once.

Dr. Acland told my husband (she wrote to Mr. Skinner on the 21st) that for the first three days he has expected, hour by hour, to see my father laid in the same grave with my brother. He seemed to be in a kind of stupor—more than the perfect calmness with which one knew my dear father would receive anything that God's hand laid on him; it seemed more like physical torpor. Dr. Acland wished him to try and get up on Saturday, so he made the attempt, and sat up for a quarter of an hour. I have not broken down through all the distress and strain of the last few days; but the sight of that dear face—so sunken, so fixed, so drawn, and so stunned—upset me, and I was obliged to leave the room till I could recover. We had not noticed it whilst his face was buried amongst the pillows. He was up for two hours on Sunday, and sat propped up in his armchair or lay on the sofa—neither opened a paper or touched a book. Dr. Acland was pained to see the change, and did not wish him to get up yesterday. His mind is as clear as ever *when* he feels inclined to exert it. I think he shrinks from doing so, from the natural fear of awaking past memories. Clara Fletcher is coming to-day; and my father told Dr. Acland he would see her (but not to-day) if she would make no allusion to the past.

January 22.

My father has passed a more restless night, and I think that is a good sign. The almost unnatural calm of the last few days was making us very anxious. Yesterday I was greatly relieved to see that he slept less, good as the sleep has been for the brain. I feel more hopeful, now that that extreme calm has passed away. If his dear life is spared, humanly speaking, it will be owing to Dr. Acland. His loving care is beyond all words. . . .

On Sunday, January 18, Dean Liddell, in his sermon at Christ Church, spoke beautiful words of him whose earthly tabernacle still lay in his old home.

While I am writing this, tidings reach me of the sudden death of the only son of our oldest and most honoured canon. Most of you must have seen that small, emaciated form, swinging itself through the quadrangle, up the steps, or along the street, with such energy and activity as might surprise healthy men. But few of you could know what gentleness and what courage dwelt in that frail tenement. . . . In pursuing his studies, whenever it was necessary to consult manuscripts at a distance, he shrank from no journey, however toilsome. Everywhere on those journeys he won hearts by his simple, engaging manner, combined with his helplessness and his bravery. He was known in Spain, and Turkey, and Russia: at Paris, or Madrid, or Moscow, the impression was the same. The first question put by the monks of Mount Athos to their next Oxford visitor was significant—'And how is Philippos?' One might speak of the pleasant smile with which he greeted his friends, his brave cheerfulness under lifelong suffering, and what seemed in him an absolute incapacity of complaining; his delight in children—the sure sign of an innocent and happy temper; his awe and reverence for Almighty God, and constant desire to serve and please Him. When it was brought home to him that his infirmities disabled him from taking Holy Orders, as he had desired to do, he only said that his wish, then, was to do what he might be able for God's service at any time and in any way. To such a one death could have no terror—death could not find him unprepared. . . . I need not say how many prayers have been and are breathed that God Almighty and our Lord Jesus Christ would comfort the bereaved and honoured father, who, just forty years ago, saw her who was truly the half of his being interred beneath the pavement of this church, and will now have to see his only son carried to the grave before him. . . . God will comfort him, we trust; God has comforted him, we know.

Dr. Pusey had written to Newman from Ilfracombe (August 12, 1844), after Philip's confirmation :—

My poor boy's first Communion was a happy one ; thank you. I was by him, but a friend told me he returned with a face full of joy, and he told me afterwards, 'I said to our Lord that I was very unworthy, but I offered my heart to Him, and I prayed Him to keep it for me, and do with it what He would.'

All his after-life was spent in accordance with this offering and petition, and now all the long years of weary suffering and privation were but as a dream when one awaketh.

The fragments of that last day on earth (his sister wrote, January 22), which we gradually gather in together, are most touchingly beautiful, and will be a comfort to my father by-and-by. The morning service at the Cathedral, work at the Bodleian, a long talk full of life and energy with Mr. Deane, who takes my father's Hebrew Lectures, a particularly bright dinner in the evening, his welcome to my son, his kind and chatty questions about our children, their pets, their dogs, etc., work in his own study, family prayers, a cheerful good-night to my father, and then in ten minutes—*perfect* unconsciousness to things of this earth for five hours—no suffering, no pain—and then the end.

On Tuesday, January 20, all that was mortal of Philip Edward Pusey was laid to rest in the small graveyard, on the south side of the Cathedral, Dr. King saying the Burial Service. Mrs. Brine wrote, January 22 :—

My father has not yet been able to be consulted respecting any of the arrangements. He seemed to take no notice how time passed—never but once alluded to the subject, except to say to Dr. Acland in his own sweet way, 'Let it be all as Mary likes.' He asked no questions, except the day and hour of the Holy Communion, and of the Burial Service. He then watched the

time come, and at the last moment said so sweetly and unselfishly, Well, dear, now you must go. Send one of the servants to me; I shall be all right.' I was obliged to tell my precious father that this once I could not obey him; but that, as I am his only child, he must let me remain with him, in which he acquiesced by a dear smile. He only asked *when* it was over, and then said not another word till last night, when he began talking calmly and quietly on *the* subject nearest to his heart—my own dear mother.

I can never express the tender, reverential sympathy that has been shown throughout the College. The Dean's unwearied exertions and thoughtfulness must have been the more trying to him, as they must have revived all the sad memories connected with the place we have chosen.[1]

Ten days later she writes of 'high pulse, restlessness, and wandering yesterday,' but that—

To-day he is quite himself again, and has actually opened and read some of his letters. I do not suppose he will ever be so strong as he was before. . . . He never alludes to anything beyond asking me on Wednesday *where* dear Philip was laid.

He varies so much that I am often quite puzzled (was his daughter's report in February). He has not been quite so comfortable to-day and yesterday, but he has been doing more; writing a few letters, and looking at his dear books, not much, but still he has not slept quite so much, and has roused up a little more, and, I am thankful to say, has talked to me quite comfortably about dear Philip. I wanted to get back to the possibility of his name coming quite naturally amongst us, as one of us still; and now the ice is quite broken, and my dear father can and will talk of him again, and does not mind my saying little things about old days. I felt the silence was unnatural, although I knew it proceeded from an exhausted brain. . .

Dear—it would go to your very heart to see that dear face. I do think it grows whiter and thinner every day. Dr. Acland said

[1] Philip Pusey's grave was close to that of the Dean's young daughter, Edith Liddell.

to-night, 'I have never seen it look so beautiful. It is a saintly face.' The worry and the cares have gone out of it, somehow, and there is such a calm come, but I must not write about it, else I shall break down.

His hearing is quite comfortable; but then I always noticed that deafness came on when he was worried, and now he is quiet, his hearing is much improved. Sometimes he can see Dr. Liddon, and sometimes he cannot.

By the end of February Mrs. Brine wrote of him as having 'fallen back pretty well into his ordinary ways,' and doing 'a little work now and then.' Very gradually the stricken father 'wandered back to life,' and took up the work which for two years more he was still to do. His daughter wrote on March 2:—

My dear father opens all his letters now, and goes on comfortably. He does not leave his two rooms, but has a fairly good appetite, and occupies himself with his books and papers for some portion of the day.

He was able to write himself to Mr. Skinner, on April 3.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,

Saturday in Easter Week, 1880.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—The exhaustion of that night was so great that, notwithstanding the great mercy of God to me in it, I was laid up for some weeks, and although I thanked God for having preserved me such a son for nearly fifty years, I could not read the letters, which were written in such kindness to me. When I could read them, I still could not write of them.

God was indeed very good. My dear son was cut off from all human aid. He was for those six hours insensible to the outer world. He could hear absolutely nothing, nor feel anything. I dared not give him the Viaticum, because something returned from the stomach. I did not dare even moisten his lips with the

Blood of Christ. But God was with him. Towards the end the nurse said to me, 'He must be going now.' I looked at his face—you remember that his features were plain; but there was a calm, heavenly beauty, such as, I think, I have never seen. Others told me that it continued as long as it could be seen. God must have been speaking to him, and left that superhuman beauty. Thanks be to Him.

Since I have been able to use my brain, Acland advises me to resume what work I could, so I have taken up my often-interrupted pages, 'What is of Faith as to Everlasting Punishment?'[1] in the hope of also meeting some popular objections. . . .

Let me hear how you are.

Your very affectionate,
E. B. P.

By June he had finished his 'Reply' to Dr. Farrar's book.

'It is, as all you do, thorough in its research,' Cardinal Newman wrote to him, 'and sure to be useful to docile and humble minds, and those, I trust, are many.'

You will be glad to hear (Dr. Pusey wrote to the Cardinal) that your argument in the letter to Professor Plumptre, which I republished, has so far moved Dr. Farrar that he writes to me, 'I am perfectly willing to substitute for the conception of a new probation, that of a future "purification," for those who have not utterly extinguished the grace of God in their hearts, if that be the more Catholic view.' There is still the 'if' and the 'view,' but it seems a step.

Once more, probably for the last time on earth, the

[1] The reply (What is of Faith as to Everlasting Punishment?) is a book of nearly 300 pages, the last book of any size which came from his pen, and one of the most well-timed and powerful. . . . The main argument concludes with some striking thoughts about the state of the departed, which seem to have been suggested by the recent passing away of so many of his friends.—Life, iv. pp. 350, 352.

friends must have met, for Cardinal Newman says in a note dated June 20, 1880: 'I was very glad to see William[1] for a minute after I had parted with you.'

It must have been during this summer, I think, at Ascot, where he spent the Long Vacation, that, seeming out of heart one day on account of the increase of infidelity, he took up a little picture-card, with the words underneath,

I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee,

and spoke of it as comforting.

As the results of the Public Worship Act made themselves more and more felt through persecution and imprisonment of clergy for obeying what Dr. Pusey held to be plain directions in the Prayer-book, he turned the rather from anything he had regretted in the manner of it, and came forward in their defence. In a letter to the *Times*, dated January 14, 1881, he wrote—

Whatever mistakes any of the Ritualists made formerly, no Ritualist would now, I believe, wish to make any change without the hearty goodwill of the people. But all along those who have closely observed the Ritual movement have seen that it has been especially the work of the laity. While the clergyman has been hesitating, his parishioners have often presented him with the vestments which they wished him to wear. Mr. Enraght and Mr. Mackonochie have not been struggling for themselves, but for their people. . . . Agents of the Church Association tried in vain for years to find a third parishioner in the Mission at the London Docks to disturb the ritual of the priest who had won them to God, and whom, with the ritual which he had taught them, they loved—Mr. Lowder.

The following copy of a letter, dated June, 1881, is

[1] Rev. W. Pusey.

amongst his papers, but there is no clue as to whom it was written—

I am sorry to hear of the strife and bitterness in some of the parishes in your Lordship's large diocese. Of course, there is the question, who, besides Satan, stirs it up. As far as I have seen, the assailants have been the Church Associationists: the Ritualists and their defenders have only wished to do their Master's work in peace. . . .

. . . Your Lordship must know that toleration is allowed to every school of clergy except the Ritualists. I have nothing to say for those who revive what is obsolete without the goodwill of their people. But those whom the Church Associationists persecuted are just those who have their people with them. . . . There have, of course, been mistakes among the Ritualists. But so there are everywhere. But everything is tolerated except them. Dean Stanley's school is tolerated to an extent which some of them feel to be hollow. . . . One of them, in whose family I am much interested, formally renounced his Orders, because he felt it so hollow.

The Puritan section is tolerated, although they, many of them, still disbelieve the Sacrament of Baptism which they administer.

Only a war of extermination is carried on by the Church Associationists, and, I fear, that in too many of the Puritan section it is a war against what has always been the faith of the Church, which, since the Bennett judgment, they cannot attack directly. This is the bond of union between the old High Church and the Ritualists.

Your Lordship has seen or known of one side: will you allow me to give you instances of another? St. Barnabas has been the earliest of the Ritualist Churches in Oxford. Corpus had, at the time when Bishop Mylne was there, tutors of an advanced liberal school. Its present Head learned, by having care of a parish, that something more was wanted for the people, and learned more, I know not how much. The undergraduates were remarkable for their steady adherence to faith. . . . They were not disturbed by

any of the Latitudinarianism or misbelief which then too infected Oxford. Bishop Mylne, who was then quite young, told me the secret of it. They went one by one to St. Barnabas, and there learnt the reality of religion. Dr. Bright (who, like myself, is no Ritualist, but has much sympathy with them) said to me a few days ago, 'St. Barnabas is a great power for good in Oxford.'

To Hon. C. L. Wood he wrote, in August, 1881, with deep feeling, of Mr. Green's imprisonment in Lancaster gaol, for no fault save 'following a distinct direction of the Prayer-book, and giving to his people a service which they loved,' and he alludes to his own challenge to the Church Association to prosecute him for doing what the same judgment under which Mr. Green suffered, had forbidden. 'It needed only,' he said, 'to renounce his convictions, to violate his conscience, to tell his people, whom he loved, that he had misled them by following a direction in our Common Prayer-book, that the insertion of that direction at the last revision of our Prayer-book was a mere blunder, that they might trifle with every direction of the Prayer-book, neglect everything, contravene everything; one thing only they must not do—obey. This has been the battle; on the one side of strong will to obey, which was to be immured within iron bars lest it should be again free to obey; on the other force, under the sacred but abused name of Law, bidding men disobey under the penalty of being imprisoned.' Dr. Pusey never laid down the arms which he had taken up in 1850 against the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council deciding spiritual matters, and published early this year a letter to Dr. Liddon, 'Unlaw in Judgments of the Judicial Committee and its Remedies.'[1]

[1] A valuable *résumé* of the history of the High Church party in their

Of 'a few words' which Mr. Shaw Stewart had asked him to write for the English Church Union of 'encouragement and advice,' he says:—

They would be what you would expect from an old man—to patience, perseverance, prayer.

We are represented as rebels, or encouraging against what are dear to every Englishman, or every true son of the Church, the authority of the law or of our episcopate, collective or individual. We *are*, and the older of us have been, for thirty years engaged in a contest with a Court which was only made a Court of Final Appeal in ecclesiastical causes in simple ignorance on the part of its authors of what they were doing. Lord Brougham, as he told us himself, had no idea that he was transferring the determination of controversies of Faith to a mere Civil Court, whose chief occupation was to the judging of Admiralty causes. . . . In so doing he contravened in simple ignorance the decrees of General Councils, which appointed that in any matter of Faith an appeal should lie to the Provincial Council. He contravened also Magna Charta, and the oldest synods in the land. He might just as reasonably, I believe more reasonably, have transferred to a court-martial, or to a jury of twelve pious unlettered communicants of our peasantry. . . .

This, then, was our first effort in 1850, to obtain a repeal of that which Lord Brougham had procured by mistake, by which matters of Faith were taken from the Church and transferred to those who need not necessarily be, with two exceptions, members of the Church. So that a Court, which originally consisted of bishops, to the exclusion of civil judges, now consists of civil judges, to the exclusion of bishops, and might in any given cause consist of judges who reject the Faith of the Church of England to pronounce what her Faith is.

struggles in the courts of law. In review of all the cases since 1850, he shows that his friends had been in a state of continuous protest against the Final Court of Appeal, and that there could be no peace until that Court was reformed.—Life, iv. p. 364.

The following is amongst letters of which he left copies, dated 1881.

Disappointing to me as was the Vatican decree, I thought that it would at least have gained us peace. It is such an utter overthrow of all which we have been always taught of the '*quod ubique, quod semper*,' etc., which seemed common ground between us and the Roman Church. And one can hardly read anything in antiquity which does not go against it.

General Councils become an absurdity, since they can add nothing of authority. To what end to bring bishops from the ends of the earth—old, maimed by persecution—to die at Nice or Chalcedon, if the Bishop of Rome could have framed the Creed himself? To what end to remain under the effects of the latrocinium of Ephesus, until the Council of Chalcedon, if the Pope by his single voice could have set it straight? To me the most remarkable case was that examination of St. Leo taken by obscure bishops, and its being accepted, one by one by them, not at all as coming from the Bishop of Rome, but because it agreed with the Epistle of St. Cyril, which the Council of Ephesus had received, and with the two councils before it, which Bossuet dwells upon. St. Leo could have known nothing of the prerogative now ascribed to his see, since his representatives did not except against this, though they did against a canon altering the order of the Patriarchates. Or how could St. Gregory the Great 'reverence the four General Councils as the four Gospels,' if he could himself have written them?

To me it seemed that it would become an impediment to people going to Rome, that they would have to declare their belief in what was so contrary to facts; apart from the errors which even Bellarmine admits.

But I have been disappointed to find the young clergy so ignorant of antiquity as not to know the difficulty.

There were few things more remarkable about Dr. Pusey than his unchanging constancy, whether in his estimate of injuries to the Church, or in personal affection.

I have just heard your tidings about good Sir William (he wrote, August 22, his eighty-first birthday); it takes away one's breath.[1] I remember that Tyler, when tutor at Oriel, told me that his look of devotion at Holy Communion made him almost fall back. What an amount of early devotion it bespeaks. I have known him about sixty years. I will gladly see you at three, but I could not talk about business to-day.

It is this side of Dr. Pusey's character which his daughter is anxious should be known.

He was not only (she writes) the grave ascetic. My children know another side of him. Hearing that my daughter had expressed a wish to 'come out,' at the ball given in 1881 by our House to Prince Leopold at Commemoration, he at once sent for tickets, which were a guinea each, and gave them to me. He sat up to see her dressed and start, and when we came down to breakfast next morning, his first question was whether she had had nice partners, and enjoyed herself. When my girls were growing up, he wished me to ask young men to the house, and he ordered the garden beds to be cleared away, and a tennis lawn made in the lower garden. Tennis was new at that time, and my dear father used to leave his books, and stand watching the game from his study window. He said that 'it was very good exercise for the young people.'

Concerning a husband and wife in unbelief he wrote:--

August 22, 1881.

Poor —— must wish to be blinded. Not so she. I fear that he is afraid that if his wife should become a Christian, she would give him no rest until he became so too. Mrs. —— must tell her that it is a bliss beyond all bliss to love Jesus. 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' She has but to take Him at His word, and to say

[1] The death of the late Right Hon. Sir William Heathcote.

the most sceptical prayer, if the best she can; such as any which I wrote before, or even—

'Jesus, Saviour, save me, if Thou canst hear and save.'

Intellectual questions may be above her, but the Gospel is for the poor. The fisherman and the tent-maker, taught by Him, of Whom it was said, 'Is not this the carpenter's son?' redeemed the world.

'Love, not intellect, is God's special gift to women,' Dr. Pusey said, and added, 'I reverence the gift, as all God's gifts, when it is given. Only, I think that they are straining women's minds. Some break down; some are made hard.'

'I don't know that I need give this,' one writes when sending the following note, 'except as a little token of how that last year, and even with his great deafness, there was the same seeking after a soul as when, long years before, he had forced one to talk to him.'

I hear a report that you are here. If so, how long do you stay? For . . . there must be things which you would like to talk over. To-day I have had a very persevering cough, else I meant to have asked you to come to-day. . . . My hearing is so uncertain, sometimes giving me pain, sometimes failing me, or leaving me quite uncertain as to the one word on which everything turns, that I have been obliged to give up the use of the horn.

He had written, from Christ Church, when seventy-nine, and amidst all his manifold engagements, concerning one whom he thought he could help:—

Do bid —— summon up courage to come here. Mary is here, anyhow till Friday. . . . If —— can get an escort to Oxford, or come in the lady's carriage, the maid will look after her temporal wants, and there will be room in this house. But I am labouring under a fit of temporary deafness, and it will be well to write as much as may be.

The two following notes are amongst letters which the writer is permitted to use :—

In confession we ought to lay open our wound to the merciful Physician. We ought to believe in God and hope in Him, and love Him as our own Father, Who loves us not for any desert of our own, but against our deserts. And we ought to go about our daily task as being ourselves the objects of God's undeserved infinite love, not as matter of our own personal conviction, but as God's truth.

Do not be down-hearted, be humble, do not crave praise nor sympathy. Be humble towards ——; take any blame humbly, as deserving more; cast yourself on the infinite love of Jesus, and fear not that He will exalt you in the Great Day, if you keep yourself, by His grace, lowly and humble here. . . .

Avoid all self-exaltation; it is the surest way to lead to abasement. As to charity, remember that 'Speak not evil one of another' is just as much a command as 'Thou shalt not steal,' and that even the poet says it is an aggravated form of stealing to deprive another of any reputation he may have.

That wonderful love and care for individuals never lessened. One of the Ascot Sisters, working in London during an epidemic of small-pox in 1880, took the disease, and had it severely. Notwithstanding his great age, Dr. Pusey fully intended to go to see her, but this was positively forbidden by his doctor.

'I am very sorry to be hindered from coming to see you,' he wrote to her; 'but, if I got to London, the stairs would be a difficulty. I never go upstairs now. But God will give you no more illness than He sees good for you.'

On the Sister's return to Ascot for change of air, she was, she writes, 'foolishly troubled at being marked by small-pox; and he used to comfort me, and tell me that

"Jesus has marked you thus so as to seal you for His own," and that had I died, "Jesus would have owned you as one of His martyrs."'

From Christ Church Dr. Pusey wrote (January 9, 1882) of his friend Mr. Skinner's death, who had passed away on December 29, 1881:—

To me too it is the absence of one more on earth with whom I had continual intercourse.

It is so beautiful, too, that all traces of suffering were gone, and to hear of the beauty of that earthly tabernacle. When I saw the same unearthly beauty in my son's countenance, I felt sure that Almighty God must have spoken to his soul when he was beyond human aid.

It is marvellous how God perfects His own through suffering. I should be ashamed not to have any, except that I could not work for God as I hope, if I had it.

'The next time I saw Dr. Pusey,' another writes, 'was on Sunday, May 7. I parted from him in the smaller room on the ground floor, which used to be his study long ago, before he moved into the dining-room,[1] and in which I had seen him for the first time, now so many years ago. I must have read him some letter about religious difficulties, for the following note, the last he sent me, is dated May 11, 1882.'

I cannot quite make out the class of minds of whom —— is speaking. From his description I should have thought they were believers into whose minds Satan cast doubts, such as Pascal, who must have had a sceptical mind. Pascal's advice came to this, 'Disregard them, and do some act of faith.' That person,

[1] For the last two or three years, Dr. Pusey used the large study (the one which appears in the frontispiece, formerly the dining-room) as his bedroom, to avoid going upstairs, and took the smaller room again as his study.

about whom I spoke, said to me, 'Oh, E——, there are some doubts which one can only overcome on one's knees.' What I should fear was, that they had not love enough. One who loves Jesus might be worried by sceptical thoughts, but he is founded on the Rock.

But here, at least, the misery is that those who are unsettled as to the Faith *will not* go to those who wish to help them. Dr. Liddon was complaining of this to me the other day. 'They won't come.'

God bless you evermore.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XXVI.

LETTER TO MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNION.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, November, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND BROTHERS,—Your good President has asked me, since you have chosen me to be your clerical vice-president, to write to you in our troubles, and to suggest (if I could) anything which might be of use to members of our society. It is an office which I never, I believe, undertook before, because the Church has not given me any office to volunteer any opinions in an address to others. However, since we are bound together in one society, and I have the advantage of years, it may not be unfitting to write to you.

Of course, in speaking of what seems to me to be wanting, I am speaking of appearances only, as one may judge of public speeches, letters, or the like—not of the heart, which the Searcher of hearts alone knows.

It is a time of unusual activity. But in activity there is apt to be too much of mere nature. I remember being much struck, when young, by the reflection of one of that pious school of the old Evangelicals in his old age—'Much activity which we hoped to be grace, was nature.'

In activity, there is the tendency to forget one's self. Of external efforts to promote religion, there is abundance. Congresses, conferences, guild meetings, E.C.U. meetings—all jostle together and occupy so much time and thought that there is peril

lest we neglect the care of our own souls. There is the risk lest we should mistake zeal for God's truth for love of Himself.

> *Thou* to wax fierce
> In the cause of the Lord ;
> To threat and to pierce
> With the heavenly sword !
> . . . . . .
> The Altar's pure flame
> Consumes as it soars ;
> Faith meetly may blame,
> For it serves and adores.
> Thou warnest and smitest ?
> Yet Christ must atone
> For a soul that thou slightest—
> Thine own.[1]

I hope that I shall not seem to you *laudator temporis acti* if I mention some advantages which we had in those bright early Tractarian days, which some now look down upon.

The Tractarians, I may say in the outset, were not behindhand in what they taught, as some now think. As early as the Tenth Tract there was the old language of Ancient Liturgies, that the priest was commissioned to make bread and wine the Body and Blood of Christ. It was excepted against. The writer (J. H. N.) simply said that he knew not how else to express himself.

The little band began to do the little they could do, leaving the rest to God. An acute man, Dr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel, said of the Tracts on their first appearance, 'I know that they have a forced circulation.' We (to join myself with my betters) put the leaven into the meal, and waited to see what would come of it. When it began to work, it became clear Whose doing it was. We had on our lips, 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' But then this expanded our thoughts. We did not know what might not be in store. The number of armed soldiers of Christ who sprang up, when the trumpet was blown with no uncertain sound, showed how much real faith there

[1] Lyra Apostolica, No. 36. Weakness of Nature, by Cardinal Newman.

was which would answer to the prolonged call. Every pious person seemed to us a future torch-bearer of the full truth. If any did not yet believe in their baptism, they had of course to be taught it from Holy Scripture and the Church; if they received it, they had passed the spot where the two roads parted; and they had already received, in principle, the Sacramental system, and we could trust that the Spirit of Truth would teach them the rest. They had the root of the matter in them. We were not disappointed. Some of the most energetic teachers of Catholic truth have been (as J. H. N. once was) Evangelicals. But *then* we had no individual opponents. The truth, not we, was to prevail. Plenty of people wrote and spoke against us. We read it all, took no published notice of it, but framed what we next wrote with a view to it. . . . Our object became to Catholicize England. With such an object we could not care about jolts or roughnesses upon the road. What in us may have been nature, in you must be grace. Love will win others, not controversy. Bitterness and contempt are now apparent in controversial writing, where there is not indifference. This, then, seems to be our first need, and the cry of the heart, 'More love, more love!' 'Love is life's only sign.' . . . Fasting was often prolonged, as in the ancient Church. An eminent physician expressed surprise at there being so much indisposition at Eastertide.[1] I do not name these things as to be imitated, but as illustrative of the times. Of course blunders were made; some about health, grave.

But *then* people had no time or heart for fault-finding. They had enough to do in themselves. . . . The penitential character of our services was, I remember, strikingly brought out by Isaac Williams in one of the later Tracts. Even the slowness of the restoration of Holy Communion had its advantages. People hungered the more for the Bread of Life, prepared more diligently, and thanked more devoutly. A pious layman wrote last month—'I often fear that in these days our Communions, though more

[1] Dr. Pusey's own practice was to take no food from the evening of Maundy Thursday until Easter Day. In old age he was obliged to relax this, but even after seventy his fast during Holy Week was rigorous.

frequent, are not so *good* as those of our fathers in days when weekly Communion was hardly heard of.'

Another pious layman, whose spirit God has stirred, writes: 'God has called us to higher things: we of the English Church have had a special visitation of God: we have seen the beauty and symmetry of the Catholic Faith: we have felt the marvellous efficacy of the Sacraments to save us from sin and lead us to perfection. And what have we to show for it all? Are we better than our fathers, who were less privileged? Judging from my own knowledge of myself and others like-minded, I must confess that our great responsibilities sit terribly lightly on our shoulders. We want a new crusade against laxity, half-heartedness, and worldliness: we want to proclaim the ideal life for the sons of the Catholic Faith in the nineteenth century world. We have had enough of party organisation, of fancy Churchmanship, of *dilettante* Catholicism.'

My dear friends, Advent is coming, and has its own lessons; to prepare for His coming in great humility, humble ourselves, and so to prepare for His coming in His glorious Majesty, and to judge ourselves.

There is said to be extraordinary grace upon doing ordinary things extraordinarily well. We do not want fresh helps, or fresh practices, but to use well what we have; to remember our Lord's warning, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' and beware of judgment of others; His saying, 'By thy words thou shalt be condemned,' and beware of censures; and that other, 'Love one another, as I have loved you,' with a love whose fruit was that dread Sacrifice of Calvary; and hush all bitterness and strife; and the words of our Judge, 'I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast forsaken thy first love; because thou art lukewarm, I will spue thee out of my Mouth;' and see whether our preparations for Holy Communion are as careful and thorough, our thanksgivings as fervent, our diligence to remember through the day Whom we have received, and to detain Jesus in the soul, as habitual, as when Communion was less frequent; whether our penitent remembrance of sin, it may be long past, is as earnest as when we had fewer opportunities for Confession and Absolution.

We have it continually in our mouths that 'Confession is a great help towards perfection.' Where *is* our perfection? What we want is not to strengthen a party, but the spiritual elevation of the whole Church. The Hearer of prayer will hear us, if, in the coming Advent, we pray earnestly for the revival of our own spiritual life and that of all our brethren, those, too, who speak against us or persecute any of us. . . .

Do not think that in what I have written I mean to reflect upon any one. It would be contrary to the whole meaning of this letter, which, at the suggestion of others, I have ventured to write to you.

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

E. B. PUSEY,

Vice-President, E.C.U.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LAST DAYS.

1882.

L'anima santa . .
. . . da martiro
E da esilio venne a questa pace.
Paradiso, c. x.

To love God, to work for God—these words sum up the story of Dr. Pusey's life. Loving as he did, how could it be but a joy, shining brighter than even duty, to work for Him Whom, not having seen, he loved? His eighty-second birthday found him still at that labour in the vineyard, begun in the early morning of life—labour never slackened during the few years of a great earthly love and happiness—taken up with severer self-devotion two days after all that was mortal of her who had been his love was laid in the grave.

He had continued his ministrations to the Sisters at Ascot during the few days before his birthday, besides, as usual, reading for his Hebrew Lectures. But the end of his service in exile, of this life's imperfect work and effort had come, and his translation to that existence where God's servants shall serve Him, and shall see His face,

was close at hand. St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, was his last of health, and was clouded by his deep sympathy for the Rev. S. F. Green, still in Lancaster gaol. He was unable to get up the following morning; but was much better by Sunday the 27th, rising at nine, and occupying himself as usual during the week which followed, though failing when he tried to read for his Lectures in the coming Term.

His last effort was, with his usual chivalry, to take up arms on behalf of Mr. Green, writing, on August 24, an account of his condition in prison to the *Times*, which brought upon him a correspondence with the Archbishop of York, for which he was physically wholly unfit. But, as one dying on the battle-field, he rallied once more, and wrote again to the *Times* on August 31, declaring a slander of Mr. Green, which had appeared in a letter in its columns (and concerning which Dr. Pusey made careful inquiry), to be 'absolutely and entirely untrue,' and ending, 'Idle words have to be given an account of at an unerring tribunal'—his last public utterance.

He had ever loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; and this was his last struggle for justice. It probably exhausted his failing energies. There was a reaction of depression on Sunday, September 3, and on Monday, when trying, evidently with difficulty, to cross his room, he fell forward on his bed, and for a time seemed unconscious. When he opened his eyes, after he had been placed in a chair, he seemed to recognize no one, but asked to be moved to his bed, which he never left again. He had spent the morning reading the Hebrew Bible, and had sat up to lunch as usual, and seen his doctor.

There was nothing after this in his physical condition save flickerings of the vital flame. Yet his friend and most trusted physician, Sir Henry Acland, who had been sent for, did not consider his illness worse than some from which he had recovered, though saying that he should think any other man in Dr. Pusey's condition not likely to live for twenty-four hours. Sir Henry sent a trained nurse to attend on him, and there were slight rallies; but, on the whole, increasing weakness, restlessness, and periods of unconsciousness. His daughter started for Ascot as soon as a telegram from the Ascot doctor bade her come, and took charge of her dying father. Her story of his last days is so touching in its simplicity that it is given here:—

The doctor said that I had better stay that night[1] at his house. He had seen my father at ten o'clock, comfortably settled for the night, with the nurse who had come from London, and thought I should only excite him by arriving so late. He took me to the Hermitage next morning at eight o'clock, just asked how my father was, and, hearing that he had had a comfortable night, left me there, saying that he would call in later. When I went into my father's room I was surprised to find him sitting propped up in bed. He had just had his breakfast, and was apparently *very* cheerful, though evidently a good deal excited by seeing me. He asked me first of all what had brought me. I told him that I had heard that he was ill, and had hurried off. 'Well, dear,' he replied, 'you see that I am all right. I am soon down (as you see), and soon up again. And now you will have to go back again to your children, as they will want you at home.' He then began to ask all sorts of questions about them, especially about Philip in America, a great favourite of his grandfather's, and my soldier son Percival, who had just started for Malta with his

[1] Tuesday, September 12.

regiment, expecting to be sent on to Egypt. He picked up the thread of all we had talked about last, when my children and I bade him farewell two months before at Oxford, just before he left for Ascot. He had so wonderfully revived after a comfortable night, his voice was so strong, his mind so clear, that I could not bring myself to believe that he was seriously ill, and he evidently had not the slightest idea that I had been sent for by the doctor. We had quite a quiet half-hour alone before the latter returned. To his question, 'Well, Dr. Pusey, how do you feel this morning?' which my father read on his lips, came the playful reply, with his own bright smile, 'Is it not *your* business to tell *me* how I am, rather than mine to tell you?' I slipped out of the room and left the doctor with him. When he came out, he said that it was a wonderful rally, but that he must not be allowed to talk too much. So I kissed my father, and left him for a while; I could not realize but that he would rally from this attack, as he had done from so many previous illnesses through which I had nursed him. In the afternoon, however, he seemed to get decidedly weaker and more drowsy.

I think the morning of Wednesday, September 13, must have been the last rally, such as one often sees when the end is nearing; he did not attempt to talk; Dr. Fagge did not think well of him the second time he came. I was told that in the morning he had tried to tell my father how weak he was; but I don't think that my father had any idea that he was not going to get over the attack. As the afternoon passed on and the weakness seemed to increase, I telegraphed to my uncle, and wrote to my son, telling him he had better come.

They persuaded me to go to bed that night, after my long journey, and promised to call me if any change came on. I was in his room by eight on Thursday morning, September 14, and found that he had had a quiet night; he lay sleeping quietly most of the morning. In the afternoon Dr. King and my son arrived from Oxford; my father was perfectly conscious when they came in, though drowsy and disinclined to talk. He welcomed them both with his dear, bright smile, seemed so pleased to see them, and held out his hand, which Dr. King kissed and then

knelt by his bedside. I thought my father would like to be alone with him, and Jem and I left the room. When we returned, I saw that my father was getting exhausted; I remember asking Dr. King to say the Commendatory Prayer before he left; the end seemed to be coming nearer, because he appeared to be losing strength so fast. Uncle William arrived in the evening, and I felt that he had not come too soon; but I persuaded him to get a night's rest, as he was very tired; my father seemed so glad to see him, but did not speak.

That night I kept watch alone in his sick-room, the nurse sleeping in the outer room in case I wanted her. There was nothing to be done but to give him beef-tea with brandy every two hours. He was perfectly conscious at intervals, always knew me when I brought him his food, and invariably said, 'Thank you, Puss'—my pet name—by which I knew that he knew me. He was very restless till about two o'clock, throwing off the bed-clothes, etc.; then he roused himself, asked for another candle to be lit, as he said the room was dark, told me to go off to bed, as I should be tired, and he did not want anything more, and said, 'Good night, Puss.' I went into the next room, and waited there till I heard him wandering again and talking; his voice was strong and clear, and I could follow the thread of all his wanderings. He seemed to think he was talking over with Dr. Liddon plans for the coming Term: 'Hebdomadal Council' and all such familiar terms were constantly on his lips, the rationalism of the day, etc. It was not delirium, to my mind, simply his brain was hard at work on various subjects; all he said was perfectly sensible and coherent. Seeing me cross the room, he said, 'Oh, Puss, you must not sit up, you will be tired. I shall do very well.' So I kissed him, went into the next room for a few minutes, and then crept back to my post.

Towards morning he was quieter, and then, as the room became hot and close, and I knew that it was oppressing him, I went to the nurse just at the break of a lovely autumn day with bright sunshine, and, knowing my father's love of fresh air, asked if I might open the window. She gave her consent, and the relief

was instantaneous, the restlessness ceased at once, and then he began to think that he was administering the Blessed Sacrament, and his hands moved to different places along the bed, as though they were the altar rails, with the words of administration as distinct as possible. Then, after a pause, he seemed to think that he was exercising the office of absolution, and the words rang out strong and clear as he laid his hands on the bed, as it were on the head of some one he thought was kneeling there—'By the authority committed to me,' etc. Gradually he sank into the sweetest sleep. And so Uncle William found him when he came in at eight o'clock on Friday morning. The doctor told us that he did not think that he would have lasted through the night. He slept on for some time; all that morning there were intervals of consciousness.

Uncle William and I were standing by his bedside, when I happened to take up the Prayer-book which was lying on the table with his open Hebrew Bible when I arrived, and which he had used from my earliest recollection. Grandmama had given it to him when the one she gave him at Eton was almost worn out; he never went anywhere without it; I said to Uncle William, 'This must be yours now;' and he was looking at their mother's writing on the title-page when my father, who was apparently asleep, surprised us by opening his eyes, and, looking at his brother with a sweet smile, said in a strong voice, 'The dear old book.' I believe that all through that day he was far more conscious than any one thought.

There were intervals of drowsiness and sleep, but when he opened his eyes there never seemed to be any confusion. He did not feel inclined to talk, and kept his eyes a good deal shut, and probably was engaged in prayer; but when he did open them there was an instantaneous recognition of Uncle William and myself: over and over again the sweet, affectionate smile of brotherly love to him; over and over again the muttered, 'God bless you, Puss,' on his lips to me.

I was very anxious, seeing that the end was drawing near, that Uncle William should administer the Holy Communion to him and us, and asked my uncle to speak to him, leaving him

with his brother. The answer given is correctly reported in the Life: 'If I am to receive the Holy Communion, I must administer it myself.' My uncle saw that he was too weak to be worried in any way, and the subject was dropped.

At nine o'clock that evening four of the Sisters at the convalescent hospital close by, who had been amongst Dr. Pusey's oldest friends and helpers, came, by his daughter's kind wish, to look once more on the living face they loved. Two of them were amongst the earliest Sisters at Park village, and had been his faithful co-workers for nearly forty years. 'Mrs. Brine was in close attendance on her father,' one of the Sisters said. 'I remember she moved in order kindly to allow us to approach his bed. We knelt a few minutes, and then went up and kissed his hand, from which she removed the covering that we might do so. He seemed unconscious, and breathing with difficulty. Of course we were in great grief, and when we had left him Mr. Pusey followed us through the little parlour into the passage, and, stooping down, said to us, "The victory will soon be won; the victory will soon be won."'

The doctor was much surprised (Mrs. Brine's letter continues) when he came on Friday evening, and on Saturday morning, to find him still with us. Uncle William and I were with him all Friday night. We thought every hour that he was passing away, and in the middle of the night his brother said the Commendatory Prayer, and some other prayers; but Saturday morning brought some sweet sleep. That morning lives in my memory as one of the most intense peace and calm. There was nothing to be done but to moisten his dear lips occasionally, and calmly await the end.

Uncle William was sitting by his bedside most of the time.

I spent the morning either kneeling by his side or leaning over him, and holding his dear hand. It was about ten o'clock that I heard the faint but distinct utterance, 'Thou Lord God of Hosts,' as if he were conscious of a Presence we could not see. Later on there came a sort of triumphant burst, with the words, 'My Lord, and my God.' It was not as it is given in the Life, only, 'My God'—any one could say that. He said the words with an emphasis of victorious, *assured* faith, as if the vision were revealed to him of the Master he had loved and served so faithfully. One must have heard it to enter into what I mean.

Later on, about one o'clock, there came on his dear face a tender, loving, human smile of contentment and rejoicing, and then I felt sure that he was conscious of my mother's welcome to him, and that she was waiting for him 'Auf Jenseits.' It was not a look of adoration, but one of such human tenderness and love as could only have belonged to her. I knew then that the end was very near.

The Rev. T. T. Carter, Dr. Pusey's oldest surviving friend, had been absent from Clewer, but, returning that morning, and hearing of his illness, he came at once to the Hermitage.

I found the door open (he said), and went in. His daughter and his brother were kneeling by the bed, and I knelt down beside them. A Sister was fanning him. I do not know how long it was after I came until he passed away; it might have been half an hour.[1]

I cannot tell you when the last good-bye came (his daughter's narrative continues). He scarcely spoke again. There seemed

[1] There is a slight inaccuracy in the Life, from which it would appear that Mr. Carter did not join the mourners until all was over. The above words are from his lips. Also, as both Mrs. Brine and the Sisters at the Priory Hospital informed the writer, no lady accompanied Dr. King and Mr. James Brine from Oxford to the Hermitage or to the Priory.

to come an unearthly content into his mind. The meeting was at hand—and *he knew it.* We could say to ourselves, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for [his] eyes *have seen* Thy Salvation.'

It has always been a comfort to me to remember that my father was prayed for in his own cathedral, for the first time after he had left us. Telegrams to the Dean and others, telling of his departure, did not reach Oxford before the afternoon service, so the prayers of the Church were offered for Edward Bouverie Pusey as his dear spirit was entering into its blessed rest.

When the end came—so peacefully, just falling asleep, one gentle sigh—and we had said our thanksgivings that all the sorrows and sufferings of his life were over, and had crossed his dear hands and given him a parting kiss, we went out on the terrace, outside the window of the room, and stood there for a few minutes in the cloudless beauty of that autumn afternoon, not a sound to break the stillness save the passing bell of the chapel, our hearts too full for words.

We could but gaze up into the cloudless sky and think of the angels (to us invisible), who were bearing, as Dr. Liddon says, the departed soul into the Presence Chamber of his Saviour and his Judge. As long as life lasts, the solemnity of that moment must come ever to mind, *never* to be forgotten.

Everything had to be arranged at once for the removal to Oxford on Monday, on account of the intervening Sunday. Dr. Acland arrived that evening, and left on Sunday morning. Uncle William and I had a quiet, peaceful Sunday. Mr. Frampton administered the Holy Communion at eight o'clock by his dear bedside.

In the afternoon he was laid in the shell and borne to the Priory Chapel, Mr. Frampton, in his surplice, going before, reading some prayers, I think, and we following. He was laid in the chapel, facing the altar, the Sisters keeping their watches beside him through the night and until he was taken away. There was a celebration at eight on Monday. I turned back the pall, and he lay with his face uncovered, looking to the altar, the morning sun

shining on it through the east window and lighting it up.[1] At two o'clock they came to bear him away. I thought it more reverent that the forty miles to Oxford should be taken by road.

The cathedral bell began to toll about eight in the evening. Soon after the canons met my father at Tom Gate, and escorted him for the last time to the lodgings in 'the House'—his home for more than fifty years. He was laid in his old study, the picture he loved so much at his feet, and rested there until Thursday, September 21 (St. Matthew's Day), watched day and night by loving friends. The dear face was once more uncovered; college servants and all who wished to bid him farewell were allowed to come freely into the room and see him in his last sleep.

When Dean Liddell came with Dr. Acland to see me about cathedral arrangements, I said to the latter, 'You know how glad I should be if the Dean would like to go with you into the next room.' I knew how sensitive the Dean was, and saw that it was an effort, but he went, and told Dr. Acland afterwards that he would not have missed that last farewell for anything. 'The face was so peaceful in its last sleep,' he said, 'and looked quite ten years younger than when last I saw it.'

After the early morning service in the Cathedral on Thursday, September 21, St. Matthew's Day, it was closed until a quarter past twelve, that the last preparations might be made to receive all that was mortal of its oldest and most revered Canon. It was the middle of the Long Vacation, but from far and near men and women gathered for that burial. Every train arriving at Oxford during the morning brought fresh accessions to the ranks of the mourners, and fully an hour before the time announced for the Cathedral doors to be opened many hundreds of

[1] 'There was a most beautiful smile on his face,' one of the Sisters writes, 'and he looked as if he would speak. It was very touching to see Mr. Pusey and Mrs. Brine stand and gaze at the beloved father's face, and they tenderly kissed it.'

ladies and gentlemen were waiting in the quadrangle. Early that morning the chief mourners in the old lodgings looked their last on the beloved earthly countenance; and over the coffin, of unpolished oak, bearing a massive brass cross, was laid a violet purple pall with a silver cross on it bordered with gold. The clergy and laity who were to take part in the procession had assembled, so far as it could contain them, in the hall of Christ Church. Before one o'clock the tenor bell of the Cathedral began to toll, answered by mournful notes from many belfries, and soon after a procession of choristers and clergy passed through the crowd in the quadrangle to the canonry in the south-west corner, and met the precious remains as they were borne over its threshold. On the way to the Cathedral, the present and former members of the House, about thirty surpliced undergraduates and graduates of Christ Church, walking three abreast, and followed by the honorary canons, led the procession. The choristers, lay-clerks, and chaplains followed them, immediately preceding the coffin and singing, 'A few more years shall roll.' The pall-bearers on the left were the Hon. C. L. Wood,[1] Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Acland,[2] and Canon Bright; on the right, the Rev. Hon. C. Courtenay, Earl of Glasgow, the Warden of Keble College,[3] Archdeacon Palmer, and Canon King.[4] The chief mourners followed: Dr. Pusey's brother, grandsons, son-in-law, and nephew, Captain Pusey; the Rev. H. Raymond Barker, Canon of Gloucester, the brother-nephew of Mrs. Edward Pusey (who at eighty came once more to the lodgings which, in

[1] The present Viscount Halifax. [2] The present Sir Henry Acland, Bart.
[3] The present Bishop of Rochester. [4] The present Bishop of Lincoln.

early happy days had been to him as a home), and a few more. And then came a great procession, reaching round three sides of the quadrangle, though men walked five and six abreast, led by the Pro-Vice-Chancellor and senior Proctor, and the independent graduates of Christ Church, after whom came members of the University outside the House. Not a sound was heard but the tramp of many footsteps, and tolling of bells breaking the rhythm of the hymn. At the entrance to the Cathedral the sacred burden was met by the Bishop of Oxford, Dean Liddell, and Dr. Liddon, who intoned the opening verses of the Burial Service as the coffin was carried up the nave, past the open grave, and laid on trestles in the centre of the church, under the lantern. Every spot in the building was filled, and about three hundred of those who had taken part in the procession had to remain outside until the service was over. After the chanting of the Psalm, and reading of the Lesson by Dean Liddell, the coffin was borne to the grave, followed by Dr. Liddon, who said over it the last prayers and commendation. 'The King of Love my Shepherd is' was then sung, and the Bishop pronounced the Benediction.

Close by the grave had knelt, all through the service, Dr. Pusey's only surviving child; now she rose, and cast an offering of flowers upon the last resting-place of all that was mortal of her father. The inscription on the coffin was quickly hidden from view under the wealth of flowers showered upon it.

On the white marble slab in the central aisle which now covers the grave, between the inscriptions to his wife and daughters written by himself, is the name of Edward

Bouverie Pusey, *Linguæ Hebraicæ Professoris*, with the date of his death, and the words—

BENEDICTUS DEUS QUI NON AMOVIT
ORATIONEM MEAM ET MISERICORDIAM SUAM
A ME.

'I have simply been one who did with all his might anything which his hand found to do,' are Dr. Pusey's words in a letter written nine months before his death—his own summing-up of his life's work. The story of it, though feebly and imperfectly told, will not be in vain if it cause some (without leisure for the great biography) to realize that in his absolute singleness of aim, in the intention with which every duty was performed, lay the root of all which he accomplished. Like St. Paul, he counted all things but loss that he might win Christ, and bring others to the knowledge, as he said, in old age, 'that it is a bliss beyond all bliss to love Jesus.'

The words of One greater than St. Paul were the inspiration of his life: 'I come to do Thy will.' None could know him well without feeling how wholly devoid he was of the mixed motives which cause silver to become dross, and wine water—works done nominally for God, really for self, an image of gold upon feet of clay. His Master's promise was to him fulfilled, 'If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.' Therefore in disappointment he was blest; not having his reward here, save in passing gleams of the joy set before him. Like David, he had set his affection to the house of his God,

preparing from early youth with all his might to repair and build it up; and to his country his appeal had ever been, 'Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?'

If it would be difficult to take a day's journey in England without seeing some even outward token of the revival in which Dr. Pusey had so large a share, his life was, notwithstanding, one of more than common trial and of wearing anxieties. Yet his own words, while still young, 'One may gradually cease to know what disappointment is,' came true; and, whether amid visible success, or unfulfilled hopes, he stood firm as a rock, never quailing, never changing, never ceasing to be the apostle of peace and love, while earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. And they who love him most think now of the Mercy and Love that led him all his life long, through the light affliction which is but for a moment—granting him the request of his lips, crowning him with the blessings of goodness, and the abundance of the things which since the beginning of the world it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive—which eye hath not seen nor ear heard—

Nel miro ed angelico templo
Che solo amore e luce ha per confine.

Laus Deo.

INDEX

ACLAND, Dr. (Sir Henry), 389, 477, 494, 504, 505, 547, 554, 555
Adapted books, 229–232, 248, 249
Agitation against ritual, 436
Allies, Rev. T. W., pamphlet by, on Gorham case, 350
Altars, stone, Sir H. J. Fust's decision against, 298
American Church and the laity, 372
'Anglicanus' and the Athanasian Creed, 472
Apostolic Succession in Church of England, 332
Arabic Catalogue compiled by Dr. Pusey, 63, 81, 83, 87
Arabic, etc., study of, necessary to real knowledge of Hebrew, 30
Ascot Priory, visits to, 457, 466, 499–502, 512, 520, 523, 530, 545
Ashley, Lord, 11. (*See* Shaftesbury.)
Athanasian Creed, battle for the, 470–473; Archbishop Tait gives way on, 471, 473; second combat on, 472; meeting in Exeter Hall in defence of, 477; Irish battle on, 489–492
Athanasius', St., Orations, republication of, 482–484
Attitude of Manning and Pusey contrasted, 291
Avrillon's 'Guide to Lent,' 366

BAGOT, Bishop, Charge of, 131; action as to Tract xc., 174–177
Baptism, Holy, 82; Dr. Pusey's three Tracts on, 87
Barker, Maria Catharine Raymond, first meets Dr. Pusey, 11; engaged, 38; married, 57. (*See* Pusey, Mrs.)
Beckett, Rev. F., at St. Saviour's, 356
Bellasis, Serjeant, 290
Bennett, Rev. W. J. E., judgment in case of, 459, 460
Berlin, visits to, 28, 30
Bickersteth, Rev. E., on 'Library of the Fathers,' 106
Bishop of London's Fund, Dr. Pusey's contributions to, 92, 99, 115, 157
Bishops, their Charges as to Tract xc., 192; and 'Papal aggression,' 357, 486
Boddington, Miss, on Dr. Pusey's first sermon, 57
Bonn, visit to, 33, 34
Bouveries, the, 2; at Liege and Bruges, 3; Laurence, ancestor of English branch, 4
Bowden, J. W., 141, 254, 282
Brechin, Bishop of. (*See* Forbes.)
Breviary, proposed translation of, 229, 230; use of, in the Sisters' Home, 276; at St. Saviour's, 320
Bright, Dr., 460, 468
Brine, Katharine, death of, 507
Brine, Mrs. (*See* Pusey, Mary), 389, 466, 467, 469, 470, 504, 505, 514 *note*, 524, 528, 535, 547–556. (*See* LETTERS.)
Bristol Times, The, on E. B. P.'s sermon at Horfield, 314–316
British Critic, The, violent articles in, 183
Brougham, Lord, as to Final Appeal Court, 533
Bruce, Mary, 269

Buck, M. de, efforts towards reunion, 452
Bull, Pope's, of 1850, 356

Canterbury, Archbishop of, (Howley) on Dr. Pusey's pamphlet on cathedrals, 71; recommendations for Professorship of Divinity, 101; on Tract xc., 175; (Longley), 404 *note*; lays first stone of Keble College, 442; (Tait) position of, on the Athanasian Creed, 471–473; on confession, 508
Carter, Rev. T. T., prepares declaration on confession, 480, 487; 552. (*See* Letters.)
Cathedrals, pamphlet on, 70, 71
Cholera, Dr. Pusey working in East London during, 435
Christ Church, St. Pancras, character of Lenten services in, 264
Christ Church, Oxford, appointments to canonries at, Dr. Pusey, 60; Dr. Jelf, 66; Dr. Bright, 460; Dr. King, 461; Dr. Mozley, *ib.*
Christian Observer, The, attacks Dr. Pusey, 119
'Christian Year, The,' 465
Church building and sustentation, Dr. Pusey on, 110
Church Clerical Aid Society, 111
Church, Dean, 201, 260–262
Church life in England in 1823, 21
Churton, Archdeacon, on Treatise on the Holy Eucharist, 388; on the 'Eirenicon,' 420
Cleaver, Rev. W., 186, 199
Clerical teaching, Dr. T. Sikes on, 76
Coleridge, Judge, signs address to Dr. Wynter, 214, 365; on Treatise on Holy Eucharist, 388
Coleridge, Mrs., visit to, 57
Commentary on the Bible, Patristic and Catholic, proposed, 332; on Minor Prophets, 333, 390, 402, 409, 412, 416, 424, 457, 466, 478–481; on the Psalms, 500
Commentary for Children, fragments on St. Matthew, by Mrs. Pusey, 115, 130
Condemned sermon, the, 201–224
Conference at Hadleigh, 78
Confession and absolution, Mr. Gladstone on, 247, 308, 309, 359–361, 507; principle attacked, 341; right of English clergy to hear, 352, 362; petition to Convocation for licence, 479; declaration on, 480; Archbishop Tait and Lambeth Conference on, 508; form of absolution removed from new Irish Prayer-book, 508
Convalescent Hospital, Ascot Priory, 499
Convocation, memorable meeting of, 261; Mr. Ward's 'Ideal of a Christian Church' condemned, and himself degraded by, 261
Copeland, Rev. W. J., at Littlemore, 254
Copleston, Dr., appointed Bishop of Llandaff, 40
Coutances, Bishop of, 420
Crawley, Rev. George, suspended, 341

Daniel, Lectures on the Book of, 406; their publication and influence, 407
Declaration touching Royal Supremacy in Matters Ecclesiastical, 353; reaffirming doctrine attacked by Essayists, 404
Denison, Archdeacon, prosecution of, 386, 387
Discipline, want of, in English Church, 336
Ditcher, Rev. J., 386
Doctrine of the Eucharist unconsciously held, 121
Dodsworth, Rev. W., 269–277, 302, 351, 352, 355. (*See* Letters.)
Douglas, Sir James, Lieut.-Col., Governor of Guernsey, 117
Driver, Dr., 497
Dublin, Archdeacon of (Dr. Lee), appeals to Dr. Pusey on new Irish Prayer-book, 490; offer of Drs. Pusey and Liddon to, 491
Dupanloup, Bishop, 423; joins in efforts towards reunion, 446

EASTBOURNE, visit to, 341
Eastern Church and the *Filioque*, 497
Eastward position, Dr. Pusey contends for, 487
Ecclesiastical Courts, Dr. Pusey on, 533
Education, professorial and collegiate, 373
Eichhorn, Professor, 27
'Eirenicon,' the First, 410–412; publication of, 419, 423; Newman's reply to, 421, 437
'Eirenicon,' the Second, 449, 450
'Eirenicon,' the Third, 452, 453
Ellacombe, Jane, 269
Ellicott, Bishop, and the First 'Eirenicon,' 420
Elliott, Rev. H. Venn, 157
Endowments, University Professorial, Dr. Pusey on increase of, 397–401
England and Rome, neutrality between, 332
English Church Union, Dr. Pusey joins the, 436; speeches at meetings of, 437, 487; encouragement and advice to, 533
'Essays and Reviews,' publication of, 399; appeal to Dr. Pusey, 403
Essays of Rev. J. Keble, reprint of, 497
Eucharist, Holy (*see* Condemned sermon); Tract No. lxxxi., on, 120; Dr. Pusey's belief, 205; second sermon on, 375; treatise on, 388; University sermon on, 440
Eucharistic vestments, Dr. Pusey contends for, 487
'Evidence of Professorial Lectures in Theology,' 373
Ewald, Professor, 33
Exeter, Bishop of, 247, 248; refuses to institute Mr. Gorham, 344–351; cordiality to Dr. Pusey, 357, 388

FARRAR, Dr., willing to substitute conception of 'future purification' for 'new probation,' 529
Fasting, Tract No. xviii., on, 81
Faussett, Dr., and the condemned sermon, 203
Filioque, the, pamphlet on, 495, 497
Final Court of Appeal, pamphlet on, 408, 409
'First Three,' last meeting of the, 414
Forbes, Rev. A. P., Vicar of St. Saviour's, 322; becomes Bishop of Brechin, 340; Charge of, attacked and censured by Synod, 391; Keble's and Pusey's anxiety for, 392; Scotch Bishops' judgment, 393, 420; his book on Thirty-nine Articles, 440; at Rome, seeks to promote reunion, 444, 452; death of, 494. (*See* LETTERS.)
Foreign ecclesiastics and the Church of England, 451
Franco-Prussian War, 461
'Free and Open Church' conference at Norwich, 418
Freytag, Professor, 33, 37
Froude, James Anthony, his 'Tract No. xc., and its Consequences' cited, 199
Fust, Sir H. J., decision of, against stone altars, 298; in Gorham case, 345

'GERMAN Theology, Rationalist Character of,' Dr. Pusey's first book, 45–48
Germany, visits to, 27, 30
Gibbs, Mr., donor of Keble College Chapel, 495
Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., visits Dr. Pusey, 67; on Jerusalem bishopric, 190; signs address to Vice-Chancellor Wynter, 214. (*See* LETTERS.)
Gobat, Dr., 310
Gorham case, the, 344; Gorham, Rev. G. C., appointed Vicar of Brampford Speke, 344; Bishop Phillpotts refuses to institute, *ib.*; Mr. Gorham appeals, 345; decision of Court of Arches, *ib.*; appeal to the Judicial Committee, *ib.*; restlessness in consequence of decision in, 348; judgment of Privy Council, 349; Bishop Phillpotts' 'historical' letter, 349; ordering of the battle, 350; standard-bearers

fainting, 350; Dr. Pusey's 'Royal Supremacy,' 350
Green, Rev. S. F., imprisonment of, 532, 546
Grove Church consecrated, 69
Guernsey, visit to, 116–118
Guillemard, Mr., 260, 262

HADLEIGH Conference, the, 78
Hampden, Dr., appointed Professor of Divinity, 100; his Bampton Lectures, *ib.*; action of Convocation on appointment of, 102; Bampton Lectures virtually condemned, 177; appointed Bishop of Hereford, 335; projected suit against, *ib.*
Hampshire, tour in, 72
Harrison, Rev. B., assistant Hebrew lecturer, appointed Archbishop's chaplain, 131
Hawkins, Dr., elected Provost of Oriel, 41, 211, 212, 428
Hayling Island, visits to, 333, 334, 337–339
Heathcote, Rt. Hon. Sir William, 417, 443, 456, 535
Hebdomadal Council, on Tract xc., 171, 372, 376, 508
Heber, Bishop, 418
Herbert, Hon. Edward, 342
Herbert, Lady Emily, marriage to Mr. Pusey, 16. (*See* Pusey, Lady Emily.)
Hook, Rev. Dr., teaches principles of Tracts, 120; votes against Ward's degradation, 258; forebodings as to St. Saviour's, 297, 301, 304; 318–320, 340, 341. (*See* LETTERS.)
Hope, Beresford, his circular as to ritual, 498
Hughes, Miss Marion, reminiscences of Hayling Island, 334

ILFRACOMBE, Long Vacation spent at, 246
Intellectual temptations, on, 374
Intercession of saints, 248, 249, 287, 449
Ireland, visit to, 183–187
Irish Prayer-book, the new, 489–493, 508
Isaiah liii., Jewish interpretations of, 494, 497

JELF, Rev. R. W., visit to Wales with E. B. P., 12, 15; tutor to Prince George of Cumberland, 31; Canon of Christ Church, 66; on the condemned sermon, 205–209, 309; death of, 467
Jerusalem Bishopric, 189, 190, 310
Jeune, Dr., 377
Jowett, Professor, 397–401
Justification, on, 96

KEBLE, Rev. J., 15; declines to contest Provostship of Oriel, 41; preaches Assize Sermon in Oxford, 77, 79; on Bishop Bagot's Charge, 133, 138, 226; on the Breviary, 230, 287, 352; remonstrates with Bishop Wilberforce, 362–366, 414; on Eucharistical adoration, 389; death of, 429–432. (*See* LETTERS.)
Keble College, projected, 432; laying first stone of, 442; constitution of, 443; opened, 455–457; Dr. Pusey's speech at opening of, 462, 495
Kerr, Lord Henry, 343
King, Rev. Edward (afterwards Bp. of Lincoln), 461, 555
Knott, Rev. J. W., 390

LAGRANGE, M. Fr., 425
Laity, admission to Synods, 370–372
Langston, Miss, 270
Law, Dean, 8

LETTERS, AND EXTRACTS FROM:—
Acland, A. H. Dyke, to E. B. P., 303
——, Sir Thomas, to E. B. P., 215
Anon. to E. B. P., 25, 33, 87
Bagot, Dr. (Bp. of Oxford), to E. B. P., 132, 160, 174, 175, 191
Bickersteth, Rev. E., to E. B. P., 106
Blomfield, Bp., to E. B. P., 157
Bright, Dr., to Rev. J. H. Newman, 468

LETTERS (*continued*) :—
Brine, Mrs. (*See* Pusey, Mary Amelia), 152, 182, 187, 246, 329, 389, 390, 466, 470, 493, 504, 526–528, 535
——, ——, to Rev. James Skinner, 524
Church, Rev. R. W. (Dean), 486
Churton, Archdeacon, to E. B. P., 420
Cleaver, Rev. W., to E. B. P., 186, 187
Coleridge, Judge, to Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Wynter), 215
Davison, Rev. John, to E. B. P., 70
Dodsworth, Rev. W., to E. B. P., 273–275, 277
Forbes, Bp., to M. de Buck, 454
Froude, Hurrell, to the Rev. Hon. A. Perceval, 78
Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., to E. B. P., 217, 258, 330
Hamilton, Rev. W. K. (afterwards Bp. of Salisbury), to Rev. B. Harrison, 86
Hansard, Rev. S., to Rev. H. P. Liddon, 435
Hawkins, Dr., to E. B. P., 86
——, ——, to Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Wynter), 211
Heathcote, Rt. Hon. Sir W., to E. B. P., 443
Hook, Dr., to E. B. P., 319
Howley, Archbishop, to E. B. P., 71
Hughes, Miss, 334
Jelf, Dr., to E. B. P., 99
Keble, Rev. J., to E. B. P., 138, 173, 177, 185, 190, 226, 230, 232, 253, 266, 276, 289, 306, 332, 336, 341, 352, 362, 365, 429
—— ——, to Wilberforce, Bp., 362, 363
Liddon, Rev. H. P., to Rev. J. H. Newman, 469
Liebenrood, G. E., to E. B. P., 20
Luxmoore, Rev. J. H. M., to E. B. P., 21
Maltby, Bp. of Durham, to E. B. P., 71
Mill, Professor, 217
Minster, Rev. T., to E. B. P., 340
Mozley, Rev. J. B., 'Letters' cited, 107, 158, 187, 191, 214, 261, 304, 309
Neave, Mr., Sheffield, to E. B. P., 20
Newman, Rev. J. H., 48, 150, 180, 282, 435

LETTERS (*continued*) :—
Newman, Rev. J. H., to Bp. Bagot, 174, 175
——, ——, to J. W. Bowden, 158, 160
——, ——, to Sir J. T. Coleridge, 414
——, ——, to E. B. P., 89, 109, 127, 143, 144, 157, 176, 184, 194, 196, 197, 220, 223, 227, 230, 232, 236, 247, 259, 260, 282, 285, 288, 293, 294, 372, 412, 422, 433, 441, 442, 444, 447, 478, 481–483, 507, 517, 520
Paget, Sir James, to E. B. P., 510
Parker, Rev. John, to E. B. P., 91
Phillpotts, Bp., to E. B. P., 348, 351, 357
Prevost, Rev. Sir G., to E. B. P., 178
Pritchard, Rev. C., to E. B. P., 511
E. B. PUSEY, 18, 24, 26, 31, 34, 35, 46, 47, 82, 106, 305, 311, 330, 347, 359, 360, 377, 419, 428, 431, 486, 489, 493, 494, 497, 500, 502, 514, 516, 534–538
——, ——, to Canon Ashwell, 521
——, ——, to Bishop Bagot, 177, 199, 223
——, ——, to Father Belany, 519
——, ——, to a Bishop, 531
——, ——, to a French Bishop, 426
——, ——, to Miss Barker, 12, 39, 42–45, 49–56. (*See* Pusey, Mrs.)
——, ——, to Mrs. Brine, 149
——, ——, to Rev. T. T. Carter, 484–487, 499
——, ——, to Archdeacon Dodgson, 150
——, ——, to Rev. H. Venn Elliott, 157
——, ——, to W. E. Gladstone, 310, 331, 371, 460
——, ——, to Rev. B. Harrison, 145, 292
——, ——, to Rev. Prebendary Henderson, 254
——, ——, to Dr. Hook, 120, 255, 259, 261, 283, 313, 320
——, ——, to Archbishop Howley, 190
——, ——, to Miss Hughes, 270
——, ——, to Rev. J. Keble, 42, 105, 110, 121, 131, 134, 137, 140–142, 148, 155, 162, 165, 172, 173, 185, 188, 198, 203, 216, 219, 226, 231, 234, 235, 255, 257, 268, 269, 271,

LETTERS (*continued*) :—
E. B. PUSEY, to Rev. J. Keble (*continued*) :—
278, 283, 286, 287, 289, 296, 298, 299, 303, 307, 309, 310, 321, 323, 324, 331, 337, 353, 355, 356, 371, 375, 376, 379, 390, 392, 398, 399, 402-404, 408, 409, 418, 420, 423
——, ——, to Archdeacon Lee, 490
——, ——, to Rev. H. P. Liddon, 523
——, ——, to Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, 498
——, ——, to Archdeacon Manning, 291, 345
——, ——, to Rev. Charles Marriott, 335
——, ——, to Rev. J. H. Newman, 17, 31, 32, 37, 80-82, 88, 101, 102, 104, 117, 126, 127, 130, 132, 134-136, 140-144, 154-156, 158, 165-167, 183, 188, 193-195, 213, 216, 222, 228, 234, 247, 248, 251, 254, 256, 259, 266, 267, 312, 313, 406, 411, 412, 418, 421, 422, 430, 432, 433, 438, 439, 441-443, 446, 448, 450, 451, 454, 455, 459, 467, 469, 476-478, 481-483, 494, 496, 510, 517, 518, 526, 529
——, ——, to Rev. Hon. A. Perceval, 111, 169, 181
——, ——, to Lucy and Mary Pusey, 146, 148
——, ——, to Mrs. Pusey (*See* Miss Barker), 60, 68, 83, 84, 93-98, 111-115, 123-129, 151
——, ——, to his son, Philip Edward, 107, 238, 301, 356, 378, 379, 405, 416, 423, 424, 457, 466, 473-476, 479, 481, 488, 495, 505, 507, 512
——, ——, to his brother, Rev. W. B. Pusey, 153, 228, 415
——, ——, to Rev. E. T. Richards, 325
——, ——, to Miss Rogers, 145, 149, 152, 204, 210
——, ——, to Rev. H. J. Rose, 64
——, ——, to Rev. R. Salwey, 30
——, ——, to Lord Shaftesbury, 405, 512
——, ——, to Bishop Skinner, 371
——, ——, to Rev. J. Skinner, 91, 448, 449, 520, 523, 528
——, ——, to Archbishop Trench, 489
LETTERS (*continued*) :—
E. B. PUSEY, to Professor Vaughan, 374
——, ——, to Bishop Wilberforce, 358, 363, 364, 366, 471, 472
——, ——, to Bishop Wordsworth, 512
——, ——, to Dr. Wynter, Vice-Chancellor, 210, 212, 221
——, ——, to Editor of *English Churchman*, 294
——, ——, —— *Guardian*, 491
——, ——, to members of *English Church Union*, 540
——, ——, to Editor of *Morning Herald*, 332
——, ——, —— *Times*, 400, 430, 465
Pusey, Hon. Philip, to E. B. P., 29
Pusey, Lady Lucy, to E. B. P., 14, 29, 108
——, ——, to Lady Emily Pusey, 312
——, ——, to Philip Edward Pusey, 169, 183
——, ——, to Mrs. Pusey, 136
——, ——, to Rev. J. H. Newman, 161
——, ——, to Rev. William Pusey, 10
Pusey, Philip Edward, to Rev. J. H. Newman, 468
Richards, Mr., 385
Richards, Mrs., to Rev. E. T. Richards, 264
Shaftesbury, Lord, to E. B. P., 404
Short, Rev. T. Vowler, to E. B. P., 92
Skinner, Rev. James, 520
Terrot, Miss, 270
Trench, Archbishop, 490
——, ——, to E. B. P., 492
Tyler, Rev. J. E., to E. B. P., 20
Ward, Rev. W. Perceval, to E. B. P., 161
Wilberforce, Bishop, to E. B. P., 398
Wootton, Dr., to E. B. P., 117
Wynter, Dr., Vice-Chancellor, to E. B. P., 221, 222

'Library of the Fathers,' 103-106, 482
Liddell, Dean, 505, 525, 527, 554
Liddon, Dr., 16, 47, 201, 202, 206, 292; on Dr. Pusey's first sermon after suspension, 307, 308; 357; at Hursley, 431, 432; 461, 471, 509, 522

Littlemore Church, consecrated, 104; 227
Lloyd, Dr. (Regius Professor of Divinity, afterwards Bishop of Oxford), 18, 27, 37, 46, 54, 61, 65
Lockhart, Father, 220, 421
London Church Union, 350; speech at, 354
Longley, Dr. (Bishop of Ripon, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), 298, 299, 301, 302, 404
Luxmoore, Rev. J. H. M., 21, 48

MACMULLEN, Rev. R. G., 318, 321
Maltby, Dr. (afterwards Bishop of Chichester, and of Durham), 10
Malvern, visits to, 389, 479, 481, 482, 488, 493, 495, 496
Manners, Lord John (now Duke of Rutland), 237, 266, 269, 273
Manning, Archdeacon (afterwards Cardinal), 291, 353, 410, 450
Marriott, Rev. Charles, 338, 380
Martin *v.* Mackonochie, case of, 448
'Martyrs' Memorial,' the, 138, 139
Maskell, Rev. W., pamphlet by, 350
Maurice, Rev. F. D., 89
Minor Prophets. (*See* Commentary.)
Minster, Rev. T., at St. Saviour's, Leeds, 340, 355
Missionary projects, 128
Moberly, Rev. G. (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), 86
Morning Herald, The, 332
Mozley, Mrs. John, 476
Mozley, Rev. J. B., 107, 461. (*See* LETTERS.)
Mozley, Rev. T., on Oriel College, 18

NAPIER, Hon. Georgina, 280, 499
Neave, Mr. Sheffield, 15, 16, 20
Neubauer, Professor, 497
Newman, Rev. J. H., 17, 31, 48, 56, 57, 66, 67, 69, 77; induces Dr. Pusey to join Tractarians, 78–80, 87, 101–107, 110, 113, 115, 131–135, 142–145, 150, 158, 161, 164–177, 179, 180, 182–184, 189–198, 220; resigns St. Mary's, 225, 226–228, 232–236, 247–254, 258, 260; secession of, 281–296, 314, 372, 410–415, 421, 422, 433–435, 437, 440, 444, 447, 452, 465, 468, 469, 476, 481–484, 496; Cardinal, 517–520, 529. (*See* LETTERS.)
Nightingale, Miss, 279
Norwich Church Congress, 418

OAKELEY, Rev. F., 183, 229, 252, 253, 262
Old Catholics, 496, 497
Oriel College, 17–21, 31, 40, 41
Ornaments rubric, 119
Owen, Professor, 511

PAGET, Rev. F., 509
Paget, Sir James, 473, 510
Palmer, Rev. W. (afterwards Sir W. Palmer), 353, 354, 368
Palmer, Sir Roundell (afterwards Lord Selborne), 219
Palmerston, Lord, 398
'Papal aggression,' 356
Paris, Archbishop of (Mgr. Darboy), 420, 423, 485
Parker, Rev. John, 12, 91
Phillimore, Dr., 459
Phillips, Ambrose, 273
Plunket, Archbishop, 311
Poetry Professorship, election to, 190, 191
Pollen, Rev. J. H., inhibited, 341
Porter, Rev. G., 15
Pott, Professor, 28
Prayer-book, 418; new Irish, 489; American, 508
Prevost, Rev. Sir G., 178, 217
Pritchard, Rev. C., 510, 511
Privy Council, jurisdiction of, 345–347, 533
Public Worship Act, 484–498
PUSEY, EDWARD BOUVERIE (*See* LETTERS), birth, baptism, and parentage, 1–5; qualities derived from ancestors, 6; influence of his mother, *ib.*; at Mitcham School, 7; goes to Eton, 8; his contemporaries at Eton, 8, 9; life at Eton, *ib.*; Confirmation, 10; at Buckden, *ib.*; first acquaintance with Miss Barker, 11; enters Christ Church, Oxford, *ib.*; Oxford friends, 12; attachment to Miss Barker discouraged,

13; depression, *ib.*; gives up hunting and riding, 15; first class in Schools, *ib.*; Swiss tour, *ib.*; 'Byronism,' 16; his brother Philip's marriage, *ib.*; Oriel, 17; Fellowship examination, *ib.*; elected Fellow, *ib.*; Oriel common room, 18; Dr. Lloyd's lectures, *ib.*; stag-hunting in Devonshire, 20; gains Latin Essay prize, 21; correspondence with a sceptic, 24–26; first visit to Germany, and at Göttingen attends lectures of Eichhorn, 27; of Pott, 28; visits Berlin, *ib.*; Schleiermacher, Neander, Hengstenberg, Tholuck, *ib.*; returns to England, 29; change of purpose consequent on German visit, 29, 30; second visit to Germany, *ib.*; at Berlin, *ib.*; devotes himself to study of Arabic, etc., *ib.*; visits Schönhausen, 31; excessive study at Greifswald, under Professor Kosegarten, *ib.*; refuses Tutorship at Oriel, *ib.*; at Bonn with Professor Freytag, 33; 'pastoral' work at Bonn, 33–36; death of youngest brother, 37; return to England, and engagement to Miss Barker, 38; ill health, and stay at Brighton, 39; 'The Christian Year,' 40; Oriel Provostship election, 40–42; letters to Miss Barker, *ib.*, 43; determination to revise Old Testament abandoned, 44; writes his first book, 'Rationalist Character of German Theology,' 45; controversy with Mr. Rose on German theology, 46; rejoins his family in London, 48; death of his father, 49; ordained Deacon, 54; marriage, 57; wedding tour, *ib.*; first sermon, *ib.*; return to Oxford, 59; appointed to Hebrew Professorship, 60; ordained Priest, 61; Canon of Christ Church, *ib.*; first celebration of Holy Communion, *ib.*; first Hebrew lecture, 62; compiles Arabic Catalogue at the Bodleian, 63; charged with favouring Rationalism, 64; death of Bishop Lloyd, 65; birth of his daughter Lucy, and of his son, *ib.*; home life, 66; serious illness, 67; birth of second daughter, *ib.*; preaches at consecration of Grove Church, 69; pamphlet on 'Cathedral Institutions,' 70; first University sermon, 71; death of infant daughter, Catherine, *ib.*; relation to the Oxford Movement, 77–79; first tract 'On Fasting,' 80, 81; Salisbury Infirmary sermon, *ib.*; illness and weakness, 82; at Ventnor, *ib.*; goes to Ramsgate, 83; at installation of Duke of Wellington, 84; defence of undergraduates' Subscription, *ib.*; three great Tracts on Baptism, 87–91; founds Theological Society, 93; contributes £5000 to Bishop of London's Fund, 99; resents and protests against Dr. Hampden's appointment, 100–102; recommended for Regius Professorship of Divinity, 101; 'Library of the Fathers,' 103–106; hospitality, 107; preaching and writing, 109, 110; visits Guernsey, 116; brings out Tract No. lxxxi., on the Holy Eucharist, 120; his children's religious training, 122–124; continued illness of Mrs. Pusey, 125–127; visits to Weymouth, 127–130; correspondence on Tracts with Bishop Bagot, 131–134; return to Oxford, Mrs. Pusey hopelessly ill, 135; proposed 'Martyrs' Memorial,' 138, 139; death of Mrs. Pusey, 141–146; effects of her death on, 149–152; accident at Arundel, 152; popularity at Exeter and Brighton, 158; desire to build and endow a mission church and restore religious communities, 162–166; retirement from society, 167; confers with Bishop Bagot on Tract No. xc., 175–177; visit to Ireland, 183–188; visits Archbishop of Canterbury, 188; on Jerusalem Bishopric and Poetry Professorship, 189–191; visits Margate, 195; correspondence with Newman on his retractation, 196–198; sermon at St. Mary's, May 14. 1843, 202; delation of sermon, 203; Court of Six Doctors, 205; condemned without a hearing, 206; suspended

from preaching in the University, 209; protest, *ib.*; remonstrances to Vice-Chancellor, 214, 215; publication of sermon, 216; visits Dover, 220; requests a fair trial, and is refused, 223; anxiety about Newman, 226–228; illness and death of his daughter Lucy, 233–245; visit to Ilfracombe, 246–248; anxiety for Mr. Oakeley, 252, 253; and as to proceedings against Rev. W. G. Ward, 255; condemns reckless persecution of Newman, 259; chivalry, 263; foundation and opening of first Anglican Sisterhood, 266–280; veneration for and estimate of Newman, 282–284; anxieties for Newman, 286–290; attitude towards Roman Communion, 291–293; on Newman's secession, 294–296; anxieties as to St. Saviour's, Leeds, 297-301; goes to Leeds, 301; consecration of St. Saviour's, 302–304; preaches first University sermon after suspension: 'The Power of the Keys,' 307–310; distress concerning Jerusalem Bishopric, *ib.*; seriously ill at Tenby, 311, 313; preaches at Horfield Church, 314–316; sorrows connected with St. Saviour's, 317–324; insulting letters and coldness of friends, 328, 329; misunderstood as to attitude towards Rome, 330, 331; position clearly defined, 332; proposed Patristic and Catholic Commentary on the Bible, 332, 333; at Hayling Island, 333–335, 337, 338; trouble on Dr. Hampden's appointment, 335, 336; defends services at Sisterhood, 336, 337; love of nature and the sea, 339; fondness for Scott's poetry, *ib.*; trouble at St. Saviour's, 340; visits to Eastbourne, 341; and to Asherne, 342; on decision of Privy Council in Gorham case, 345; on the State and matters of faith, 347; Gorham judgment entails additional labour, 350; book by, on the Royal Supremacy, *ib.*; leads the fight, 352; elected member of Bristol Church Union, 353; preaches in St. Barnabas', Pimlico, 355; visit to St. Saviour's, 356; attacked by Bishop Wilberforce, and inhibited, 358; on confession, 359; is refused interview by Bishop Wilberforce, 361; not responsible for secessions, 363; offers to pay expenses of prosecution, *ib.*; on Bishop Wilberforce's inhibition, 364; declines Mr. Gladstone's suggestion of compromise, 366; inhibition removed, 367; at Pusey House, 369, 370; on admitting laity to Synods, 371; on German Universities and their system, 373; University sermon on Holy Eucharist, 375; elected to Hebdomadal Council, 376; with Lady Emily Pusey and his brother in last illness and death, 378; on Rev. Charles Marriott, 380; unbounded hospitality, 381; visits from old friends, 382; kindness to the young, and love of children, 382–385; on belief in the Real Presence, 389, 392; serious illness, 389; visit to Malvern, *ib.*; and to Paris, 390; anxiety during Bishop Forbes' trial, 391–393; his mother's death, 394; battle against infidelity, 396; plan of University Professorial endowment, 397, 400; considers Jowett unfairly treated, 400; chosen by High and Low as leader in fight against Rationalism, 403; publishes 'Lectures on the Book of Daniel,' 406; pamphlet on Final Court of Appeal, 408, 409; collapse from overstrain, 409; goes to Ascot Hermitage, *ib.*; meets Newman at Hursley, 414–416; visit to Rownhams, and last visit to Keble, 416, 417; at Norwich Church Congress, *ib.*, 418; publication of 'Eirenicon,' 419; journey to France, *ib.*, 420; return to England, 419; reception of 'Eirenicon,' 421–423; French bishops, 423; spends Christmas at Marseilles, 424; grief at Keble's death, 430, 431; at Hursley for funeral, 432; works in East London during outbreak of cholera, 435; view of ritual on joining English Church Union, 436; reply (the Second

'Eirenicon') to Newman's answer to the 'Eirenicon,' 437; purification in another life, 439; reaffirms doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, 440; assists Bishop Forbes with his book on the Thirty-nine Articles, *ib.*; on the Vatican Council, 441, 455; foundation of Keble College, 442; continued efforts for reunion, 443–448; advice on ritual, 448; on intercession of St. Mary, 449; urges Lord Shaftesbury to joint action, 451; on the Vatican Council, 452; the Third 'Eirenicon,' 453; opening of Keble College, 455–457, 462; visits Buxton, 457; on judgment in Bennett case, 460; on Franco-Prussian War, 461; visits Cornwall, 466; serious illness, 467; battle for Athanasian Creed, 470–473; foreign tour, 473–477; University sermon on Intellect in Matters of Faith, 477; dangerously ill at Genoa, *ib.*; sojourns at Malvern, 479, 481; on increased ritual, 484, 485; on Public Worship Bill, 486; speech at St. James's Hall, 487; spends Christmas at West Malvern, 488; consulted by Archbishop Trench, 489, 492; on influence of Athanasian Creed, 489; appealed to by Archdeacon of Dublin, 490; mental overstrain, 493; sermon on opening of Keble College Chapel, 495; book on the *Filioque*, 497; life at Ascot Hermitage, 499–503; serious illness, 504; refuses to sit for his portrait, 505; summer at Ascot, 506, 507; resigns seat on Hebdomadal Council, 508; last University sermons, 509–511; on Burial Service for unbaptized children, 513; recollections of, 514, 515, 537, 538; on Newman being made a Cardinal, 517–520; writes to members of English Church Union, 522, 540; on Philip Pusey's death, 523; seriously ill again, 524–528; reply to Dr. Farrar's book, 529; on Ritualists, 530, 531; on Ecclesiastical Courts, 533; on the Vatican decree, 534; unchanging constancy, *ib.*; private affections, 535; care for individual souls, 536, 537; last days at Ascot, 545; defends Rev. S. F. Green in the *Times* (last public utterance), 546; last illness, 547–552; death, 553; funeral, 554–556

Pusey, Catherine Emmy, 67, 69, 71, 72

Pusey, Clara (Mrs. Fletcher), 34, 381

Pusey, Charlotte Bouverie, 2, 148

Pusey, Elizabeth Bouverie, 2, 48

Pusey, Henry Bouverie, 37

Pusey, Hon. Philip (father of E. B. P.), 1, 5–7, 13, 21, 48–51

Pusey, Lady Emily, 8, 16, 314, 369, 378, 379

Pusey, Lady Lucy, 1, 5, 6, 14, 29, 49, 73, 136, 144, 156, 160, 161, 168, 183, 311, 312, 342, 393–395

Pusey, Lucy Bouverie (eldest daughter of E. B. P.), 65, 94, 113, 130, 135, 143, 152, 153, 156, 159, 181, 182, 195, 233–245, 266

Pusey, Mary Amelia (youngest child of E. B. P.), 73, 93, 94, 113, 125, 134, 143, 153, 161, 187, 225, 310, 314, 333, 334, 338, 339, 342, 355, 369, 378. (*See* Brine, Mrs.)

Pusey, Mrs. (*See* Barker, Miss), 57, 60, 63, 65–73, 83, 92, 94, 98, 103, 104, 108, 110, 112, 117–119, 123–130, 134–137, 140–151

Pusey, Philip (eldest brother of E. B. P.), 2, 7, 8, 12, 16, 369, 370, 378, 379

Pusey, Philip Edward (son of E. B. P.), 65, 94, 123, 124, 152, 166, 187, 246, 314, 342, 391, 435, 458, 459, 468, 477, 523–526

Pusey, Rev. William Bouverie (brother of E. B. P.), 2, 9, 92, 129, 530, 550–555

Ramsgate, visit to, 83

Record, The, 89, 403

Religious communities, first thoughts of, 165

Reunion of Christendom, Union for Prayer for, 168, 443–447, 498

Richards, Rev. E. T., 264, 325, 334

Richards, Rev. W. Upton, 301, 302, 352 *note*
Ridsdale case, 498
Ritualism, agitation against, 436; Dr. Pusey on, 448, 484, 488, 498
Ritual Commission, fourth report of, 470
Roberts, Rev. Richard, 7
Roman Catholic Emancipation, 65
Roman and English Communions, the, 291, 292
Rome, secessions to, 193, 229, 294, 321, 323, 343, 346, 355, 356, 358, 363, 376; Dr. Pusey not responsible for, 363
Rose, Rev. Hugh James, 45–47, 64, 78

Salisbury, Marquis of, 456, 457
Sarum Breviary, the, 168
Sceptic, Dr. Pusey's correspondence with, 23–26
Schleiermacher, Professor, 28
Scott, Sir Walter, 57
Seager, Rev. C., 229

Sermons, by E. B. P.:
First preached, 57
First published, 69
For Salisbury Infirmary, 81
On November 5, 1837, 121
At Exeter and Brighton, 1839, 158
On November 24, 1839, *ib.*
'The Holy Eucharist a Comfort to the Penitent' (condemned), 201
At consecration of St. Saviour's, Leeds, 302
'The Power of the Keys,' 307
At Clifton, Bristol, and Horfield, 314
In octave of consecration of St. Barnabas', Pimlico, 355
At St. Saviour's, Leeds, 356
University, 407
——, on Holy Eucharist, 375
——, on Science and Faith, 509

Shaftesbury, Lord, 404, 451, 512. (*See* Ashley, Lord)
Short, Rev. Thomas Vowler (afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph), 12, 92
Sikes, Dr. T., 75–77
Sisterhoods, 160, 165, 237; foundation of first Anglican, 266–280; 336, 337, 499–503, 545, 551
Skinner, Rev. James, 448; chaplain at Ascot Priory, 502, 506, 520, 523, 538
Southey, Mrs., 57
Southey's 'Colloquies,' cited, 271
St. Saviour's Church, Leeds, 162, 297–304, 317–324, 339–341, 355, 356, 390; 461
St. Saviour's Home, 279
State, the, and matters of faith, 347
Stewart, Mr. Shaw, 533

Talbot, Rev. Edward (now Bishop of Rochester), 457
Terrot, Miss, 270
Test, new University, proposed, 257, 258
Theological Society, 93, 96
Tholuck, Professor, 28
Throckmorton, Sir Nicholas and Miss, of Buckland, 381
Times, The, on 'Tracts for the Times,' 178, 179, 465, 472, 480
Torquay visit to, 338
'Tracts for the Times,' 73, 78–81, 87–91, 131–133
Tract No. xviii., on Fasting, by E. B. P., 81
Tracts Nos. lxvii.–lxix., on Baptism, by E. B. P., 87, 88
Tract No. lxxxi., on the Holy Eucharist, by E. B. P., 120
Tract No. xc., on Thirty-nine Articles, 169–180, 192, 193, 258–262, 410, 411, 418, 421, 428, 465
Tractarians, early, 74–77
Trench, Rev. F. Stewart, 185
Trench, Archbishop Chenevix, 489–493
Tyler, Rev. J. E., 20, 535

Unbelief, first contact with, 23–26, 30
'Unlaw in Judgments of the Judicial Committee, and its Remedies,' 532

Vatican Council, the, 440, 441, 452–455, 534
Ventnor, visit to, 82

WARD, Rev. Richard, 297, 321–323
Ward, Rev. W. G., 183, 190, 193, 255–258, 261, 262
Watson, Sir Thomas, 510
Wellington, Duke of, installed as Chancellor of Oxford University, 83, 84
Whately, Archbishop, 259
Wilberforce, Bishop, 335, 367, 398, 403, 471–473, 479; 521
Williams, Dr. Rowland, 402
Williams, Rev. Isaac, 79, 190, 191, 215
Williams, Mr. Robert, 163
Wilson, Rev. H. B., proceedings against, 402
Wilson, Rev. R. F., 27, 162, 185, 416
Winchester, Bishop of (Dr. Sumner), 184
Wiseman, Cardinal, 272, 273
Wood, Hon. C. L. (now Lord Halifax), 435, 522
Wootton, Dr., 116, 118, 160
Wynter, Dr., Vice-Chancellor, 203–222. (*See* LETTERS.)

YONGE, Miss, 432
Young, Rev. Peter, 184

THE END.

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